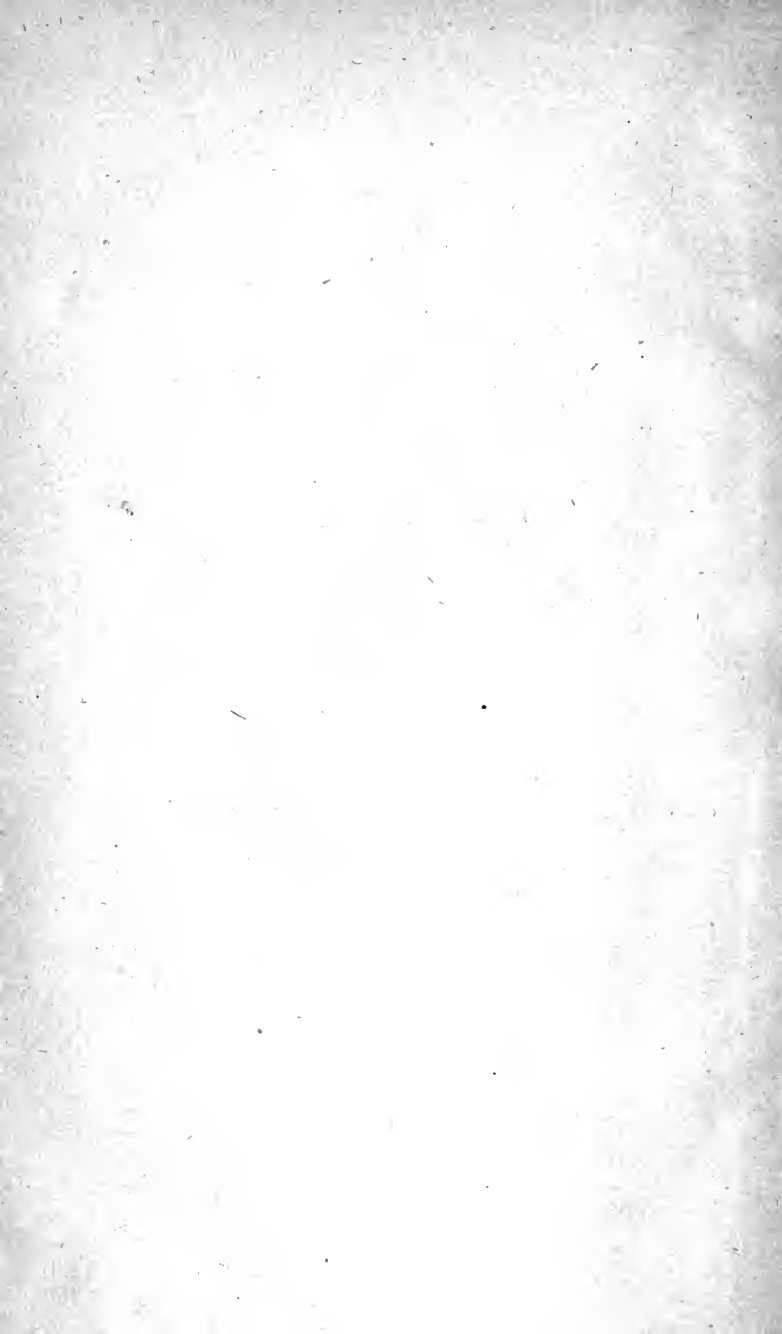


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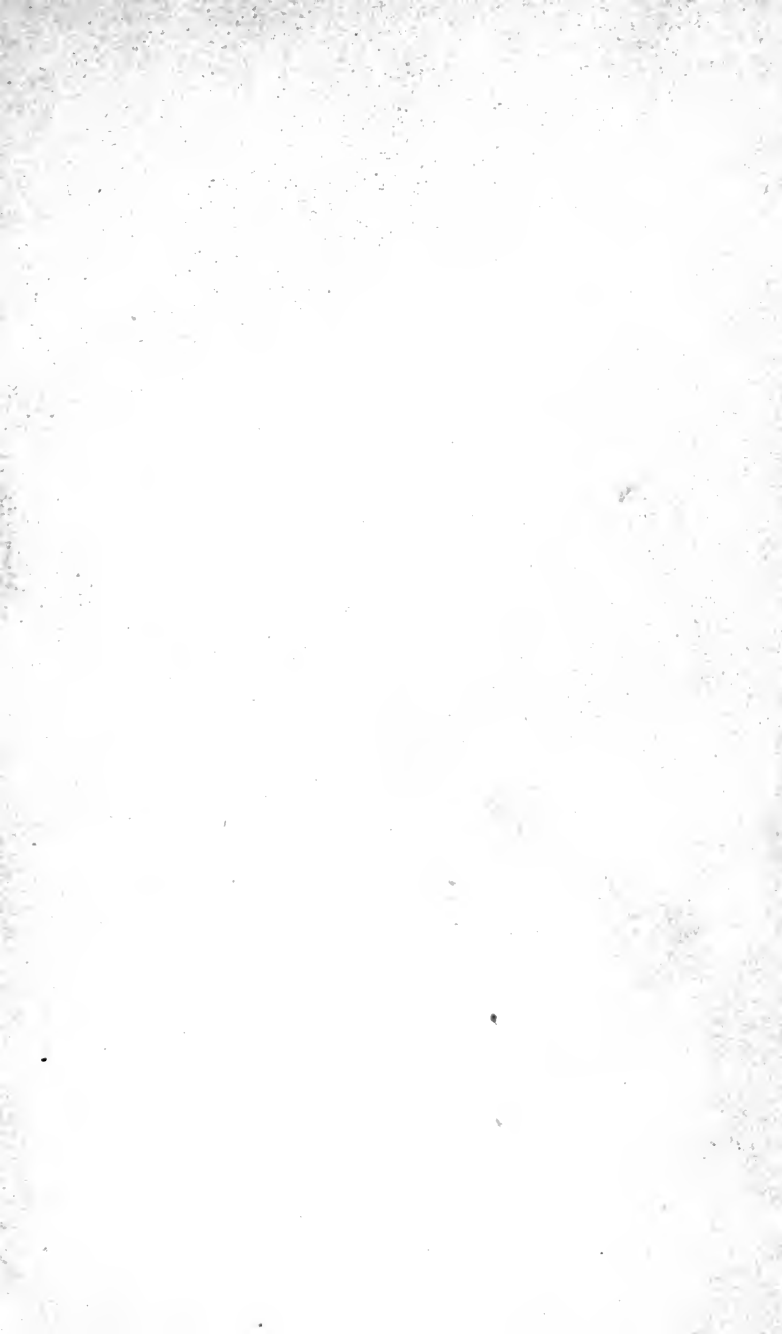
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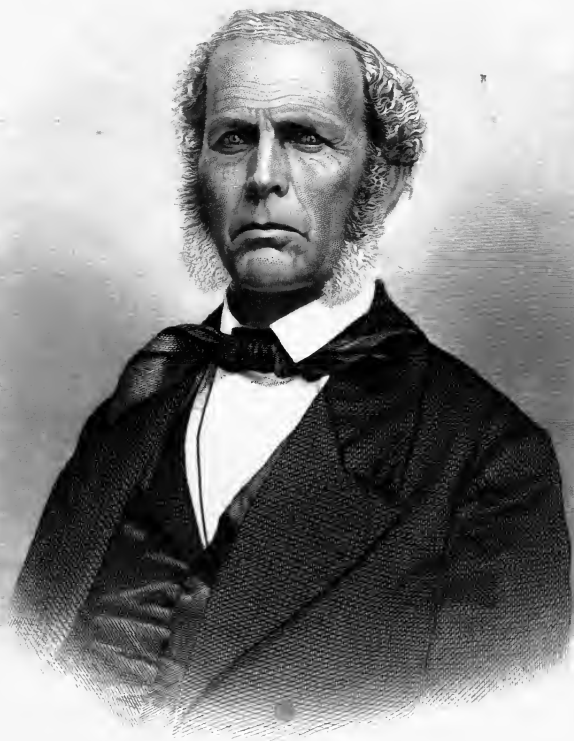






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*Affectionately,*

*Wm H. Goode*

# OUTPOSTS OF ZION,

WITH

LIMNINGS OF MISSION LIFE.

BY

REV. WILLIAM H. <sup>Henry</sup>GOODE,

TEN YEARS A MEMBER OF FRONTIER CONFERENCES.



CINCINNATI:

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN the following pages I have followed out a simple train of narrative and reflection, depending partly upon imperfect journalizing, but mainly upon personal recollections, as called forth and aided by such *memoranda*. Memory, covering nearly a score of years, may, in some instances, have proven treacherous or defective; but I feel assured that this is seldom, if ever, the case in any material point.

The periods embraced are those spent by the writer in actual frontier labors. But little matter is presented aside from personal observation, and the range of personal knowledge. The reader may look for nothing startling or extraordinary. The aim has been, in a series of personal details, to present a simple and truthful view of mission life upon our frontier, with some of the actual results of missionary labor. Incidentally, and with little effort at arrangement, I have sought to give reliable facts as to the history of our Indian tribes, their country, character, condition, improvements, and the progress of Christianity among them; also sketches of the white settlements in our western Territories.

In the labor of preparation many a lonely hour has been beguiled; many a thrilling recollection has been stirred; many a tender chord of feeling has been touched. Gratitude to God has been awakened, with increased love to the cause of missions. Could the writer be assured that equal entertainment, and equal profit, would accrue to the reader, he would be amply repaid.

THE AUTHOR.

GLENWOOD, 1860.



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PART I.



LIFE AND LABORS

AMONG

SOUTHERN INDIANS.



# OUTPOSTS OF ZION.

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## LIFE AND LABORS AMONG SOUTHERN INDIANS.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### CALL TO THE FRONTIER.

THE Winter of 1842-3 was a glorious season for the Church in the West. The flame of revival was kindled far and near. Zion had put on her "beautiful garments;" the ministers of Christ had received a fresh anointing; the hosts of the Lord were girded anew for the conflict; sinners were pressing to the cross by scores and hundreds; and on every hand the shout of victory was heard from the ranks of Israel. A powerful impression was made upon the public mind; opposition, for the time, gave way or was powerless; and even the impenitent acknowledged the hand of the Lord, and seemed to participate in the general desire for the spread of the work. The secular prints had taken up the theme, and the weekly mails were freighted with reported triumphs of the Cross. It was one of the "set times" with which God is pleased to "favor Zion;" one of those seasons in which the arm of the Lord is so powerfully revealed as to disarm the adversary, close the lips of infidelity, and constrain all to acknowledge that "the excellency of the power is of God"—scenes, the increase and perpetuation of which will introduce and constitute millennial glory.

This blessed influence rested upon the Churches for a period of years preceding and succeeding the time referred to, and additions to the ranks of our Zion were numbered by hundreds of thousands. This was its *acme*.

The Spring of that year found the writer in the extreme north of Indiana Conference, the limits of which were then commensurate with the State. South Bend district, my field of labor, extended quite across the northern end of Indiana, from the Ohio line upon the east to that of Illinois upon the west, stretching along the Lake and State of Michigan on the north, and running south through the width of several counties. Scarcely half a score of years had passed since the first white settlements were made, but already the appearance of thrift and comfort indicated a community of maturer age. The Winter preceding will long be remembered as one of unusual length and severity. For months the face of the earth had been deeply covered with snow, save the "ditch," or beaten track, on which was heard the merry ring of sleigh-bells, with the cheerful voices of an active and energetic people on excursions of business or of pleasure, or, on Sabbath, upon their way to and from the house of God.

Religion had early taken a deep hold upon this community, and, as usual, Methodism had led the van. Many of the early emigrants to this fine region had been nurtured in her lap, and were here treading in the steps of their fathers. Side by side with them, in their incipient struggles, had been found the itinerant preacher. Here an Armstrong and a Griffith had labored and fallen. In their steps had followed a Hargrave and a Wood, each surrounded by a band of devoted co-laborers. God had signally owned their labors in the steady and progressive improvement of the Church and the conversion of many souls, though as yet no general and widespread revival influence had visited this section. They were thus a "people prepared for the Lord," and, in the exercise of faith and persevering effort, awaiting his coming.

No marvel, then, that here the fires of revival caught at once, and burned with intense ardor. The attack was led on by A. Wood, Games, Lemon, Monson, Posey, Blue, and others, some of whom have passed to their reward, and others are still upon Zion's walls. On every side the battle-cry was heard, and shouts of victory were borne on every breeze. From west to east the flame spread. Valparaiso, Door Prairie, Laporte, Michigan City, Terracoupee, South Bend, Mishawaka, Plymouth, Goshen, Lima, Angola, all shared the gracious influence. Churches were filled to overflowing, and, at times, even in midwinter, windows were thrown open, and throngs of sleighs grouped around the house, filled with eager listeners to the Word of Life. In the absence of houses of worship, court-houses were signally honored of God as places of the revelation of his power. The temples of justice resounded with the wail of the penitent and with the shout of the new-born soul.

The "people were willing" in this "day of His power." The outpouring was general, and no section, perhaps, shared more largely and permanently in the happy results than that then embraced in this field of labor. It will be no matter of wonder, then, that, in the midst of such scenes and surrounded by such associates and co-laborers, the heart should cling fondly, and say to itself: "Here will I build my tabernacle;" "This people is my people, and their God my God; where they die will I die, and there will I be buried." What itinerant heart has not realized these feelings?

But "this is not our rest." Itinerancy leaves us not long to indulge these dreams of continuance in the hallowed associations of life, till its stern mandate falls upon the ear, and the dearest earthly ties are severed. And so effectually and repeatedly are the affections wrenched off from their most cherished objects, that, at length, like the tendril often torn from its hold, it almost refuses to clasp again; or, to give the thought a more cheerful turn, they

clasp only to hold for a time, then to be severed for a season preparatory to an eternal reunion.

In the midst of these scenes the summons came to another and far different field of labor, not even awaiting that annual crisis of itinerant life, the Conference season of release and reappointment. A letter was received from Rev. E. R. Ames, then one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society, dated Washington, February 4, 1843, from which the following are extracts :

“DEAR BROTHER,—Will any thing induce you to consent to go to the Indian country in the South-West? The Choctaw Indians, at their late General Council, appropriated six thousand dollars *per annum*, for the next twenty years, to the support of the Fort Coffee Academy. This institution they have placed under the care of our Missionary Society. The Society is to contribute one thousand dollars *per annum* toward its support. Now, what we want is a Superintendent—a man to take the general oversight of the concern, to employ teachers, mechanics, laborers, etc.; in short, to manage the whole matter. Now, if the Bishops appoint you, will you not consent to serve the Church in this department of her labor? If *you* will go as Superintendent, I think brother W., of Greencastle, will go as principal of the female department, and brother B. as principal teacher.

“You perceive it will be a very large establishment, and an annual expenditure of seven thousand dollars. The site is a very beautiful and healthy one, on the Arkansas River, at Fort Coffee. It is twelve miles from Fort Smith, a military post and village of three or four hundred inhabitants, and twenty miles from Van Buren, one of the most flourishing towns in Arkansas. There are buildings already erected, formerly occupied by the garrison, which, with some repairs and slight additions, will furnish sufficient accommodations for the male department. The arrangement would be for you to go on early in the Spring,

. . . and get things in readiness for opening the male department, say by the first of next October, when you would move your family on and take out teachers. . . .

“Do not fail to write, etc.

“Yours, truly,

E. R. AMES.”

Bishops Roberts, Soule, and Morris were expected to meet in Cincinnati in March, at which time it was contemplated that the place would be filled. I was *consulted*; for authoritatively as our Bishops are empowered to speak, and implicitly as our ministry are wont to obey for the Gospel's sake, I have yet to learn the first instance in which an arbitrary or unreasonable requirement has been made, by which any brother has been transferred to a distant field, irrespective of private and domestic considerations and wishes. No man ever takes a foreign, or even a remote, field, except as a volunteer; a policy at once wise and humane.

And now a conflict ensued. Domestic life was dear. Middle years were already attained. Itinerancy with me had been bounded by the limits of a single State, whose “long removals” dwindled into insignificance compared with the thousands of miles now placed before me. Then, civilization, with its social and religious privileges, was to be left behind, and the future abode of self, wife, and little ones was to be among savages in their own wilds. These considerations, however, were personal, and might be disposed of, could the path of duty be made clear. But another class of objections arose still more formidable. “I am,” it was suggested, “now in the midst of a glorious revival. To some extent I am identified with this work. Whatever abilities God has given me may certainly be as profitably employed here, while another, differently circumstanced, may take charge of the proposed enterprise.”

Such were the plausible arguments that forced themselves upon my mind, seconded, at the same time, by the spoken and written remonstrances of brethren whose piety and judgment I had learned to respect. For the time being they

prevailed, and a letter was written setting forth, at some length, the reasons for respectfully declining the appointment. Thus the point was settled, and, as I believed, upon considerations of duty, whatever unconscious influence may have been exerted by a love of domestic life and a desire to die in the midst of my brethren.

Some time, however, elapsed before the period at which an answer was required. The letter was retained, and the whole subject came up for reconsideration. Reflection took another turn. "If," thought I, "the reasons that have influenced me be just and proper, still they do not belong to me, but should be weighed by the appointing power. It is for those to whom we have surrendered this province to judge of the comparative wants of different sections of the work, and of individual fitness and competency for each field. I may be a very inadequate judge in my own case, and may be assuming a responsibility that belongs of right to others." This train of reflections was not indulged long till it produced a complete reversal of former determinations. The written letter was canceled, and another prepared and forwarded containing a surrender at discretion. Previously my motto had been "any place in the Conference." Now I extended it to "the world."

Meanwhile my district labors went on as usual, awaiting the developments of providence. A few weeks passed, and the matter was definitely settled by my receiving the following:

"CINCINNATI, MARCH 9, 1843.

"TO THE REV. WILLIAM H. GOODE:

"This is to certify that you have been duly appointed to the superintendence of Fort Coffee Academy, in the Choctaw Nation, to which station you will repair with as little delay as the circumstances of the case will admit. In organizing this institution you are expected to adhere strictly to the stipulations entered into between the civil authorities of the Nation and our Missionary Secretary,



Rev. E. R. Ames. Especially in the selection of teachers you will have strict regard to their literary, moral, and religious character. And it is greatly to be desired that all persons who may be employed in the different departments of the institution shall be such as to afford an example of morality and piety in every respect worthy of imitation.

“Yours, with esteem and affection,

“JOSHUA SOULE,

“THOS. A. MORRIS.”

The sensation produced by this announcement will scarcely be appreciated by many; an announcement which was to change, and which, in its consequences, actually has changed, the whole subsequent course of life, subverted all pre-arranged plans, and converted its subject into a wanderer over earth; a wanderer in hope of eternal life.

No sooner was the fact communicated, than, with my now sainted wife, on bended knees and with tearful eyes, ourselves, our little ones, our cause were commended in humble prayer to Him in whose guidance alone is safety.

## CHAPTER II.

## TRAVEL—FROM THE LAKES GULFWARD.

THE Episcopal summons reached me at South Bend, then the residence of my family; upon the 15th day of March, 1843. Existing relations were at once dissolved; the old harness fell off, and new duties, responsibilities, and labors spread themselves out before me. No time was to be lost. I was expected to set out at once, leaving my family at some convenient point, visit the country, make all needful arrangements for entering upon the work, and, when all was ready, return and take out my family and other members of our mission establishment. Indianapolis, our last previous residence, was selected as the place of temporary stay for the family. Two days were spent in preparation, embracing the winding-up of personal affairs, sale of household goods, hire of teams, and all needful arrangements for the comfort of a family during a week's exposure at that rigorous and inclement season. On the morning of the 17th we set out in wagons, the earth still covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold. Sabbath, the 19th, was spent at a hotel in Logansport. I heard a sermon at the Presbyterian church in the morning, and preached at the Methodist Episcopal church in the evening. On the morning of the 20th we crossed the Wabash on ice a foot thick, and on the 22d reached Indianapolis in a violent snow-storm, and met a hearty welcome from kind friends.

A visit to Greencastle followed, and an interview with the Corresponding Secretary, then resident there, and having supervision of missionary interests in the West. All

requisite preliminaries were adjusted for a vigorous prosecution of the enterprise.

From north to south, through the State, the flame of revival was burning, and at almost every point the invitation was heard, "We have a meeting in progress; can't you stay and help us?" To these I responded as I was able, and indeed beyond my strength. Indianapolis, as usual, was sharing largely. The two preceding years it had constituted my field of labor, the entire city and suburbs having, up to that time, been embraced in one charge. At the close of my term the city was divided, and two stations constituted. The Western charge, under the care of Rev. L. W. Berry, retained the old church premises, now known as Wesley Chapel, while the Eastern charge temporarily worshiped in the court-house till Roberts Chapel was erected. Here I enjoyed a season of labor and religious communion, and rejoiced in the work of the Lord in both charges.

Time, however, and urgent personal duties forbade delay in a work so delightful. The kindness of friends left me little to do in preparing for a family residence during my absence. On the 29th I was off by stage for Madison, *en route* for Cincinnati. Calling at Lawrenceburg to visit an aged parent, I had the happiness to spend a Saturday and Sabbath with my former presiding elder, Rev. C. W. Ruter, and Rev. A. Eddy, who had come up to assist him in the labors of a quarterly meeting. Lawrenceburg station, under the pastoral labors of Rev. S. T. Gillet, was then enjoying a season of refreshing. We preached, prayed, exhorted, and rejoiced with happy converts and quickened believers.

I arrived at Cincinnati on the 3d of April. Here I had a violent attack of disease, brought on, in the judgment of my physician, by excessive labor and exposure. Serious apprehensions were entertained as to the result. A family adjoining my lodgings, seeing a carriage-load of ministers drive away from the door, concluded, "the man is dead." But God ordered otherwise. By skillful medical treatment

and kind attentions from the family of my friend, brother L. Swartz, and others, with 'God's blessing, I was in a short time so far restored as to enter again upon my work. Here some days were spent in obtaining the necessary supplies of provisions, hardware, paints, etc., for building and repairing, farming implements, mechanics' tools, camp and household equipage, and all the requisite outfit for a frontier residence. Here, too, I employed a young German and his wife to accompany me, and aid in the domestic labors of the Mission.

On the 10th, I went down by boat to Louisville, and spent several days there in completing purchases and arranging papers preparatory to a departure. On Saturday, April 15th, we got all on board our steamer, and took leave of the "upper country."

There were, at that time, few boats in the Arkansas trade from points upon the Ohio River; and those few generally inferior in character and accommodations. The "Gallant," for this was the chivalrous cognomen of our craft, was a vessel of some age, and had already seen more service than was consistent with safe reckonings upon her future performance. She was "condemned," or, in other words, unable, from age and condition, to obtain insurance, and so ran upon the personal risk of owners and shippers. This looked rather unfavorable for a long trip upon dangerous waters; but the initiated will understand, when I say that it probably turned to our advantage. All hope of making a fortune by sinking the boat and recovering insurance was taken away, and the great care and watchfulness with which she was managed contributed, in no small degree, to the comfort and safety of our passage.

A Sabbath upon a steamboat is irksome, though upon long trips and by unfrequented routes it is often inevitable. The *tedium* is greatly relieved, and Sabbath observance among the passengers promoted, when an opportunity is afforded of preaching. My first Sabbath out afforded no such opportunity, and was spent in reading and reflection.

Our company on board was small and quiet, our officers were gentlemanly, and no incident worthy of note occurred upon our passage down the Ohio and Mississippi.

Upon the 20th we reached Montgomery's Point, an old and well-known landing, at the mouth of the White River of Arkansas, one of the rude and lawless resorts of the flat-boatmen of early days; a place, which, had it a tongue, could tell many a tale that would make the ears tingle. Here I was surprised and gratified to take by the hand Rev. David Crawford, formerly a member of Indiana Conference, transferred, within a year or two, to the more destitute field in Arkansas. His circuit extended over a large section of adjacent country upon the Mississippi, a region most uninviting both in its physical and moral aspects. He seemed cheerful, and spoke encouragingly of his work.

Here we entered the mouth of White River, and passed up some distance; then took a bayou, or "cut-off," communicating with the Arkansas, and, by this means, entered the latter river at some distance up. This is often done by downward-bound boats, instead of going down to Napoleon and entering the Arkansas at its own outlet. It serves to give some idea of the low, flat character of the country affording facilities for such intercommunication.

The low bottoms on the banks of the Arkansas afford but little scenery such as is generally admired; and, hence, the country is seldom described by tourists, each seeking to sink the past in oblivion so soon as his own escape is made. But even this dreary region was not without interest to me. The wide expanse of channel through which the river, when low, meanders its course amid interminable sand-banks, planted thickly with snags, sawyers, and lodged trees, with roots anchored and tops downward, presenting their stubborn ramifications so closely set as would seem to defy the progress of an ascending steamer; the dense cane-brakes lining the banks with their somber shades; the long rows of young cotton-wood, which, following up the successive freaks of the stream, had, year after year, taken root in the

newly-deposited *alluvium*, and grew in ranks as straight and regular as if planted by the hand of man; and all this tuned into melody by the hoarse music of wild geese and brants, which, with their long-limbed companions, the sand-hill cranes, seemed to claim the exclusive proprietorship of these wild domains; even these had a melancholy interest, especially when responded to by the creakings and groanings of our "Gallant" old steamer, indicative of years of former toil as, night by night, I pensively paced her hurricane deck alone by moonlight, and thought of home and friends far away. There is a luxury in melancholy; and here was found enough to raise it to its most exquisite point.

Here and there the dull monotony was broken by the appearance of a cotton plantation, whose proprietors held only a nominal residence of a few Winter months, the Summers being spent in some more genial clime; their annual return being only in season to convey to New Orleans, the great cotton emporium, their "crop" of bales of the world's great staple, raised and prepared by months of Summer toil of Afric's sons and daughters, under the lash of a taskmaster, and to enjoy a season of gayety and festivity over its proceeds; thus forever dooming this region to remain unimproved, unenlightened, uncared for, while the present order of things continues.

A few exploded enterprises of former days have barely left traces enough to tell the tale of defeat. An early settlement was made by the French, about one hundred miles up, and a town commenced the same year, it is said, with the founding of Philadelphia. But, like many more modern schemes of the same character, its dreams of future greatness have vanished, and it is now known to boatmen simply as "The Post." Still further up was a Catholic colony and seminary, at a place known as St. Mary's. Here remain only a few houses, and a relic of the former population. This spot was rendered memorable to me and mine in after history, as will be seen.

On Sabbath, the 23d, I had a pleasant season of worship with the passengers in the cabin, while I preached to them of the "judgment-seat of Christ." I thought I observed a marked change of deportment afterward.

On the 24th we arrived at Little Rock, the capital of the State, about three hundred miles, by water, from the mouth. This is a pleasant, well-built town, of several thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a rough and unpromising country. It contains a good State-House, United States Armory, and other public buildings. Resident here is quite a number of genteel and interesting families, with a large amount of rough and vicious population. I found, also, a pleasant little society of our own Church, with a comfortable house of worship, and Rev. H. Kern, formerly of Pittsburg Conference, as their pastor.

At Little Rock I was introduced to the late Gov. Yell; found him a slender, plain, pacific-looking man, dressed in common jeans, seated in his office, and calmly smoking a long-stemmed pipe, with little indication of that desperate and furious courage exhibited by him on the fatal fields of Mexico, where he met an untimely end. Here, also, I formed the acquaintance of Judge Pascal, of the Supreme Bench of the State, an intelligent, large-hearted Virginian, resident at Van Buren, with whom and his full-blood, but genteel, and well-educated Cherokee wife, a romantic pair, I was afterward hospitably entertained at their pleasant home. From Judge Pascal I received much information as to the history, habits, and condition of the several tribes of southern Indians, such as materially to aid me in preparing for my work.

Above Little Rock the country becomes more elevated and broken, the spurs of the Ozark Mountains, in places, pointing in to the river, and terminating on its banks in craggy and abrupt precipices, forming a scenery of rugged sublimity in bold contrast with the lowlands further down.

The banks of the Arkansas in this region afford a fine supply of steamboat fuel unknown on most of our West-

ern waters. "Pine-knots," as they are called, being the branches and knotty portions of the yellow pine-tree, perfectly dead and dry, and containing a large amount of resinous matter, are collected by the settlers and piled upon the banks. The boatmen buy it with eagerness. It makes an intense heat, sends forth volumes of black smoke, and urges a boat up to her utmost capacity of speed.

Nothing of note occurred during the remaining three hundred miles of our trip to Fort Smith. The old boat performed well, and we reached the fort upon the morning of the 27th. This place is situated upon the State line, the fort itself and Government buildings being on the territorial or Choctaw side, and a thriving village below the line. A large Government expenditure has been made here; but all operations have ceased, and probably will never be resumed. The old barracks of temporary structure were still occupied by the troops. Here I made the acquaintance of brother Boyer, the stationed preacher for Fort Smith and Van Buren, another transfer from Pittsburg Conference; also of other kind brethren.

The regular trip of the "Gallant" terminated here, and my freight was about to be put ashore. The captain proposed, for a stipulated sum, to go up to my place of destination, some thirty miles further, and discharge it there. This was extremely desirable. But, then, the intercourse act of the United States forbade a boat going up into the Indian territory without leave; examinations were first to be made for whisky and contraband goods; and, withal, I was without passports or letters of introduction of any kind. In the dilemma I sought an introduction to General Zachary Taylor, then in command there, explained to him my situation and objects, and asked his counsel. The General received me with his wonted urbanity, and advised me to get on the boat and go up without waiting for leave of any one, provided I was sure of being recognized and approved by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs on my arrival. This was all I wanted. The boat was chartered



for the remainder of the way. Several brethren from Fort Smith accompanied me up, and at five o'clock, P. M., of the same day we landed upon the beach at the foot of the bold promontory on which stands old Fort Coffee, destined to be the site of our future operations. By dark the freight was discharged. The boat's crew and accompanying friends bade us farewell, and soon she was on her downward course, leaving us to the peculiar reflections of the hour.

We were now fairly beyond the bounds of civilization, surrounded by two powerful Indian tribes. I had some childhood reminiscences of Indian life in the early settlement of Ohio, but myself had scarcely ever shaken the hand of a red man, and was, to a great extent, unacquainted with their habits and customs. In addition to this, I had never "lain out" a single night. The scene was novel. Our company consisted of my German, his wife and child, a friend from Fort Smith, and myself. A fire was struck upon the beach, and our little band commenced the work by a prayer meeting. It was a solemn time. We invoked the blessing of God upon ourselves, our distant friends, our work, and especially upon the benighted sons of the forest, upon whose soil we had now kindled our fires. The premises, though but a few hundred yards distant, were not surveyed that evening; but, after taking refreshment, we laid ourselves down upon the beach and slept securely under the care of Him "whose eyelids never sleep."

## CHAPTER III.

## CHOCTAW COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

ON the following morning, April 28th, we surveyed the premises, formerly a military station, garrisoned with soldiers and filled with military stores and implements of war, now to be transformed into a missionary post, whence should go forth the Word of Life, with all the gentler and more subduing influences of the Gospel of Peace.

Large appropriations had been made by the General Council of the Choctaw Nation for educational purposes. These acts had obtained the sanction of the proper department at Washington, and had now the force of law. Hitherto the interest of the sums due to the several Indian tribes had been paid out in annual dividends, and distribution made *per caput* to each man, woman, and child of the tribe—a course still pursued by many of the tribes. The evils of this annuity system had long been apparent, creating a dependence upon a trifling annual stipend, and weakening the motives to personal exertion and self-reliance. The more intelligent and judicious among the Choctaws were not slow to discern this, and wisely determined to cut off the annuities and to apply the larger proportion of their annual income to purposes of education and general improvement.

Probably no nation on earth has ever applied so large a proportion of its public revenue to the cause of education. Distrusting their own ability to manage these funds judiciously, they had, by law, placed the larger proportion of the amount in the hands of the Missionary Boards of several different religious denominations, already laboring among them, to be used in the manner intended. In these

appropriations the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church had shared largely. Rev. E. R. Ames, in the prosecution of his work as Corresponding Secretary, had attended in person the session of their General Council, and aided by his advice in planning the system of education and drawing up the act of the Council which made the appropriations and provided for their control. Subsequently he obtained their ratification at Washington, services of which the Choctaw people retained a grateful recollection. The Choctaws had been the most extensive patrons of the Government school for Indians, under the supervision of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, in Kentucky. They had seen the evil of sending their children abroad, and were now resolved upon a system of home education.

Three large institutions of learning were provided for by the act. Two of these were placed under the care of our Missionary Society, each with an appropriation of six thousand dollars a year for twenty years, with the condition that the Society should make an annual appropriation additionally of one thousand dollars to each. One of these institutions was located at Fort Coffee, and the other at an interior point upon Ki-e-mi-chi River, called "Nun-na-wa-ya." The Choctaw National Council undertook to manage the third themselves by a Board of Native Trustees of their own appointment, with the aid of the United States Agent resident among them. An eligible site was selected near their Council House, and the name of "Spencer Academy" was assumed in honor of the Secretary of War. Liberal appropriations were also made to other schools already in existence under the care of other missionary organizations.

Under the removal policy of the United States Government, this people had been transferred from their original homes east of the Mississippi River, and mainly in the State of Mississippi, and placed upon the lands now occupied by them. Some ten years, more or less, had been occupied in their removal. Their entire number was about

twenty thousand, near two-thirds of whom had already been removed, and the remaining third were still behind. Since that time the removal of the entire tribe has been completed.

The lands assigned to the tribe embraced a large tract of country lying west of the southern portion of the State of Arkansas; having the Arkansas River on the north dividing them from the Cherokees, and Red River on the south separating them from Texas, being the most southerly portion of what is known as the "Indian Territory." The breadth of this, their new national domain, from north to south, was about one hundred miles, and its extent westward probably two hundred or more. Within these limits, as will hereafter be seen, are embraced also their kindred tribe, the Chickasaws.

This tract of country is in a high degree picturesque. A ridge of mountains intersects it from east to west, and single mountainous elevations are found in many places rising up from the plain; some oblong, some conical, others in various forms, and greatly diversifying the scenery. The mountain sides are generally covered with a heavy growth of yellow or pitch pine, while the level lands are divided between prairie and woodland. The small prairie valleys between the different mountain ridges are strikingly beautiful.

The country is well watered. Health is in the main good, though somewhat interrupted during the Summer months by intermittent bilious disease. The lowlands upon the streams are fertile; some of the wooded uplands also. On the south or Red River side are some fine cotton plantations, owned and managed by natives, generally of the mixed blood. The prairies between the Arkansas and Red River are poor, bearing, in their natural state, a thin coat of grass, but wholly unfit for cultivation or continued pasturage. As a whole, the Choctaw lands are quite inferior to those of the Cherokees on the north, or of Texas on the south. The lands are held in common by the tribe,

each having his option to reside where he chooses ; only so that no new settlement is permitted within a prescribed distance of one previously occupied.

We found the Choctaws living under a regular form of government with a written Constitution and laws, modeled after our own. Their Legislature consisted of a General Council with two branches, an upper and lower house; the Representatives being elected by the people. The executive authority was vested in three chiefs, elected at stated intervals; the nation being divided into three districts, of which each had its chief; and a majority of these held a *veto* power upon legislative action. They had also a judiciary constituted by law. These forms, however, were, as might be expected in their condition of society, loosely and inefficiently administered, and mingled up with many relics of their former customs.

This triple lodgment of executive power had obtained previous to their removal West. At the time of removal the three chiefs were divided in sentiment and policy. Two of them, Push-ma-ta-ha and Puck-she-nub-bee, were favorable to the efforts of missionaries and to the cause of morals and education; while the third, Me-shu-la-tub-bee, opposed all efforts for the civilization and moral and intellectual improvement of his people. Upon this question the nation also was divided, and the new settlement was controlled by party affinities and predilections. The first two leaders, followed by the more enlightened and orderly portion of the tribe, settled in the south of their country, upon Red River, accompanied by their missionaries; while the infidel and more savage part, under the leadership of their chief, took possession of the northern and less inviting section lying upon the Arkansas. The three districts took the names of the three several chiefs then in power, which they still retain. Among this last and rudest portion of the tribe our lot was cast.

FORT COFFEE, the site of our intended institution, was in the northern extreme of the Choctaw country, upon the

south bank of the Arkansas River. The position is commanding and beautiful in a high degree; situated upon an elevated projecting bluff, overlooking the country of the Cherokees upon the opposite shore, and affording a fine view of the river below and above. A precipice of some sixty feet overhangs the river in semicircular or crescent form, with a ravine below and lowlands above. Upon the brink was the guard-house, surmounted with a flag-staff. From the brink is a gradual ascent of several hundred yards to the main fort buildings. A narrow neck joins the promontory to the uplands in the rear. The grounds were set in blue-grass and covered with tall forest trees and an undergrowth of young cedars.

From an inscription upon the wall of one of the buildings we learned that the fort was established in June, 1834, and evacuated in November, 1838. The reason assigned for the relinquishment of the post was, I believe, that the garrison might be stationed more immediately upon the State line, such being the situation of Fort Smith. After its abandonment by the Government, the site had been taken up as a claim by a shrewd half-breed Indian, and, upon the location of our institution at that point, we were under the necessity of paying him largely to relinquish.

The principal buildings of the fort were arranged in a hollow square, embracing an area of about one hundred feet square within; three sides being built up, and the fourth open, except the spots occupied by magazines; the intervening spaces having been once filled with pickets which were now fallen down. Besides these there were numerous other buildings for various uses, without the regular line of inclosure. The aspect of the place was cheerful and inviting, though four years of neglect had left the buildings in a dilapidated state; all needing repairs, and some requiring to be removed and their places supplied.

Early on the day after our arrival we were waited upon by Major William Armstrong, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the South-West, and also United States Agent for

the Choctaws, who gave us a cordial reception, and with J. H. Heald, Esq., a prominent Indian trader, furnished us with teams and hands, and afforded every needed aid.

Among the small number of white men that are found on Indian ground are a few of the very best, and a larger number of the very worst, specimens of our fallen humanity. The two gentlemen just referred to, the former of whom has since passed away from time, deserve to be ranked among the few who have maintained, in all their intercourse with the Indians, an unblemished reputation.

Major Armstrong was a native of Tennessee, and a brother to General Robert Armstrong, late Consul to Liverpool, and long the intimate friend of General Jackson. Another brother had held the place of Choctaw Agent, and, dying, was succeeded by the acting incumbent. Major Armstrong was one of "nature's noblemen;" of commanding person and noble bearing; courteous, gentlemanly, and hospitable; with a soul that scorned the thought of profiting by a mean act, whether at the expense of a white or red man. He was emphatically the friend of the Indian, and especially of the Choctaw; and, as a result, he possessed their confidence and even affection in a very high degree.

An incident will illustrate this, while it, at the same time, throws some light upon Choctaw character. During the harassing wars with the Seminoles in Florida, it was proposed by the Government, as a means of ferreting them out from their lurking-places, to employ against them some of the removed Indians known to be loyal and warlike. The Choctaws were called upon, and soon a large band responded to the summons, assembled at the Agency, erected their war-pole, and began their war-songs. Learning, however, that they were to be mustered into service under the command of the officers of the regular army, they refused, and demanded that they should be led by their agent and friend, Major Armstrong. This being denied, they disbanded, returned to their homes, and left the Government to carry on its war as best it could.

Major Armstrong highly approved the educational movements among this people, encouraged missionary labor, and vigorously seconded every effort for their improvement. This much is due to the memory of the Indian's friend and protector, a worthy man and faithful public officer. Would that among the appointees of the Government to Indian Agencies such examples were not so rare!

Mr. Heald was an Eastern man, and a gentleman of the first stamp, liberally educated, and possessing fine business attainments. He was a member of the house of Berthelet, Heald & Co., the first being a Canadian, and the third member, Bob Jones, a half-breed Choctaw. They were the licensed traders of the nation, had establishments at different points, and supplied the natives with goods of good quality and at fair rates, scorning to deceive or take advantage of their ignorance; a great contrast with the character of most Indian traders. Here were no conspiracies between agents and traders to defraud the Indians; no licentious examples to debauch them.

Mr. Heald was amiable, generous, and humane. It was only to be regretted that he was of too fine a mold for the rugged contacts and associations of the frontier. Of this we shall hereafter see evidence. He subsequently became a member of a house in New Orleans. Both these gentlemen resided at the Agency, about five miles distant from our station; and from the hands of them both myself and family received many kind attentions, that contributed no little to soften down the asperities of our exposed situation.



## CHAPTER IV.

## MISSION LABORS—INTERCOURSE WITH TRIBE.

Our destination was now reached; and the magnitude and pressing character of our work opened up before us. The institution, under the name of "Fort Coffee Academy," was to consist of two departments; that for males at the place bearing the name; that for females at New Hope, some five miles distant and near the Agency.

The outlines of the plan were laid down in the act of the General Council. The students were to be selected by the Council, and to be boarded, clothed, and instructed at the expense of the institution. The course for the boys was to include instruction in agriculture and mechanic arts, as well as literature and morals. The females were to be instructed in appropriate domestic labors.

My appointment, as Superintendent, embraced the control of funds; employment of teachers; oversight of school; planning, contracting for, and superintending buildings; farming operations; in short, the entire management of all its affairs. The only proviso was that the books of the institution should at all times be open to the inspection of three trustees, educated natives appointed by the Council, but claiming no control over disbursements. Subsequently a committee was appointed by the Conference to act in conjunction with the agent, with whom I should make annual settlements. In addition to this I had a pastoral charge embracing the institution and country contiguous.

Some building and a large amount of repairing was needed at Fort Coffee, and the male department was expected to be open for students the ensuing Autumn; while

for the female department at New Hope, the beginning was yet to be made. The farming lands attached to the premises were to be cultivated, and supplies raised. We were now in the last days of April; no preparations had been made; no laborers, no teams for farming, to say nothing of mechanics and building material. Our whole colony consisted of my German, his wife and child, and myself; and our only domestic animal was a large dog that I had bought upon the Mississippi. And so exceedingly timid were my Germans among "the Indians," that it was with difficulty I could leave them for an hour.

We lacked funds, too. The construction placed upon the act was, that our annual appropriation did not commence to run from the date of its passage, but from the time of our actually entering upon the work. So we had nothing to begin with; and our building fund was to be saved after paying current expenses. The missionary appropriation of one thousand dollars had been placed in my hands; upon my own responsibility I borrowed a thousand more; and this was all we had for outfit and expenditures till means should be received from the department. Necessity, however, drove us to effort, and Providence kindly opened our way.

The first Sabbath I went to New Hope, and preached to a mingled company of whites, blacks, and Indians, formed some acquaintances, and was kindly entertained by Major Armstrong, with whom I always found a hospitable home. Early in the week following I was off for Fort Smith, Van Buren, and adjacent country below the State line, in search of teams, hands, etc. In the course of about ten days I found myself in possession of a good substantial team; hands were at work upon the farm, a large quantity of pine lumber, shingles, etc., had been delivered at our landing, and a good mechanical force were at work upon the buildings; the desolate, forsaken aspect suddenly gave way to the life and bustle of agricultural and mechanical industry.

An occurrence, however, of which we little thought,

came very near arresting our building operations. A large amount of lumber was lying upon the beach. The river was quite low, and no indication, to our eyes, of a rise—when suddenly came rolling down the stream a torrent of water, swelling it with a rapidity known probably to no other stream in the wide world. An exciting scene ensued. All hands and teams fell to, and, by great effort, our material was saved from starting for the lower country on its own responsibility. The Arkansas is given to such freaks, especially at the time of its annual overflow called the “June rise.” The weather may be dry, the sky clear, the great channel almost bare in the evening, and by morning a perfect torrent be rolling by. This hint was enough to keep us wide awake thereafter.

A plan was soon made out for the requisite changes in adapting the buildings to the new occupancy. Near the center of the north line of buildings stood the commandant's quarters, the most imposing edifice of the group. This, upon examination by the mechanics, was pronounced too far gone for repair, and was doomed to be demolished and its place supplied by another, intended as the residence of the superintendent's family, etc. On the left, in the same line, stood the warehouse reserved for the same uses, and on the right a building appropriated as our store-room. Upon the east stood a line of barracks which we converted into a dining-hall, with kitchen in the rear; a large school-room, occupied also for a chapel, and a row of dormitories for students. On the west was a similar line, part of which were set apart as lodgings for occasional guests, teachers, and other employés, and the remaining rooms to be occupied by students. The magazines were removed, and the space on the south left open. The sutler's store, without the lines, was set apart as a residence for the cook and his family, and the hospital converted into a barn. In short, the whole arrangement was turned over and made to conform to the new order of things.

Occasional developments were made during the process

that gave to our men some amusing ideas of the habits of former occupants; none more so than the exploration of our well. This was a wide, deep excavation, much of the way blown out of solid rock, which had supplied the entire garrison. The great windlass was worked by a large wheel similar to the pilot-wheel of a steamboat. It yielded a bountiful supply of pure freestone water; but large accumulations had been made at its bottom of unknown substances, bedded in some ten feet of mud, which did not materially improve its flavor or supposed healthfulness. We were told that the abundance of the supply rendered hopeless any attempt to draw off the water, preparatory to a "cleaning out." But we resolved upon a trial. An Irishman from Fort Smith was employed for subterranean operations. Two half-barrels were rigged to the massive windlass. A respite of a day's labor was proclaimed to all the mechanics and laborers, and all hands joined in the common interest. At an early hour it was commenced, the men working at the windlass, and resting by turns, so as to keep the water rapidly passing off. By nightfall it was done; water, mud, and all thrown off, the rocky bottom gained, and the solid contents brought up and ranged in line, as follows: one half-barrel, three large wooden well-buckets, one painted bucket, five large tin buckets, five small tin buckets, two coffee-pots, three tin pans, five tin cups, one quart cup, two table-spoons, one curry-comb, one bridle-bit, one soldier's cap, and sundry other articles too tedious to mention. What kind of compound would be formed for our daily beverage from these ingredients, I leave to better chemists to determine. But ever after we were abundantly supplied with that indispensable to health and comfort, pure cold water.

The Spring proved rainy, and our work was somewhat retarded. Several of our hands, too, suffered from sickness. Still the hand of God was upon us for good, and our work prospered. Upon the 24th of May we finished planting corn, of which, in the Fall, we had a fine yield. Our me-

chanical improvements, too, went forward rapidly. About two months had now passed since, amid the snows of the North, I had received my appointment to this field. The change had been made, some two thousand miles traveled, all our preparations gone through, and our work was now fairly under way, with a good prospect, by God's blessing, of meeting, at the fixed time, the expectations of all concerned.

It is hard, for those that have never realized, to imagine the solitary feelings produced by a transition from home, domestic relations, social and religious privileges, to a state of almost absolute seclusion. Subsequent years, in a degree, inured me; but it cost many a struggle to gain the victory, and even yet it is but partial. It matters not that we are surrounded by beings possessed of a common humanity, if there be no chords of mutual sympathetic feeling. And so different are the habits of civilized and savage life that there are but few of these. Our intercourse with the moving, thinking world was altogether through the mails; and these, irregular and unreliable, often led to disappointment. Generally they brought reports of health and comfort from loved ones left behind, and sometimes of sickness and kind attentions of friends, at which the unbidden tear would fall. Sometimes they brought tidings of death. Never shall I forget the feelings produced by the announcement from a single mail of the deaths of three valued friends, one of whom I had left awaiting his change, and two others cut suddenly down at the noonday of life. Suddenly, solemnly, the news from afar fell upon us. But

“There's mercy in every place;”

and even here we had precious seasons of communion with God.

I preached on the Sabbath alternately at Fort Coffee and New Hope. Our mixed congregations were attentive, and seed was sown which, I humbly trust, may bring forth fruit unto eternal life. Class meetings, too, were not forgotten, though conducted in a very simple and primitive

form. Under date of May 18th, I find I made the following record:

“Even here we find sweet access to God in prayer. We feel that we are in the order of God and doing his work, and we trust in God that our ‘labor’ will not be ‘in vain.’ I have not had a single doubt or misgiving with regard to the indications of Providence in this quarter since I entered upon the work. Every successive step confirms me in the belief that there is here a ‘great and effectual’ door opened. Why should we remain in the densely-populated settlements and crowd each other, preaching to those upon whose heads a fearful load of guilt is already accumulated by long-continued rejection of the Gospel message, while thousands upon thousands are perishing in their own native darkness? Let us rather follow them to their own wilds. With them let us

‘Range the wide woods where the council fires curl,  
And there the broad banner of Jesus unfurl.’

But ‘who is sufficient for these things?’ Who has the grace, discretion, self-denial, and persevering firmness requisite for so great a work? For this we cast ourselves upon God and the prayers of the Church.”

As time and opportunity allowed I mingled freely with the natives, and endeavored to acquaint myself with their condition, habits, and prejudices. So greatly have the Indians been deceived and imposed upon by the whites that it is no matter of surprise they should look with suspicion upon all strangers; but their confidence, once gained, is implicit. My attachment to this people increased with acquaintance; my whole intercourse with them was agreeable; and, while I saw much in their condition and character to regret, I also saw many things to love and admire.

The removal of this people, as has been the case with most of the removed tribes, was followed with great diminution of their numbers. Ignorant, improvident, without the foresight necessary to prepare for the change, having none to care for them beyond the completion of a contract

for delivery, like so many cattle, their exposure brought on disease in various forms, and their numbers were fearfully thinned. Melancholy and dejected with their compulsory removal, years elapsed without much effort for improvement. An amusing incident, illustrative of their feelings on leaving their old homes, and their sense of the injustice done them, was related to me. At the time that a large party were being ferried across the Mississippi, the boat about making its last trip, among the remaining fragments that were thrown in was a shrewd, waggish Choctaw, quite drunk. He was unceremoniously heaved into the boat, and, lying upon his back as she shoved off from the eastern shore, he exclaimed: "Farewell, white man!" with an oath, "Steal my land!"

Time, however, was in a degree reconciling them to their new homes. Dispersed over the country, they had selected the best lands, erected cabins, cleared small patches upon which they raised a little corn and other common vegetables. Their chief property was in their cattle. A common Indian frequently owned fifty or a hundred head. The Winters being mild and short, they subsisted all the year without being fed, wintering mostly upon the cane, fat all the year, except a short time in early Spring, when the warm weather drove them from the cane-brakes before grass was sufficient. Many of them attained a great size. Their beef was a staple article of diet, and the chief inducement to raise them, their habits being too careless and unthrifty to profit much from the milk. Some were in better circumstances, especially mixed bloods, owning slaves whose industry and foresight were superior to their own. Some of these had good farms, with comfortable improvements, and a few were the owners of considerable cotton plantations.

The Choctaws are a mild, pacific people, though reckoned one of the most warlike tribes. The men of the tribe are generally spare, with small limbs and neatly-formed hand and foot, while the women are more robust and cor-

pulent. It is the boast of the nation that they have "never shed a white man's blood." Perhaps no tribe on our frontier is so loyal to the United States Government as the Choctaws. As a general thing they are strictly honest, thefts being rarely known among them. Naturally they are pensive and rather inclined to melancholy. Suicides are frequent. They are indolent and inactive, and the drudgery is mainly performed by the squaws. A Choctaw is rarely seen beyond the limits of his own tribe.

The language of the Choctaws is mild and soft, and to the ear of a stranger it lacks articulateness. The tone of conversation is monotonous, and the nasal predominates. The name of the tribe itself has not, among them, that harsh pronunciation which our English orthography indicates, but is softly pronounced "Chah-tah." When engaged in animated conversation their words are sung out, especially by the women, with quite a tune. The language is easily acquired, and some of the older missionaries speak it fluently. In their written language, as arranged by the missionaries, they use our alphabet, having hymns and portions of the Scriptures translated for their use. Like most other Indians, they laugh a great deal, and, when sober, are extremely gentle and inoffensive in their habits.

In common with Indians generally, strong drink is their great bane. They have rigid laws against the introduction of ardent spirits into their country, and a set of ministerial officers known as "light horse," a sort of patrol band, are specially charged with its execution. Whenever found, the barrels or jugs are unceremoniously tomahawked, and the contents poured out. Several of the Indian tribes could boast a prohibitory act years before the "Maine Law" originated. But no such law exists among their "civilized" neighbors. Whisky in large quantities is brought, by unprincipled men, to the very line of the State, and they cross over, and drink, and smuggle large quantities into their country. Under its influence murders are common, and not unfrequently the murder of near relations.



Missionary labors had been bestowed upon this people for many years prior to their removal, and some thousands of them were in actual membership in the several Churches, about one thousand in our own Church. The missionaries of the American Board accompanied them to their new homes, and those of the Methodist Episcopal Church followed them by appointments from year to year. But these labors had been confined to the south of the Nation. Scarcely a semblance of religion was found in the north.

The Fall previous to our appointment the venerable Bishop Roberts had made a tour upon this portion, in company with Rev. E. R. Ames. On his return he remarked, with his characteristic good-humor, that "the nearest approach to Methodism he had seen in the country was a boy named 'Wesley.'" A short time after my arrival I was ferried across a stream by some boys of mixed colors, one of whom, a little quadroon, was called by his comrades "Wesley." Ah! thought I, I have found the Bishop's boy; here is the Methodism of this country.

In some respects, the tone of public sentiment on points of morals is more elevated among these semi-civilized Indians than among their *fully*-civilized neighbors of the States. An incident may illustrate this. Conversing with a member of the Choctaw National Council, son to one of their ex-chiefs, I incidentally inquired the time of meeting of their Council. He replied: "The first Monday in October." Correcting himself soon, he said: "No; the first Tuesday in October. Formerly we met on Monday; but this compelled us to travel on Sunday, which we were unwilling to do, and the day was changed."

At the time of my coming among them, they were beginning to recover from the shock of removal. The climate proved healthy for them, their numbers were again on the increase, and some indications of general improvement in their condition were appearing.

## CHAPTER V.

## CHEROKEE SIDE—TRIP TO TA-LE-QUAH.

NEAR two months since our arrival had now been spent in labors incident to our enterprise. Already the place had assumed a new aspect. Our men, though collected at random, labored agreeably together under the oversight of a trusty and experienced foreman, who, with his family, resided with us. It was humorously remarked by one of the mechanics, that they had "shingled an acre," as a single item of their labor.

Previous to leaving Indiana I had, through the Missionary Secretary, arranged with the Bishops for the transfer to our work of Rev. Henry C. Benson, he having consented. Brother Benson had graduated at Asbury University the year preceding, had entered Indiana Conference, and was then engaged in the labors of a circuit. He was to take the place of principal teacher in our academy, and, till opening, was to aid in preparatory labors. After receiving his appointment to Fort Coffee, he was joined in marriage to Miss Matilda Williamson, daughter of T. W. Williamson, Esq., of Greencastle, Indiana. I mention this estimable couple the more particularly, as they were afterward so agreeably associated with us, and bore so cheerful and faithful a part in all our labors. At the time of which I write we were in daily expectation of their arrival, upon which I expected to start on my return to the States and bring out my family, with additional supplies; leaving, meanwhile, the management of the whole concern in the hands of brother Benson, whose habits and acquirements rendered him, though young, fully competent to the charge.

Brother Benson had maintained a high standing in the University, and graduated with honor. The association proved fortunate in its influence upon the society of our mission as well as to the interests of the institution.

While awaiting their arrival, and expecting to float down the Arkansas upon the annual rise, an event occurred which led to a change of plans and to my return by an unexpected route. A Delaware Indian arrived at our place, sent as an express messenger from the Cherokee Council-Ground at Tah-le-quah, where a general council of Western and South-Western Indians was then in session, inviting me to come to the Council, spend a few days there, and thence accompany a party of missionaries and Indians who would be going north to their homes on Missouri River, visiting the missions by the way, and returning by St. Louis to my former home. The proposal met my views, and was accepted. A day was spent in preparation. The management of affairs was committed to the foreman till the arrival of brother Benson, which occurred a few days after my departure. We were thus, for the time, deprived of our expected greeting on mission ground, and they, as it turned out, passed some solitary months, and underwent some scenes of affliction before we were ever permitted to meet at the scene of our future labors.

On the morning of Thursday, the 22d of June, taking leave of our little mission company, and commending them and our cause to God, we were ferried over the Arkansas to the Cherokee side, gave a parting look back to our majestic bluff, and took up our line of march. Our Delaware friend, as guide, led the way, followed by Rev. J. M. Steele, missionary to the Choctaws, both on horseback; while I brought up the rear in my buggy, bearing the rifle, provisions, and light camp equipage. Passing a thick skirt of woods, such as usually lines the streams of this country, we ascended a rocky bluff, and soon emerged into beautiful prairies, interspersed with woodlands. On our left, at the distance of about thirty miles, the Cavinole Mountain lay

in full view, and a little further west the peak known as Sugar-Loaf raised its pyramidal form. The morning was fine and our sensations delightful; the more so to myself as I was taking a step toward home—though a distant home.

No where, in all my prairie wanderings, have I witnessed a scenery equal to that presented upon these south-western savannas. The Spring and Summer aspect is beautiful beyond description. The whole face of nature presents an unbounded sea of variegated flowers. Many of the plants and shrubs that in our gardens and hot-houses are tended with assiduous care and made to grow *secundum artem*, and which, after all, have but a feeble and sickly existence, here flourish in wild luxuriance, as planted and nurtured by the All-forming Hand. Here is the passion-flower with its supposed mystic representations; here the sensitive plant modestly folds its leaves before the heedless hoof of the steed, or is crushed beneath the wheels; here are a thousand other forms, some novel, some familiar, in which "Universal Love smiles all around." Quite a number of plants were pointed out as possessing medicinal virtues.

The prairie lands here contiguous to the river, like those of the Choctaws upon the opposite side, are unproductive under the hand of cultivation. The hilly and mountainous parts are rocky and barren, while the plains are covered with mounds of different sizes, from one to ten feet in height, and so regularly formed as almost to lead to the conclusion that they were artificial, did not their immense number forbid the idea. They contribute much to the richness and beauty of the scenery. "Buffalo wallows" abound, left by the former occupants, as they have retired still further into the "boundless contiguity of"—prairie.

Our Delaware friend we found to be an intelligent and interesting traveling companion. He not only served as guide, but officiated as cook *pro tem.*, and instructed us generally in the details of camp life. He spoke English fluently, was lively and communicative, and entertained us

with many traditional and historical incidents pertaining to the different tribes. In passing through the Cherokee country he facetiously assumed, though a young man, to be by birthright their grandfather, and claimed, in virtue of the relation, their particular respect and attention. The Delaware Nation, he informed us, claims to be grandfather to all the other tribes of the country; not in virtue of any greater antiquity or alleged lineal descent, but in consequence of the former superiority of this Nation over the others in numbers and strength, an idea which among Indians is expressed by the paternal relation. He gave us the following incident, which indicates that this relation is, to some extent, acknowledged by the other tribes:

A party of Sioux, about two years previously, had fallen upon and massacred sixteen Delawares. Among the Sioux were some Winnebagoes who had participated in the deed. Some time subsequent to this it happened that the Winnebago tribe, according to custom, sent their pipe and tobacco, emblems of peace, to the Pottawatamies. The latter, indignant at the outrage committed upon the Delawares, refused the offering and sent it back, assigning as a reason that the Winnebagoes had assisted to "kill their grandfather." The Winnebagoes, upon this, sent another deputation with the same emblem, explaining, that the individuals of their tribe who had participated with the Sioux in the murder of the Delawares were an irresponsible party that had broken off from their tribe, and for whose acts they were not accountable; that their nation had not countenanced nor taken part in the affair. With this explanation the Pottawatamies were satisfied, smoked the pipe of peace, sent their emblem in return to the Winnebagoes, and a mutual good understanding was restored. A fine specimen of diplomacy this. National honor, in Christendom, would probably have taken insult at the first rejection, and instead of friendly explanations, a bloody war have ensued. Our Delaware was a noble specimen of his tribe. Many years afterward, when traveling among the Delawares, I endeav-

ored to find him, but having lost the recollection of his name, I was unable to do so.

In our first day's traveling we crossed a road leading into the interior, known as the "whisky-smuggling road," and from the marks of travel, it would seem that here, too, a large business was carried on in that line. Our guide informed us that, on the preceding Sabbath, about thirty barrels and several hundred jugs filled with whisky had been discovered in the vicinity of the Council-Ground, and incontinently spilled by the authorities; a large portion of it the property of a white man. I have seen, and I feel, the deep degradation of our Indian tribes; but often I have been compelled to ask myself, "Who is the civilized and who the savage?" The principal vices of the Indians are emphatically *our* vices. If they get drunk it is upon *our* whisky. If they swear profanely, it is with *our* oaths, having no words in their own languages that are profane. If they gamble, it is with *our* cards. If they stab and shoot each other, it is with weapons, and powder, and balls that *we* have furnished them; and yet we claim to be "civilized," and freely deal out to them the epithet "savage."

A marked difference of national and individual character is observable between the Choctaws and the Cherokees. The latter have a larger number of educated and prominent men, and are in advance in general improvement; but they have less candor and honest simplicity of character. The difference may be in part constitutional; but it is alleged that circumstances have had much to do in forming the Cherokee character; and that the feuds and crimes that have existed among them are traceable, in a great degree, to the treatment which they have received at the hands of the United States Government.

The Cherokee people were removed principally or wholly from the limits of the State of Georgia, and numbered at the time of which I speak about twenty thousand. They occupy a beautiful and fertile section of country, lying north of the Arkansas River, and west of the northern

section of the State of Arkansas. The Nation comprised three parties. The first consisted of a number of Cherokees that had voluntarily left their former homes and taken up their abode in this region, previous to any removal by Government authority. These were known as the "Old settler party," or "Western Cherokees." The chief of this band was Rogers, a man of intelligence and reputed wealth. I have occasionally met him at Fort Smith, where he remained for a time in exile from his tribe. A second party was composed of those who had emigrated under the treaty of 1835, known as the "Schermershorn Treaty," a treaty alleged to have been surreptitiously obtained by the agents of the Government from a minority of the Nation, led by the Ridges and other well-meaning men of the tribe, but against the wishes of the majority of the Nation, who never recognized its validity. These two fractions of the tribe were united in feeling and policy, and together constituted about one-third of the whole number. The remaining two-thirds of the tribe under their chief, John Ross, did not emigrate till years after, and even then persisted in refusing to acknowledge the treaty referred to.

The result was mutual feuds, jealousies, and assassinations, and a state of internal discontent and commotion, which, for a time, greatly retarded their improvement. Ross and his party, on removal, took the government into their own hands and maintained the ascendancy, while the others vainly endeavored to recover their supposed rights. A plot was laid to murder Major Ridge, the father, Ridge, the son, and Boudinot, leaders of the minority, in the same night and at the same hour, though at places distant from each other. The plot was promptly executed, with a little variation in time, from not finding one of the victims at the expected place. This deed was, after my arrival in the country, bloodily avenged by the assassination of Vann and other leaders of the Ross party.

This state of things, continued as it was for years, could not fail to exert a most unhappy influence upon the morals

and habits of the people. Some were kept out of the country, not daring to go to their homes; others, driven to desperation, resorted to crime, murdering, plundering, and then fleeing the country; occasionally returning, repeating their outrages, and then fleeing again to their haunts among the wild tribes further west. These statements I had in substance from Judge Pascal, of whom I have before spoken as one of the Supreme Judges of the State of Arkansas. His wife was the daughter of Ridge the elder, an intelligent, well-educated, full-blood Cherokee woman. She spoke with deep feeling of the fate of her father and brother.

Ross himself was kept in perpetual fear, and for many years was surrounded by a body-guard, ostensibly kept for the security of public documents, etc. When returning to the Nation, after an absence, he was met at the line by an escort to guard him home.

I have referred to these events, and may do so again among the current events of the history of this people; but it is gratifying to add that the difficulties of the Nation have since been amicably adjusted, and they are now living together in quiet under the government of Ross, who is still living, and maintains his influence.

The Cherokees are largely intermixed by the marriages of whites among them, more so, perhaps, than any other tribe on our frontier. A traveler, judging from appearance, might suppose that one-half of the Cherokee population have more or less of white blood. Next to them, the Chickasaws have, perhaps, formed most alliances of this kind, and after these the Choctaws. Very few of either of these tribes have intermingled with the African race. The Creeks have intermarried largely with the negroes, and some of their principal men are of this descent. It is now prohibited among them under severe penalties.

The intermarriages of whites among Indians may sometimes be based upon virtuous and laudable considerations; and I have known a few instances, I think, in which there was genuine affection and domestic happiness. But, in a



large majority of cases, these alliances are, doubtless, formed from sordid and mercenary motives. By this process a right of residence is gained, and all the offspring are entitled to the rights and claims of Indians, however small a proportion of the blood may run through their veins. Shrewd and designing white men, by this means, acquire an influence among them which is wielded greatly to their own advantage in treaties and other public negotiations. The influence of a resident white, or a prominent half-breed, is often well paid for by the agents of the Government in carrying a desirable measure. On this account they are regarded with great jealousy by the full-bloods. In case of an intermarriage between two tribes, the offspring are entitled to citizenship and annuities in both.

Missionary labors have been faithfully bestowed upon this people, and with marked results. A large number have been brought into religious communion, and are consistently pious. Presbyterians of both Schools, Baptists, and Methodists are represented. Our membership was about equal to that among the Choctaws, consisting of near one thousand.

Our first day's travel brought us to the bank of a river called "Illinois," a considerable tributary of the Arkansas, where we put up with a half-breed Cherokee, of portly appearance and courteous bearing; rather a fine specimen of an Indian "Boniface." A torrent of rain fell during the night, and in the morning the river was quite out of its banks, and the ferry-flat swept away. It was found lodged in the drift below, and a force of Indians and negroes was collected to bring it back to its place. Steam-power was applied internally from the bottle. Almost the entire day was spent; and we began to think that our host was arranging matters so as to entertain us for another night. This our Delaware declared never would do; "we must cross, if we had to lie in the woods." About five o'clock in the afternoon our craft was in place, and we were soon safely over. We found that the whole country had been deluged, so that,

had we crossed earlier, we must have been delayed by smaller streams.

For some time our route lay through a rough, mountainous region, the towering hills partially covered with low, scrubby trees and scanty vegetation. Prickly-pear abounds here. By brisk traveling we reached, before nightfall, a cabin in the edge of a fertile prairie, where we obtained a shelter. Our host was a little, withered, old white man, with a Cherokee wife. To a man who is willing to live without society a situation here is desirable; some of the valleys are exceedingly fertile, and there is no "crowding." Our hero was emphatically "lord of the fowl and the brute."

At an early hour in the morning coffee and crackers were announced by our Delaware *factotum*. We took it, and were soon off. For some distance we passed over Flint hills, very high, and composed of stones about the size and appearance of those broken up for M'Adamized roads. In some places we had a fine, natural turnpike, in its primitive, untrodden roughness. As we advanced the soil became better, flinty still, but fertile, with occasional farms. After passing through a variegated scenery for some distance, we emerged into a large and beautiful prairie. In the distance was seen an establishment of imposing appearance. This we learned to be Park Hill—of which in our next.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CHEROKEE LITERATURE—CALL OF COUNCIL.

PARK HILL is the site of the most prominent and influential mission among the Cherokees, and is under the patronage of the American Board. The situation is elevated and beautiful, with comfortable buildings and considerable cultivated land. The Principal, Rev. S. A. Worcester, was absent—a talented and pious minister of the Presbyterian Church, and son of a prominent New England clergyman. He had proven his constancy in the mission work and his attachment to the Cherokee people by a lifetime service and by “bonds and imprisonment.” I shall have more to say of him hereafter.

Rev. Mr. Foreman, an educated native minister of the same Church, entertained us kindly, and accompanied us subsequently to the Council-Ground. Mr. F. was Superintendent of the Education Fund of the Nation, amounting to about twelve thousand dollars *per annum*, and the Orphan Fund, of two thousand. These funds supported eleven schools in eight districts, which were said to be doing well. The Cherokees have no national appropriations for school purposes similar to those of the Choctaws. Their educational interests, and, indeed, all the business matters of the Nation, are managed chiefly by themselves. Even their annuities are received and paid out by their own officers, and not by United States Agents, as among the other tribes.

The missionaries at this point were mainly employed in translating. They had a printing establishment, at which all the printing was done both for them and the Choctaws, there being, at that time, no press in the Choctaw Nation.

They had translated and printed, in Cherokee, part of the Gospels, some of the Epistles, selections from the Old Testament, hymns, and a few tracts. I was presented with a copy of their hymn-book. A conversation with Mr. Foreman strengthened me in a previously-entertained opinion that the true policy is to educate the Indians in English solely. Language stands closely identified with habits and prejudices, cherishes and keeps them alive. These must be removed before any permanent change can be wrought in their condition and character. Meanwhile a few translations may benefit those who are too far advanced in life to acquire our language.

The Cherokee language, as spoken, unlike that of the Choctaws, is harsh and fierce. It abounds in aspirates, and seems to possess great force and distinctness of articulation. Still it is very difficult to acquire; indeed, it is affirmed that no white man has ever learned to speak it correctly. One of the most talented and diligent missionaries among them, after much time and labor spent in the acquisition of the spoken language, imagined that he had so far succeeded that he might venture to preach in Cherokee; but on trial he so utterly failed that the idea was abandoned in despair of success. Sounds very nearly resembling each other are said to convey the most different and even contrary meanings, and distinctions of articulation are so minute that none except those familiar with them from infancy can express them properly. This gives rise to the most awkward and sometimes mischievous blunders. I have heard of mistakes like the following: One, wishing to invite a Cherokee to breakfast, used words which signify, "I want to fight you." Another, intending to say, "Sit down," said, "I'll cut your throat." A third, meaning to say, "Retire," said, "Go to heaven." A fourth, designing to describe a "fox springing from the ground," said, "The devil rising up." Words are dangerous things in any language; but it is peculiarly hazardous to tamper with such as these.

One of the most extraordinary facts in the history of letters stands connected with the written language of the Cherokees. All the other Indian tribes that are in possession of a written language have had it framed for them by the whites, and, I believe, in every instance, by missionaries, and always by the use of our alphabet. The Cherokee alphabet was invented by one of their own tribe, and formed from original characters. The inventor was George Guest, an illiterate native Cherokee. The circumstances are said to have been as follows: Guest was an inveterate enemy to missionaries and missionary effort. He had the sagacity to discover the advantages of a written language, and the superiority which it gave to the whites over the Indians, and judged that if his people could be put in possession of a written language, they would thus be placed upon an equality with the whites. The great object with him was to counteract Christian influence rather than any general benefit to arise from the education of his people. Full of the thought, he set himself to the task, illiterate as he was, of constructing an alphabet, and at length succeeded in producing one and presenting it to the Nation. And so perfect was it found that it was adopted in general use, and, to this day, remains the only medium of written communication among them.

No sooner was the discovery made than, to the great mortification of the inventor, the missionaries got hold of it, and commenced printing the Scriptures, hymn-books, and other religious publications, so that, in the providence of God, the discovery was made to serve the cause of religion. Poor Guest, disappointed and heart-broken, left his home, and wandered away among the wild tribes of the farther West, where he remained for years, a dejected, self-exiled outcast. Within a few years past I have seen, in a public journal, a statement of an appropriation, by the proper department at Washington, to pay for bringing George Guest home to his tribe. Whether he still lives or not, I am not informed. Had the Cherokee people,

from that time, had a classic history, like that of Greece, the name of George Guest would have stood side by side with that of Cadmus; rather would have risen above it; for Cadmus only introduced a borrowed literature, while the Cherokee formed one anew. As it is, Cherokee history will soon close, and with it the name sink into forgetfulness. So much have the times in which a man acts his part to do with the reputation which his name carries down to posterity.

The Cherokee alphabet is syllabic, consisting of eighty-five characters, each of which represents a syllable.

Leaving Park Hill, we passed some excellent farms in a good state of improvement, among them that of John Ross, the Head-Chief. The scenery of this region is fine, and the improvements are the best to be found in the Indian country. It presents the aspect of our older prairie settlements in the States, east of the Mississippi. What, to us, added no little to the interest was that, upon one of the finest summits, we were pointed to a Methodist meeting-house, a frame building of respectable dimensions and appearance. Here, the ensuing year, as will be seen, we organized the Indian Mission Conference. It was known as "Riley's Chapel."

To what has been said of the Cherokee character I must add another trait—their great vivacity and cheerfulness, exhibiting a striking contrast with their Choctaw neighbors. In manners they remind me of the French. The females are sprightly, and many of them handsome. They are excellent riders, and appear to fine advantage on horseback, sitting gracefully in the saddle, and managing a horse with dexterity. A specimen of skill in this line was afforded us as we approached the Council-Ground. A fine-looking Cherokee female appeared upon our left. She was well mounted and gayly dressed, her head bound with a kerchief, and her long, black hair flowing loosely in the air. Bounding over the prairie in a lope, she managed, for some time, to keep just in proper distance to give effect

to the exhibition, till, as if satisfied with the display, she wheeled off and went her own way.

The Council to which we were going was a grand convocation of all the tribes in the South-West, and many of the North. The Cherokees had sent the pipe and tobacco to all the Indian tribes on the frontier, to the number of thirty-six, inviting them to a friendly conference. The Creeks had given a similar invitation the year previous, but with comparatively little success.

Considerable interest was excited by the call, and no little speculation indulged as to the real design of the movement. Some attributed private and designing motives to the prominent Cherokees, and especially to John Ross. The minds of others were excited with the apprehension that there was about to be a hostile combination of the Indian tribes against the whites; and the department at Washington was addressed on the subject. Nothing has ever transpired, however, to justify either imputation. No specific object was announced in the call. In general they proposed to become better acquainted, cultivate friendly relations, and make such international regulations as occasion might require. It seemed to be simply a great family-gathering of all the tribes to enjoy a season of festivity, and to renew the ancient bonds of friendship.

The time appointed for assembling was the 5th of June. They had now, as our Delaware informed us, been assembling some eighteen days, and had only commenced their sessions a few days previous, expecting to remain a week or two longer. Some twenty-two tribes had responded, and their representatives were on the ground to a greater or less number. The whole number in attendance was estimated at three or four thousand, supported by the Cherokees at an expense of two hundred and fifty dollars per day. Among the absentees were the Camanches, who had so much fighting on hand that they had neither leisure nor inclination to smoke the pipe of peace; the Pawnees also, who affected to suspect treacherous designs, and refused to attend unless

upon condition that five men should be sent as hostages for the safe return of their delegates; the real reason being, as was supposed, the fear of meeting the Osages, with whom they had hostilities. I must not omit to mention our own people, the Choctaws, who, with their agent, stood aloof from the whole proceeding.

The United States Agent among the Cherokees at the time was Ex-Governor Butler, of South Carolina, who subsequently fell in the Mexican war; brother to the late United States Senator of that name.

At an early hour in the day we arrived at the ground, and the vast assemblage of savans of the forest opened up before us. We were kindly received by several missionary brethren in attendance; and I soon found myself quartered at the hospitable home of Young Wolf, an aged and venerable Cherokee, whose character will receive a further notice.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE GREAT COUNCIL.

WE were now prepared to contemplate at our leisure the appearance and movements of the assemblage, the largest and most imposing of its character probably that was ever convened.

The site of the Cherokee Council-Ground is called Tah-le-quah; a name brought with them from their Eastern home. A considerable village has since grown up, but at that time there were no improvements save the rude preparations for their annual council sessions. An area of perhaps three acres was inclosed. Upon the line of inclosure, and in rear of it, were about thirty cabins. Two of these, facing each other upon opposite sides of the square, were, on ordinary occasions, used by the two houses of the Legislative Council of the Cherokee Nation, which like that of the Choctaws consists of an upper and lower house. The remaining cabins were for the accommodation of members in attendance; and now all were appropriated to the use of the delegated representatives of the several tribes. The multitudes of men, women, and children that had come together of their own accord to witness the proceedings and help to devour the beef, were spread abroad over the plains in the true Indian style, accommodating themselves, day and night, by a fire in the open air.

The assemblage presented a motley appearance, exhibiting every age, phase, and condition of Indian life of both sexes. The costume of the Indian tribes is greatly varied, from the richest and most genteel style of their white neighbors to the rudest and simplest form of savage dress. Hence an Indian gathering presents a singular and fan-

tastic commingling of the tastes of the white and the red man. The most common male dress of the half-civilized is a calico hunting-shirt. Some wear pantaloons, some leggings; some with hats, some caps, some bareheaded; but more still with a handkerchief or shawl tied round the head in the form of a turban; some with boots or shoes, some moccasins, and many barefooted—males and females fantastically ornamented, especially about the head; some with rich plumes, some with more common, and many with the single quill of a fowl. Almost every one is distinguished by some article of display; the ears and noses, especially of the ruder tribes, variously and profusely ornamented, and their faces, arms, and bodies painted according to the custom of their several tribes. They have a great passion for gay colors, especially for red. Sashes, shawls, and handkerchiefs are in great demand. Many very rich red blankets are used among them. The article of our apparel which they seem most to abominate is the hat or bonnet. Although compelled, when full-dressed, to conform to the usage of the whites in this respect, yet all, especially the females, seem greatly relieved when they can doff the head-dress, and, in their own free and easy style, substitute a kerchief or shawl in its place. The dress of the Cherokees approaches more nearly to the white costume than that of most of the other tribes.

Among the persons first pointed out to me were Ross, the present Head-Chief, and candidate for re-election, and Vann, the opposing candidate, sitting in friendly conversation. The men were leisurely smoking their pipes, and engaged in low tones of conversation; the women were employed in beating the corn, and other labors of the camp. Indians are rarely in a hurry; time is of no value to them. Two weeks passed, after the day set for opening, before the first "talk." They seemed quite as contented upon their beef rations alone as our legislative savans do with their *per diem* and "roast beef."

About eleven o'clock the horn was blown as a signal for

assembling, but no attention was paid to the summons; the smoking, talking, and lounging went on as before. About three in the afternoon another signal was given, and they slowly assembled and prepared themselves for business.

No formality was observed in the opening. A large, well-roofed shed stood in the center of the ground, under which the services were held. A stand, or rostrum, was placed on one side, which, however, was not occupied by the speakers, who seemed to prefer a place on the ground. In front of the stand was a table covered with wampum and the great pipes used on special occasions. The seats were rude benches, placed with one end toward the table, and extending out like the *radii* of a semicircle. The several delegations were arranged upon separate seats, the Delawares taking precedence. The speaker occupied a central position at the table, and the interpreter for each tribe stood at the head of his delegation.

Eighteen tribes were represented by properly-authorized delegations. In some instances two or three, or even four, tribes spoke the same language with such slight differences as to understand the same interpreter. There were eight interpreters, one of whom spoke two languages, and acted for two different tribes. The process of speech-making was exceedingly slow. The speaker gave his address sentence by sentence, in his own language. At the close of each sentence or clause he paused, and his own interpreter rendered the words into English, the only medium common to all. The several interpreters then, in turn, repeated them, each to his delegation in their own language; upon which the delegation responded with the hearty grunt peculiar to Indians—as if to say, “We hear you;” or, “We understand your words.” Each waited for the others with deliberate slowness. The words being thus repeated nine times after their rendering into English, afforded ample time for taking notes, even without the aid of stenography. I took down several of the speeches, which may serve to give a specimen of Indian oratory in modern times.

Before proceeding to the speeches, I will lay before the reader a brief account of the *personale* of some of the notables present :

JOHN ROSS, now, and for many years past, the Head-Chief of the Cherokee Nation, was, in point of talents and acquirements, the first man present. He is a small, active man, apparently then fifty years of age ; said to be one-eighth Cherokee, but with little or no appearance of the Indian ; much such a man in appearance as Martin Van Buren, only a size smaller ; quite equal, I should think, in mental caliber and business tact, to the average of our Congressmen. Ross occupies about the same standing among his people as Col. Pitchlynn among the Choctaws, though Pitchlynn is more of an Indian.

LOWRY, the second Chief of the Cherokees, was an aged and venerable-looking man ; neat, though plain, in his person ; grave and sedate in his demeanor ; a communicant, I believe, in the Presbyterian Church, and perhaps an elder. I think I have since seen a notice of his death. I suppose him to have been a pious man, and useful in his tribe.

BUSHY-HEAD, a Cherokee, was the Chief Justice of the Nation, their interpreter, and also a Baptist preacher. He was a large, robust man, having much the appearance of a well-fed Ohio farmer, with apparently no more of the Indian about him than Ross. He interpreted fluently, was a man of reputable talents, and was said to possess great influence in his Nation. He also, I think, is since deceased.

GEN. ROLY M'INTOSH, Head-Chief of the Creek Nation ; in appearance a full-blood, and unable to speak English ; apparently forty-five years of age, rather below the medium stature, thoughtful and expressive countenance, eyes somewhat peculiarly set ; and whole *contour* indicative of honesty, foresight, and great firmness and decision of character. He was of a family of note among the Creeks, and possessed almost unlimited influence in his tribe. I must say that I was prepossessed in his favor, notwithstanding his alleged fixed hostility to missionary effort.

WILD CAT, the Seminole warrior, so conspicuous for the part he acted in the Florida War, and the trouble which he and his band gave to the United States troops. He was, I should think, about twenty-five years of age, five feet ten inches in high, sprightly countenance, light and graceful step, and possessing every mark of energy and vigor of character. He bore on his person a greater amount of silver ornament than any one present; broad silver bands upon his forehead and wrists, a string of silver plates, each in the form of a crescent, about eight inches in the curve, and one and a half broad, suspended one below another from the neck almost to the waist, besides a large profusion of smaller ornaments. He walked as if he disdained the earth on which he trod. He, I think, is since dead also.

WAU-BON-SA, a Pottawatamie Chief, said to be eighty-seven years of age; treated with great respect by those of his tribe present; complete Indian costume, with the skin of a crow split in the middle, through which his head was thrust, covering his shoulders and back, and the tail hanging down before.

SHIN-GA-WAS-SA—if I recollect the name correctly—an Osage brave; large, fleshy, good-humored, and, like the rest of his tribe, an incessant talker and boaster.

The list might be enlarged, but these are specimens. Artists were upon the ground, obtaining portraits of such chiefs and distinguished men as they could induce to sit for them. Years after, in the fine gallery of Indian portraits of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, I was highly entertained by the sight of familiar faces, some of which were probably sketched at that time.

The first speaker, after my arrival, was Ross. His talk was delivered by him in English, from a manuscript held in his hand. The following is nearly a *verbatim* report of his address:

“Brothers, the talk of our fathers has been spoken, and you have listened to it. You have also smoked the pipe of peace, and taken the hand of friendship around the council-

fire newly kindled here at Tah-le-quah in the West. We have been made glad on this interesting occasion.

“Brothers, when we look back to the history of our race we see some green spots that are pleasing to us. We also see many things to make our hearts sad. When we look back on the days when the first council-fires were kindled, around which the pipe of peace was smoked, we are grateful to our Creator for having united the hearts of the red men in peace; for it is in peace only that our women and children can enjoy happiness and increase in numbers. By peace our condition has been improved in the pursuits of civilized life. We should, therefore, extend the hand of peace from tribe to tribe, till peace is established between every nation of red men within the reach of our voice.

“Brothers, when we call to mind the early associations which endeared us to the land that gave birth to our forefathers, where we were brought up in peace to taste the blessings of civilized life; when we see that our fires have there been extinguished, and our families been removed to a new and distant home, we can not but feel sorry. But the designs of Providence are mysterious; and we should not, therefore, despair of once more enjoying the blessings of peace in our new home.

“Brothers, by this removal tribes hitherto distant from each other have become neighbors, and those hitherto unacquainted have become known to each other. There are, however, numerous other tribes with whom we are still strangers.

“Brothers, it is for renewing in the West the ancient talk of our forefathers, and of perpetuating forever the old pipe of peace, and of extending them from nation to nation, and of adopting such international laws as may redress the wrongs done by the people of our respective nations to each other, that you have been invited to attend the present Council. Let us, therefore, so act that the peace which existed between our forefathers may be pursued, and that we may always live as members of the same family.

"Brothers, the business of the Council is now before you, and I hope you will persevere till it is finished."

Ross was followed by the Creek Chief, Roly M'Intosh. This talk was delivered in his own language, and rendered by his nephew into English; then given by the different interpreters to their respective tribes. This speech, doubtless, suffers by translation into English; yet it will be seen to have some beauties. He spoke with much earnestness and apparent feeling about as follows:

"Friends and brothers, we are all assembled here under this roof. I am going to speak a few words.

"Brothers, we are met together to renew our forefathers' talk. It was made in the East. It has been brought to the West. Yet every day we assemble here we attend to it as well as we know how.

"Brothers, our fires are all behind. They were first kindled in the East; but now we have been driven to the West, and have renewed our fires.

"Brothers, we are now in the West. We are trying to make the path of our forefathers, that it may extend from one door to the other; that it may be a white path; that it may be kept clean; that our rising generation may walk in the paths of peace.

"Brothers, you are met together to make such international laws that you may raise your children in peace. We and our brethren, the Cherokees, have made these broken days [so the Creeks called Council times] for this Council, and we have come for the purpose of seeing that the talk of our forefathers be renewed.

"Brothers, I don't know how many tribes there are in the North. We have sent the wampum to them that they may come in and walk in the paths of peace. I am willing, also, to extend my hand to the tribes of the South, and take them by the hand, and invite them in, and extend to them our fires, that they may kindle their lights and walk in the paths of peace.

"Brothers, I am now going to part with you. I hope

you will not think hard of me. It has been the custom of the Creeks to renew our fires every year, [alluding to the time having arrived for the sitting of their own National Council.] We have already staid longer than we expected. Some of our men have already gone home. We leave some chiefs to represent our Nation, and whatever may be determined, we will coincide with you when the instrument of writing containing it shall be presented to us."

The main points embraced in both these speeches are the same—their lingering love for their former homes, respect for their ancestry, a cautiously-expressed sense of the injustice done them by their removal, a reluctant resignation to their fate, and a desire to cultivate the arts of peace and to provide for their offspring. The reader will not fail to perceive that the former of these addresses is the speech of one who is virtually a white man, though affectedly in the Indian style, while in the latter he will recognize all the characteristics of the true Indian. If his taste be like mine, he will not hesitate which most to admire. An elegant touch of Indian pathos is contained in the expression of M'Intosh, "Our fires are all behind."

These were followed by one from a young Chickasaw, in which, on behalf of his fellow-delegates present, he took leave of the Council, assigning as a reason for their departure the unexpected failure of the Head-Chief, and others of the delegation, to attend, their own want of instructions and consequent lack of authority to do any thing that would be binding upon their Nation, illustrating his remarks by reference to some of their peculiar national customs in their diplomatic intercourse, and expressing his hearty approval of the objects of the Council. He spoke in English, was modest and apparently educated, and spoke with chasteness and fluency. These three speeches, by this slow process, occupied the time till sunset. After a public request that the following day—Sabbath—should be employed by the ministers present in religious services, they dispersed as unceremoniously as they had assembled.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE GREAT COUNCIL—CONTINUED.

PURSUANT to request arrangements were made for the Sabbath. A sermon was preached on Saturday evening by Rev. J. M. Steele, missionary to the Choctaws; a prayer meeting was held at sunrise on Sabbath morning; the first sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Buttrick, a venerable Presbyterian missionary among the Cherokees; the second morning discourse by myself; afternoon sermon by Rev. Mr. Jones, Baptist missionary to the Cherokees; evening, by Rev. L. B. Stateler, our missionary to the Shawnees.

The day was spent with solemnity and apparent interest, and, I trust, not without profit. The sermons were publicly translated only into Cherokee, the large majority in attendance being of that Nation. We had, however, quite a number of apparently devout worshipers; the services were enlivened by the singing of hymns in the Cherokee and Delaware languages, and an occasional Indian prayer. The whole scene was imposing, and evidently God was there.

This was my first attempt at preaching through an interpreter. I had fears that I should not be able successfully to conform to the slow process; and the more so from the inexperience of my *pro tem.* interpreter. Rarely have I made more careful preparation. Taking my interpreter aside, I carefully inquired of him as to his ability to express certain thoughts embraced in my intended sermon, which, though plain and simple, I feared he might not communicate correctly. By these precautions I was enabled to speak without embarrassment.

Much depends upon an interpreter; his capacity and fidel-

ity. He may either make or mar a discourse. This was particularly apparent in the sermon of the afternoon. Rev. Mr. Jones, the speaker, was a good preacher; but it was quite manifest that he relied greatly upon his interpreter, Chief Justice Bushy-Head, himself a capable preacher and entirely conversant with the structure and capabilities of the language. The speaker was at perfect ease in this respect, and enabled to speak with fewer pauses and less interruption than through a less competent medium.

In after years, habit rendered me familiar with the process; insomuch that it became not only an easy, but an agreeable manner of addressing a congregation; the pauses affording time for reflection and choice of thoughts and words. Never have I preached to more attentive and willing hearers than among the Indians; never have I felt more in the spirit of my work; and to no people would I more cheerfully proclaim the glad tidings of salvation than to them.

I have said that the sermons were publicly translated only into Cherokee. I must not omit an interesting incident that attracted my notice. During one of the sermons I observed in the congregation the Pottawatamie interpreter seated upon his bench with his venerable old Chief, Wau-bon-sa, noticed in a former chapter, and several others of his tribe seated near; while he, in an undertone, was, with much apparent earnestness, interpreting the sermon to them. I subsequently learned that, though his earthly pilgrimage had reached nearly ninety years, he had never before heard a Gospel sermon. He listened with seeming solemnity, and occasionally gave a nod of approval. We afterward had some conversation with him. The aged Chief expressed his conviction of the truth of what had been said. To our inquiries as to his willingness to receive schools and missions among his people, he replied that they "wanted schools, but wished to have them established and supported from the educational fund secured to them by treaty with the Government;" thus declining any gratuitous service by

the whites. In reference to missionary effort he manifested an equal spirit of independence; saying, that he "would not ask them to come," but if any chose to come voluntarily and labor in his tribe he and his people would receive them kindly.

This band of Pottawatamies then resided upon Missouri River, in the neighborhood of Council Bluffs. Near to that spot, after the lapse of almost a score of years, I am now penning these reminiscences. The "trail" of the red man is still seen over these majestic bluffs, but his voice is no more heard; he has passed away. Old Wau-bon-sa is "gathered to his fathers." The name of a stream, not remote from my dwelling, perpetuates his memory. The top of a tree on its bank is said to have been the sepulchral place of the aged Chief.

This band has been removed further west and incorporated with another remnant of the same tribe, in a reserve upon Kansas River. The Roman Catholics have an institution among them, and whatever errors and false reliances they may teach them—doubtless many—candor compels the statement that their influence over the tribe and labors among them have done much toward the improvement of their temporal condition. Would that we Protestants could always emulate their zeal and perseverance, while we avoid their ruinous errors!

The day thus passed with general good order and apparent respect for the Sabbath. There were some restless spirits, however, that could not brook the restraint, longing for their much-loved sports. In the afternoon a party went off to the prairie for a ball-play, a most exciting athletic game practiced among Indians, which I may hereafter describe. Just before dark the delegation of the Iowa tribe undertook to "show off" the Indian in their own peculiar style. A march was commenced by them around the encampment, which soon grew into a large procession by the falling in of others from curiosity. Starting from their own lodge, they passed in succession to each cabin upon the

square, stopped before the door, sang, danced, blew "horrible discord" upon their cane flutes, and finally wound up with a loud yell by way of salute to the inmates, and then moved on; so passing quite around the ground. They got through in time for evening service, which was allowed to proceed without molestation. At the close, however, we found an opposing attraction on hand, without the line of encampment, in the shape of a dance among some wild Cherokees. I will not attempt a description of these Indian dances, as practiced in their own country, especially when under the influence of liquor. I have witnessed them in several tribes. Nothing that I have ever seen gives so terrific an idea of savage life. The songs, yells, and shrieks are furious and startling; and the whole scene is savage, wild, and rude beyond all previous conception. I shall never forget the first night I ever passed under hearing of such a scene. In my bed the piercing intonations produced a shivering sense of horror which drove sleep away, though without any apprehension of personal danger. Large dances had been held for several evenings preceding. This, I learn, is not usual at their National Councils, which are conducted with greater decorum; but this extraordinary occasion had brought together an assemblage of spectators too large and too rude to submit to control.

The only two tribes present that seemed to reject all affectation of resemblance to the whites, and fully to retain their primitive customs in dress and manners, were the Iowas and Osages; both indigenous tribes, and bearing a strong resemblance to each other; their dress consisted of the flap and blanket; the latter, in warm weather, thrown loosely down below the shoulders and arms, and at times laid aside entirely, leaving no covering to the person except the flap; heads and feet bare. Their heads are shaved to the crown; two small ridges of hair, erect and about an inch or less in height, proceed angularly back from the crown, with a lock of long hair in the center. Both tribes paint profusely, especially the Iowas. They are more filthy than

the Osages. The home of the Iowas was upon the west side of Missouri River, below the Great Nemaha, in the north part of what is now Kansas Territory. They were the most perfect specimens of savage life upon the ground, having no interpreter, and consequently but little intercourse with the other tribes; eating, drinking, sleeping, marching, dancing in their own way to the apparent astonishment of the other Indians themselves. One who has not seen an Indian in his forest home, in full paint and costume, would scarcely conceive the hideousness of the sight.

The Osages deserve particular notice, not so much from their merits as their other peculiarities. Their present home is south of the head-waters of the Osage or Maries Des Cygnes River, in rear of the small tribes of removed Indians that are placed immediately west of the Missouri State line. They boast that all these lands are theirs by conquest; that they are not indebted to the United States Government for their homes; as one of their chiefs proudly said to me, they got them "by fighting." They are physically fine specimens of the human form, if those present were a sample; perfect Patagonians in stature; well-formed and portly in appearance; I should think the *minimum* six feet in height and two hundred avoirdupois in weight. Each might seem to be, as, indeed, almost every one claimed to be, a chief. Their fine person, loosely covered with a large, rich, red blanket, without the slightest apparent design of intentional immodesty, presented to my eye an interesting contrast with the motley frippery of others, who were endeavoring to combine the civilized with the savage in their outward man.

They are said to be incredible gormandizers; a few men will consume a large beef in a very short time; especially, as is not uncommon with Indians, if provided at others' expense. The late Major Armstrong related to me a characteristic incident. A deputation of their tribe, on some real or pretended business, paid him a visit as Superintend-

ent of Indian Affairs. They encamped near his agency, and, during their stay, according to custom, drew daily rations of beef at Government expense. The business over, they still lingered in camp, and were fed as before. At length, desirous, it would seem, of planning their future movements, they sent some of their delegation to the Major with the question, "How long will you feed us if we remain here?" This was a signal for their dismissal. "Not a day longer," was the reply; and they summarily decamped.

Another fact, from the same authority, which contrasts strangely with their eating propensities, is that they are capable of enduring the greatest fatigue, and especially in traveling on foot. Their ordinary gait, when on an express, or other matter of haste, is a long trot, or lope, which, it is said, they can keep all day. An Osage on foot is employed as a messenger in preference to an other Indian with a pony. The reward of such a day's service is a red blanket. I should fear the imputation of credulity, at least, were I to give some well-attested statements of their pedestrian performances which I have heard. They are expert swimmers, withal; and will, it is said, place a passenger upon a raft, or float made of skins, swim by its side and ferry him safely over their swollen streams, steering the craft with their hands.

The Osages can not, I think, be so bad a people as generally represented. I make no pretensions to judging of character from bumps on the *cranium*, but there are in their whole appearance too many marks of benevolence and good-humor to conceal a character essentially bad. True, they lie and steal to an extent that exceeds most other tribes; but then they believe these to be virtues. Dexterity in theft, and its concealment, are among them the high road to promotion. But was not this true of the Spartans also? The man who steals most is made "Big Captain." They steal without regard to the value or utility of the article. One stole a jack-screw from the garrison at Fort Gibson. Having no knowledge of its use, he carried it to the woods,

and amused himself by turning the crank and projecting the bar; next he placed it under a log, and experimented upon its power by forcing it up; at length, anxious to understand its inward organization, he undertook with his tomahawk to drive off the bands and expose the mechanism; failing in this, he, in despair, shouldered the instrument and carried it back to the fort to inquire into its structure, and thus satisfy his curiosity.

They are great boasters. A common Osage reckons that he has performed quite an exploit if he can make you believe that he is a chief. Shin-ga-was-sa, a Chief, entertained me some time, through his interpreter, with a detail of the affairs of his Nation; especially his contest, as he stated, with the late Head-Chief, and triumph over him; much of which I afterward learned to be untrue. Withal, they are regarded as cowardly and treacherous in the extreme. Whatever apologies I may have made for their other vices, I have none for these.

Still they have redeeming traits. There is a genial good-nature in their very appearance. They were among the first Indians to come out and meet me as I drove up to the Council-Ground, take me by the hand, and give me a cordial welcome. Nor are they destitute of native eloquence. One of their chiefs, aged and lame, made, a few days before, a most dignified and courteous reply to what he thought an ungenerous reflection upon his tribe. A traditional speech had been delivered by one selected for the purpose, embodying facts and incidents in connection with past Indian history, embracing all the tribes; and in that speech some statement had been made which, it was thought, reflected improperly upon the Osage Nation, and involved a violation of the friendly relations of the Council. On their assembling the following day, the old Chief limped out from his lodge and addressed them. After referring to the supposed insult, he added, "When I come out of my lodge I look upon that flag," referring to the banner that floated above the place of meeting; "that," said he, "wipes out all past

stains." It was the utterance of an untutored son of the forest, but it would not have disgraced the most accomplished statesman.

The Seminole delegation represented a portion of that tribe lately removed West. This band seemed likely to prove inconvenient neighbors to their Indian brethren as they had been to the whites. They obstinately refused to go to the lands assigned them, remaining as trespassers within the limits of the Cherokees. They are generally tall, straight, slender, dressed clean, with stately walk and haughty appearance. They mingled but little with the other tribes, keeping up a cold and clannish reserve.

This extraordinary convocation presented the singular spectacle of an assemblage of nations spending some weeks together in grave consultation, with no definite object in view. No definite measure had been submitted, and it will be seen, from the speeches, that none such is referred to. Yet Mr. Ross says, "The business of the Council is before you." At the time of my leaving, it seemed probable that this vast body, after eating beef a week or two more at the expense of the Cherokees, would disperse without having done any thing; a result which I have since learned actually took place. Some of the tribes spent three months or more in going, staying, and returning. Some benefit, however, would doubtless accrue from the intercourse of the ruder tribes with the semi-civilized, and a mutual interchange of thought and feeling. Effort would be stimulated, and thus incidental, if not direct advantage would be reaped from the association.



## CHAPTER IX.

NORTHWARD TRAVEL—TAH-LE-QUAH TO  
FORT SCOTT.

IN taking leave of the Council, a notice is due of my venerable host. REV. YOUNG WOLF was an aged Cherokee of, I should think, about half-blood, dignified in appearance, grave and courteous. Rarely have I met with so fine a sample of patriarchal simplicity. From his general intelligence and consistent piety, I should judge him to have been an able and effective Indian preacher. He was then in declining health, and in a short time "was gathered to his fathers." I enjoyed his society greatly, and at parting received his patriarchal blessing.

Time, and urgent duties ahead, would not allow me to await the tardy and uncertain movements of our expected Indian company. Accordingly, taking leave of my friends at Tah-le-quah on the morning of Monday, June 26th, I set my face northward with a single traveling companion, Rev. L. B. Stateler, missionary to the Shawnees. Our next point of destination was the Manual-Labor School among the Shawnees, near the mouth of Kansas River, the point where the western line of the State of Missouri strikes Missouri River, supposed to be about three hundred miles. This distance we proposed to make before the ensuing Sabbath. Instead of inclining east, and taking the more frequented route through the borders of the neighboring States of Arkansas and Missouri, we determined to steer directly north, keeping entirely within Indian territory. With this intent, we furnished ourselves with a supply of provisions and camp utensils adapted to the journey.

Traveling north about fifteen miles, we struck the mili-

tary road leading from Fort Gibson to the old evacuated post of Fort Wayne, near the north-western corner of Arkansas. These military roads are laid out by the Government from post to post. The course through the prairies was marked out, on our left, by a single furrow of a great plow, and the only improvement consisted of throwing stones into the bottoms of the streams so as to render the fords passable.

Midday a little past, we reached the Moravian mission and school, known as Spring Place. What indefatigable zeal and perseverance do this people manifest in the cause of missions! Where is the place that they are not found? Though a small band with feeble means, they set an example to all Christendom. This mission was under the charge of Rev. Messrs. Reeder and Bishop, both unmarried men. They lived there alone, performing their own domestic labors; all had the aspect of neatness and comfort. Here we grazed our horses, dined, and had a season of prayer with several missionary brethren; camped at night upon the bank of a small stream called Mosely's Creek, put our horses to grass, spread our buffalo-skin under the branches of a friendly oak, committed ourselves to God, and rested securely.

27th. Off early. Left the military road near the State line, and took another leading directly to the Seneca Mills. Passed through a corner of Arkansas and Missouri at their western junction; the famous "36° 30'" of the Missouri Compromise; and thence back west of the lines again. Beautiful streams abound, running west into the Neosho or Grand River, with fine springs gushing from the projecting rocks. A return to limestone water proved very grateful. In the afternoon we entered the country of the Seneca Indians. A fine grist and saw mill has here been erected for them by the Government; but so idle and improvident were these poor creatures that their mills proved a curse rather than a blessing. Being contiguous to a fertile section of Missouri, large quantities of grain were brought to the

mills, the toll for grinding being distributed among the tribe. This led many to abandon their little farms, give up their partially-formed habits of industry, and rely upon the pittance divided to them from the mill; half-starving themselves and families, and spending their time in idleness and dissipation.

The Senecas have a fine country, but it bore the appearance of neglect and dilapidation. Fields were turned out, cabins vacated, and numbers said to be on the decrease. The work of destruction is forwarded by a large distillery just over the Missouri line, to which, it is said, they carry much of their toll grain and exchange it for whisky. Brother Adams, a Mohawk preacher, was appointed to labor among them. He was said to be a good man, and, I think, before the close of the year was called to his reward. Passing a few miles beyond the mills we encamped in a beautiful spot, and enjoyed a comfortable night's repose.

28th. Traveled through a district of country owned by a small band of the Shawnees who have separated from the main body of the tribe. Thence we passed into the country of the Qnaw-paws. This little tribe had for several years a missionary among them from Missouri Conference; but little, I think, was accomplished by the effort. Several of these fragments of tribes were united under the Neosho Agency, the site of which we passed in the morning. The lands continue generally good, the prairie being well interspersed with woodland. On passing the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude we entered the country since organized as Kansas Territory.

In the early part of the day we had a heavy fall of rain; sought shelter in an Indian hovel, but finding this to be worse than out of doors, took the road again, and early in the afternoon arrived at the bank of Pomme De Terre or Spring River, where we were hospitably entertained by a mixed-blood Cherokee, named Joseph Rogers, a manly, intelligent Indian. He was living upon the "Neutral Lands," a tract of eight hundred thousand acres ceded by

the Government to the Cherokees under the treaty of 1835, the validity of which, as before seen, has never been acknowledged by the body of the Nation. There were but few inhabitants upon these lands; no jurisdiction is extended over them, and consequently they live "without law." About twenty miles west of this lies the country of the Osages, and about fifty miles distant are their principal towns.

A noon repast over with our Indian host, we addressed ourselves to crossing the stream. Spring River is a considerable stream, navigable for flat-boats, running west into the Neosho, then swollen by the late rains. Rogers sent our horses to another crossing and undertook himself to transport my buggy and baggage by placing it astride a large canoe. He appeared sanguine of success; we had many misgivings, but it seemed the only alternative. It was determined, *nem. con.*, that I should accompany the freight, and endeavor to steady it; and that my traveling companion, not being a swimmer, should, for greater safety, be taken over in a separate canoe by another man. All was adjusted according to the programme; the buggy carefully balanced astride the unsteady craft; I, with outer clothing doffed, took my position, and we shoved off. But scarcely had we struck the rapid current when, by a sudden rock of our craft, buggy, baggage, and all were precipitated into the stream. Whether voluntarily or involuntarily I know not, but so it was, I went overboard with them, and left our Cherokee in full and quiet possession. The instinct of self-preservation led me at first to make for the shore, but after swimming a little way, finding myself able to master the current, I wheeled around and set about rescuing the floating baggage, and in a little time, with the help of others, all that appeared upon the surface was safe on land. But part of our property was not gifted with the capacity of floating; and the next process was wading, swimming, and diving for the lost articles. I succeeded in bringing up the harness, another rescued other articles, and soon all that

was valuable was saved. The first ducking in a stream, like the first gun in a battle, makes a man courageous; so, being fairly "in for it," we swam our buggy, the cause of the disaster, over, and deposited it upon the opposite shore to await us. This done, we returned with our kind friend to spend the night in drying our goods, thankful to a kind Providence for our escape. In early life I was fond of swimming. This was the first time that it was called into requisition to save my own life. Repeated instances of its utility have occurred since.

29th. By sunrise we found ourselves on the opposite shore, harnessed and rigged, and launched out into a boundless prospect of prairie, being a branch of the great western openings, since so familiar to me, reaching with little intermission to the Rocky Mountains. We had, as we judged, lost by our disaster one full day's travel, or rather night's travel; as we anticipated that much of our remaining journey must, to avoid the flies, be performed in the night; there being no relief from them in the day, except by sheltering in a grove and kindling a fire or "smudge," the smoke of which drove them away. From this point to the Missouri River we were mostly in open prairie, there being only small strips of timber upon the margins of the streams.

We soon reached the military road leading from Fort Gibson to Fort Leavenworth, which passes within a few miles of our destination. The first reach was made without much difficulty. Arrived at a grove we deemed it prudent to take shelter. Our first effort was to kindle a fire, but the water had rendered our matches useless. The next resort was to flint and powder, but the high wind interfered with this. Meanwhile our horses became furious from the attack of swarms of flies, broke from us, and started upon a full lope over the boundless prairie, they knew or cared not whither. The scorching rays of the sun were pouring most intensely upon us, and in the tall grass we followed on foot with great difficulty. But what were we to do? To lose

our horses at this distance from human aid were bad indeed. So off we bolted at the top of our pedestrian speed. But the distance between us increased, and our pursuit would have been unavailing but for their turning their course and taking refuge in the timber upon the stream. My companion outwinded me upon a long race, and guided by the bell, came up to them upon the bank of the stream which had providentially checked them. He raised the whoop, I responded, and soon coming up found him, to my great joy, in possession of the captives, both of us much exhausted by the race. Mounting our steeds bare-backed, and guiding them, he by a halter and I by the bell-collar, we marched them in triumph back to the camp. I was forced to admit my comrade's superiority on land, though I had outdone him in the water.

By the aid of the rifle fire was at length raised, the horses were brought up to it, the smoke soon dispersed the flies, and the poor creatures stood hovering over the fire the remainder of the day, even to the singeing of their eyelids and noses. Those who have never traveled in our large western, and especially south-western prairies, in fly-time, would form little conception of the severity of these blood-suckers. They rise from the grass as the animal passes, fasten themselves upon him in immense numbers, and draw blood from every pore. It is said, and I doubt not its truth, that they will kill a horse if not relieved. As might be expected, a horse becomes furious and ungovernable; it is extremely difficult even to extricate him from the harness.

All this over, we took our breakfast about twelve o'clock, and spent the day in keeping up smoke and fighting flies. In this grove I was shown a specimen of Indian hieroglyphics, left by the old Delaware Captain, Ketcham, and his party, on their way to the Council. The bark had been removed from a tree standing by the roadside, and signs, drawn with a charcoal, left, indicating their tribe, the number of days they had been out, and the loss of one of Ketch-

am's horses, with perhaps other particulars. The death of the animal was signified by the representation of a horse lying upon his back with his feet up.

About six in the afternoon we harnessed up and ventured out again into the open prairie. It was over twenty miles to the next timber. We had not proceeded far till we found that we had hazarded too much. The flies attacked our animals. We could only control them by keeping them at rapid speed. So we drove at a fast rate till dark, then slackened speed and pursued our way in peace.

Night traveling upon the prairies, in fine weather, is quite pleasant, affording magnificent prospects and delightful opportunities for contemplation. After traveling all the night we stopped, about daylight, at an Indian camping-ground upon a small stream called Drywood, grazed our animals and took our breakfast. Our provisions had shared in the damage accruing from our water adventure and become unfit for use. No others were to be had, and for the remainder of the way we were upon short allowance. Here we found a bed of stone-coal, lying out upon the surface, and apparently rich. I collected and burned some of it, and found it seeming of good quality.

30th. Weary and worn, we determined to go by the way of Fort Scott, though a few miles out of our direct course, with the hope that we might obtain some refreshment and much needed repose. A drive of ten miles brought us to the place.

## CHAPTER X.

## NORTHWARD TRAVEL—FORT SCOTT TO MISSOURI RIVER.

FORT SCOTT has of late become a point of some notoriety, from its connection with the Kansas struggle. At the time of this visit it was occupied by a garrison. Large Government expenditures were subsequently made, good buildings were erected, and the site well improved. After an occupancy of some years it was evacuated, and the site and improvements sold for a trifling consideration, and converted to private purposes.

The situation is upon the Marmaton River, a few miles west of the Missouri line. It is a beautiful and commanding position, in the midst of a fine section of country, and contiguous to considerable bodies of timber. The neighboring scenery is magnificent.

Repose, however, was not to be found here. The only accommodation for travelers was at a cabin hotel, some hundreds of yards from the fort, but very difficult of access. This was crowded to overflowing with a class of men who cared little for the comfort of a weary stranger; so that this part of our design was frustrated.

We had well-nigh failed of success in another department. An application was rendered necessary to the military gentlemen at the fort for permission to have some slight but indispensable repairs upon my carriage by the mechanics in their employ, for which I was willing to pay. Such aid is ordinarily afforded at our military posts to travelers, in case of disaster. Among no class of men have I met with more uniform courtesy and urbanity than the officers at our military stations. Many of them are gentlemen



in the true sense of the word; men whose hearts are warmed with the "milk of human kindness." Personal favors received at their hands are not forgotten. But there are others of small caliber, who seem to suppose that their own official dignity is to be supported by a supercilious churlishness, and a display of authority toward any whom misfortune or necessity may have placed in their power. Into the hands of such a one I was thrown, in the person of a little acting Quarter-Master, who controlled the workshops. Situated as I was, I "made a virtue of necessity," submitted to his impertinence, obtained what I could, with any treatment, and at any price, and left, with an ardent hope that I may not again be thrown upon the "cruelty" of their "tender mercies." Years after the evacuation, I had something to do with Fort Scott, in a different relation, with not much more satisfactory results; but of that hereafter.

After passing the "Neutral Lands," our way had lain over a large body of Government land not appropriated to any Indian tribes. Weary as we were, we set out again in the evening, traveled till about two hours after midnight, camped on the bank of a streamlet, turned our horses loose to graze, and slept about two hours.

July 1st. Off at an early hour; passed through the Potawatamie lands; with difficulty crossed the Little Osage, considerably swollen, and arrived at Jeru's Trading-House, a post of the American Fur Company, upon the Great Osage, or Maries des Cygnes. This, if I mistake not, is the place where Rev. E. R. A., in company with Bishop Roberts, played so successfully upon Catholic ears with the episcopal title, as detailed in Doctor Elliott's Life of Roberts.

Crossing the river, we entered the lands ceded to the Miami Indians, then about being removed from their former home in Indiana. Subsequently we passed the lands belonging to the Weas, Peorias, Pyankeshaws, and perhaps other fragmentary tribes that have been placed by the Gov-

ernment upon the Western border. Stopped to breakfast upon the bank of a small stream of bad water, which, with our damaged provisions, constituted rather an unenviable repast. As we progressed northward the flies became less troublesome, and this, together with the shortness of our available stores, determined us to hazard day traveling, although our already jaded animals could ill bear it.

Early in the afternoon we reached Cold Water Grove. Here is truly a place of refreshing to the way-worn visitant. Off at the distance of a few hundred yards from the main road is a grove, in the center of which is a deep ravine, and near the bottom gushes out a stream of the coldest, purest limestone water. The place to me was one of solemn interest from the associations of thought which it called up. Here, about a year previous, the venerable Bishop Roberts, on his last frontier tour, with Rev. E. R. Ames as his traveling companion, then in the prime of his manhood, stopped and sought rest. And here, if rumor be not at fault, through an inadvertence, certainly not characteristic of either of these sharp-sighted frontier's-men, their team was permitted to run away with the carriage, and some time was spent in repairs. I find in my *memoranda* of that date thoughts like the following: "In this grove the aged servant of God sought a few hours' repose; now he rests in the groves of paradise. From this gushing stream he drank; now he slakes his thirst from the waters of life eternal, flowing fresh from the throne of God."

Evidences were found, all along the frontier, of the deep impression made by this visit of the venerable man of God. The Indians are peculiarly impressed by a commanding form and personal appearance. Few men have been more highly gifted in this than the departed Bishop. This struck them with awe and respect, while his fine, genial spirit and patriarchal kindness won their affections. Many inquiries were made respecting him. Some had not heard of his decease; and many whites as well as Indians thought themselves honored to say, "He spent some days at my house,"

or, "He staid all night with me," seeming to feel that they had "entertained an angel unawares."

Here we had indications of a storm. We accordingly hopped our horses, turned them loose, and set about depositing our baggage under the shelving rocks, and making the best arrangements in our power for spending the night; but suddenly the clouds passed away, the air became cool—we took up our horses, reloaded, and about sunset emerged from our grotto into the open plain, once more resuming our journey. The near approach of the Sabbath urged us on; and this motive was quickened by the demands of appetite, now becoming rather imperious. We traveled on till about midnight, hoping to find timber to shelter us, the night being cold. At length, despairing of success, ourselves and our animals exceedingly weary, we stopped in the open prairie. The wind blew fiercely, and we were much chilled. Kindling a little fire from some small wood which I had transported in my buggy, we turned our horses loose, spread our buffalo-skin under the carriage, placed our baggage, blankets, and umbrellas around it, committed ourselves to the care of Him who "giveth to his beloved sleep," crept under our shelter, and slept soundly till daylight. As light appeared we found ourselves within a short distance of a grove, which the darkness of the night had concealed from our view.

2d. This was the holy Sabbath, a day, in all my frontier labors and travels, sacredly set apart for rest. But we were now within striking distance of our place of destination—which, but for disaster, we should have reached ere this. Rest here was impossible. Hunger urged us on; and this, with our desire to enjoy an opportunity of public worship with our brethren, made out a case which we felt to warrant a brief "Sabbath day's journey." So having decided, we harnessed up, and a few hours' drive brought us into the fine, rich country of the Shawnees. My companion, the missionary, turned aside to spend the day among the people of his charge, while I drove on to the Manual Labor School,

introduced myself and met a hearty welcome. After partaking of needed refreshments, and a little repose, I joined in the labors and privileges of the day, preaching my first sermon in what is now Kansas Territory.

The Shawnee Indians were placed by the Government in possession of a very valuable body of land, cornering upon Missouri River, below the mouth of Kaw, or Kansas River, extending south along the Missouri line some thirty miles, and reaching as far, or further west, into the interior; a large provision for a tribe numbering only about one thousand men, women, and children. These lands, lying in the vicinity of large streams, afforded considerable bodies of good timber, interspersed with fertile prairies. The cession of these lands to the Government, in 1853-4, with the individual rights to choice lands retained by them, have since made the Shawnee people rich.

The value of these lands was enhanced by their contiguity to Independence, and other towns in Missouri which drive a large business in the commerce of the plains. Independence was, for many years, the great outfitting and starting-point for the plains. Even as early as the time of which I speak, the trade was becoming extensive and important. Since that it is vastly enlarged, and has mostly been transferred to other points. At the time of which I write, emigrants to Oregon and California, Santa Fé expeditions, Government exploring parties, army provision trains, etc., all set out from Independence, and passed through the Shawnee lands. A stirring scene, even then, was presented, contrasted with the country through which I had been traveling. All the bustle and excitement of the commerce of the plains appeared before us—scenes that in later years have become familiar.

I have been somewhat minute in the details and incidents of this last trip, with the view of affording the reader some correct representation of frontier life and travel; more so than I purpose to be in subsequent journeys, though affording equal or greater variety of incident. At that time the

scene was novel to myself, and each succeeding adventure made an impression. But as years of this kind of labor have rolled on, these scenes have become familiar. Exposures, risks, and hardships grow common, and adventures come so thick and fast that they degenerate into every-day occurrences, and almost cease to excite attention.

Missionary life upon the frontier, as it is painted to the fancy at a distance, is clothed in romance; and a desire is awakened in imaginative minds to share in the scenes that they have heard so graphically described. But in a little season of actual experience the poetry wears off; the stern realities are encountered, and many faint by the way, or sigh for the scenes they have left.

## CHAPTER XI.

## HOMEWARD BOUND—NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE institution known as the Indian Manual-Labor School, but more commonly called the "Methodist Mission," is the first missionary experiment upon a large scale of educating Indian youth, not only in common English literature, but in habits of industry and the duties of domestic life, by taking the entire control of them, boarding, lodging, clothing, and instructing them. Experience had shown that little could be accomplished by schools among them while the children remained with their parents, subject to all the caprices and irregularities of Indian life. This suggested the idea of a large establishment of the character referred to. A site was selected, appropriations made by the Missionary Society, aid obtained from the Government, buildings erected, a farm inclosed, and the institution had now been some years in successful operation. At the time of my visit it was under the superintendence of Rev. J. C. Berryman.

The site is about two miles west of the Missouri State line, and about six miles from the point where this line strikes Missouri River. A better selection could scarcely have been found. The prairie lands lie well; timber is contiguous; the farm reaches to the great California thoroughfare; altogether it is one of the finest situations I have seen west of the Mississippi. The main buildings are of brick, large and commodious. Besides these there are mechanics' shops, in which the boys are instructed in handicraft labor. They are also employed upon the farm, while the girls are taught to sew, spin, weave, and perform all necessary

domestic avocations. About one hundred students were in attendance. All were orderly, and some had made a profession of Christianity. The school, though situated on the Shawnee lands, was designed for the benefit of all the contiguous tribes, and most of them shared in its benefits. The institution, so far as I could judge, had, up to that time, been well conducted, and had amply demonstrated the practicability and usefulness of the plan. A few slaves, even then, were, or had been, held by the preachers engaged at the institution; but it was apologized for as a temporary arrangement justified by peculiar circumstances, while the propriety of our General Rule was not questioned. Subsequent changes will appear in another part of this volume.

At this place I was kindly entertained, and spent a few days in recruiting strength for the remainder of my journey and acquainting myself with the plans and operations of the institution, desiring to avail myself of their experience in founding our own, which was intended to be of the same character.

In the immediate vicinity of this institution were two others of similar character, but upon a less extended scale; one under the patronage of the Friends, and known as the "Quaker Mission," and the other conducted by the Baptists. Both were then doing a good work. The Baptists had erected a neat church edifice, and had a regular organization. Changes passed upon these also. Each of them had, in after years, "a history" in the struggles and convulsions then undreamed of; these will be noted in their proper place.

In the afternoon previous to the 4th of July, the Superintendent set out with some forty of his pupils, male and female, to attend a Sunday school celebration at Independence. They had been well trained in vocal music by a competent instructor, and their presence was calculated greatly to highten the interest of such an occasion.

Much suffering had been endured during the trip from a cause seemingly small; the simple bite of a tick upon my

side, which, becoming chafed and inflamed in the extreme heat, at length formed an abscess requiring the use of the lance. This operation over I was gradually relieved. This insect is exceedingly annoying in the region of the Arkansas. He fastens upon the body, buries his head in the flesh up to his shoulders, and, when torn away, often leaves it imbedded there. I have heard of a case resulting in death.

My horse being much jaded I determined to put all on board a boat and go down to St. Louis by water. With this intent, upon the 4th of July, I removed to the bank of Missouri River, at a point then called "Kansas Landing," with a single log warehouse and dwelling, now known as "Kansas City," boasting a population of eight thousand, and commanding a large share of the trade of Kansas Territory and of the plains. Here I was detained several days in waiting. I find the following record of midnight vigils and reflections:

"A boat is expected down to-night. I am 'keeping watch.' The hour of midnight has almost arrived. Others around me are at rest. The moon-beams are playing beautifully upon the noble stream just before me. All is solemn silence and friendly to reflection. . . . The result of all [my recent explorations] is a deeper conviction that the cause of missions is the cause of God, and an unwavering determination, if God point out the way, to be spent in this blessed work. . . . Since coming here I have seen a company of 'Mackinaw boats'—as they are called—from the Upper Missouri, freighted with skins and furs, the property of the American Fur Company, as they glided rapidly down the stream. The world around us is busy. Shall we be less upon the alert in saving souls? Let it no longer be said that in this respect 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' " Here I had my first taste of buffalo meat.

At that time this point was almost the *ne plus ultra* of navigation on the Missouri, except to Government boats and those engaged in the fur trade. The Platte Purchase



had then just been annexed to Missouri and opened for settlement, and Weston, about fifty miles above Kansas Landing, was beginning to be heard of as the landing point for that inviting district of country.

About seven o'clock on the morning of the 6th of July, I got my horse and buggy on board the steamer "Edna," bound for St. Louis. Our boat was heavily freighted and made slow progress. On the afternoon of the 8th we ran aground upon a sand-bar about ten miles above Jefferson City. This was then a serious matter, the Missouri River boats having not then learned the art of "walking over bars upon stilts"—the use of spars—as they have since.

The day following, being the Sabbath, I preached on board. The audience were solemn and attentive while I attempted to point them to the second coming of Christ as the great motive to Christian diligence and watchfulness. Just as our services closed the boat got under way, ran about twenty miles and grounded again, a little below the mouth of Osage River. Here we remained several days, and all efforts seemed to avail nothing. Heavy rains set in; the boat became damp; a large number of the passengers, myself among them, were seized with an epidemic influenza then prevailing all over the country; the Captain, incompetent and discouraged, concealed himself in his state-room; the passengers took to drinking, and a general row ensued. A few of the sober passengers, led on by myself, joined the crew in efforts to get off, worked at capstan in the rain, did all we could, but in vain. Our condition grew hourly worse by the washing of the current in the sands under the boat, as is the wont of this capricious river, thus letting her down further and further into the bar. My horse, a noble animal, suffered greatly. Deprived of food, by its having been put ashore through mistake; tied back near the fires so as to allow room for the hands to work, he was scorched and singed most piteously. A wag-gish young lawyer, in his cups, remarked in my hearing,

"I have no sympathy with any animal on board except that preacher and his horse."

So things passed till the morning of the 10th, when a few men visiting the boat from the neighboring shore, I contracted with them to build a raft on the ensuing day, and attempt to convey my animal and carriage to land; choosing rather to run the hazard of drowning him than to murder him by slow tortures. The day following, however, a small steamer passing agreed to light us off. The first trip to land I took passage, and got my all safe to shore. My poor animal, on reaching *terra firma*, gave demonstrations of joy of which I had not conceived his species capable. I was about to harness up and risk a land journey the remainder of the way. Just at this crisis the *Edna*, lighted as she was, got under way and "rounded to." I could ill bear to be left behind. The thought of home after a long absence rushed upon me. An offer of seventy-five dollars was made for a fine horse with buggy and harness thrown in. A bargain was struck. Once more I got on board. A jolly Kentuckian, but a really kind-hearted man, volunteered to auction off my camp equipage and extra baggage among the crew and deck passengers, and soon, lightened of my burden, I was again under way for St. Louis, where, without further disaster or detention, we arrived on the 12th, about seven o'clock, P. M.

It had been my purpose to go from St. Louis to the falls of Ohio by water, and thus obtain some rest in my extreme fatigue and indisposition. On arriving, however, I learned that the Eastern stage would start at three in the morning, and take me through in three days to my family. The motive was strong, and forgetting my incompetency for a hard stage ride of three days and nights, I engaged a passage, and lay down to rest a few hours upon the floor of a crowded hotel, no better accommodation being to be had; but, unwell as I was, little rest came.

Long before the dawn of the next day we were over the Mississippi, wending our way across the American Bottom

*en route* for Indianapolis *via* Terre Haute. The day passed as well as could be expected in my plight. A few rough passengers were on board in the persons of Wabash flat-boatmen returning from New Orleans. But having one gentlemanly passenger and a few ladies, it was easy for us to control the stage. Toward evening, however, these left us, and their places were supplied by a recruit of ruffians of the same stamp. This left me in a minority of one and gave them full sway; the drivers, as usual, being on their side. They were furnished with arms, music, and liquor, and spent the night in carousal, accompanied with the most disgusting profanity and obscenity. I appealed to them to desist out of compassion to my sickness, but this seemed only to add to the fury, till, making a virtue of necessity, I submitted and silently bore all their indignities. Never have I passed another such night. I doubted much if I should not be murdered before the morning. It was not a little humiliating that, after having traveled thousands of miles by land and by water among civilized and uncivilized, here was a company of savages, claiming citizenship in my own State, more degraded and brutal than any I had encountered. Weary at length with their own revelry, or possibly relenting when they saw me almost sinking with sickness and exhaustion, they desisted and left me for a time in quiet. A little after daylight I was put out at a stage stand almost in an insensible state. Providence directed. The host, a clever Illinois farmer, proved to be a brother in the Church. I was well and kindly cared for. A physician was called, and I was not a little surprised to recognize in him one under whose ministry I had sat in boyhood; then a talented and promising young itinerant, and often a guest at my paternal home; now fallen, but kind and attentive in his professional services. Whether naturally or from medicine I know not, I fell into a profound sleep, which continued some twenty-four hours or more. This over, I felt relieved and invigorated, and by the morning of the 16th was able to resume my

journey. On the afternoon of the 17th I arrived at Indianapolis, and found my family in health and comfort, after an absence of near four months, grateful to God for our mutual preservation, and to kind friends at Indianapolis for many good offices to mine during my absence. May Heaven reward them!

I shall purposely pass briefly over the scenes that followed for months, only referring to them as a connecting link in my frontier work. Preparations were to be made for a removal and entering permanently on my field of labor. Preparatory to this supplies for our institution were to be purchased and shipped. Previous to my leaving Fort Coffee, an arrangement had been made with Major Armstrong, Superintendent of Indian Affairs and disbursing agent of the Government, that he should meet me at Cincinnati at an appointed time, on his way East, and furnish the requisite funds then due to our institution from the Department.

A hasty trip to the lake region, my late field of labor, was made; private matters were adjusted; leave taken at Indianapolis; family removed to the Ohio River; intervals being taken up with sundry missionary meetings. At the day appointed I was in Cincinnati. But what was my disappointment and mortification to find that Maj. Armstrong had passed on to Washington without having made any deposit of funds, as stipulated! The reasons for this I never have known. Being a departure from his ordinary prompt habits, I can only infer that he desired to consult the Department at Washington before making his disbursements to us. Whatever may have been the reason, it was felt by me as a heavy blow. It was now the middle of August. My work in the West demanded my presence. My family were broken up from their home, and in the river towns, awaiting a passage. The dreaded season of low water and Fall sickness upon the Mississippi and Arkansas was approaching. Personally ready and anxious to go, I was now tied up by inevitable circumstances. To go without the needed

supplies was useless ; and how long the painful detention was to be protracted none could conjecture ! Perhaps, too, a constitutional temperament, ill-fitted to bear needless delays and detentions, contributed to magnify the difficulties to my mind. A most unenviable state of suspense ensued. I wrote to Washington, and used all possible effort to reconcile myself to my fate.

During the continuance of this period of suspense, time was filled up by occasional labors and brief trips on the Ohio River, and inland. While in Cincinnati I met with Rev. J. N. Maffitt, who had visited the city with the purpose of holding a series of meetings in Wesley Chapel, then under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. L. Grover. This place had, in former years, been the scene of one of Maffitt's most extraordinary successes. During the pastorate of Rev. E. W. Schon, and with his zealous co-operation, he had labored there for a season ; immense crowds had hung upon his ministry ; an intense religious interest had been waked up, and a large addition made to the Church. I had known Maffitt in the days of his glory ; had co-operated with him in my own charge, and elsewhere ; had heard his overpowering eloquence, witnessed his sway over the multitudes, and seen valuable and lasting benefits from his labors ; had known his weaknesses, and trembled for him amid the caresses and flatteries that surrounded him ; had listened to his confidential tales of sorrow—admired, loved, and pitied him. Now it was painfully evident that his power was gone ; he was shorn of his strength. I attended his meetings from time to time, and endeavored, as aforetime, to aid him ; but all was in vain. He could neither command a full house, nor profitably entertain and influence the small number in attendance. This was the beginning of his failures. Poor Maffitt ! I can scarcely yet think of him without a tear. I trust he died a penitent at the foot of the Cross !

During my stay, also, I took occasion to pay a brief visit to Bishop Soule, at his residence at Lebanon, Ohio, for the

purpose of consulting him in reference to our Indian work, then under his special charge, and, especially, of urging an immediate appointment to the Nun-na-wa-ya Institution, and a vigorous prosecution of that work. I found him only awaiting a suitable man on whom he could "lay his hands." My stay was passed with satisfaction and profit. Hitherto, I had known him only at Conference; at his own home I found him affable, cheerful, and communicative, yet grave and dignified; a little inclined—as is the wont of most old men—to speak of self, relate personal incidents, and anon, "shoulder his crutch and show how battles were fought and won;" but upon the whole a fine model of a Christian Bishop. He had just returned from filling up the work left unprovided for by the decease of Bishop Roberts, and was soon to enter upon his own. Little did he then dream of the position he was soon to occupy. With his heart really and fondly set upon the perpetuated unity of the Methodist Episcopal Church; attempting to conciliate one section by concession, and misjudging his power over the other, he went too far to recede. Ere he was aware, he found himself placed, beyond recovery, in a position never contemplated; one at which, with his previous opinions and feelings, he would have revolted.

Nearly two months had now passed in suspense. The annual session of my own (Indiana) Conference was near at hand. No means had been furnished for the prosecution of my appointed work. The purpose was almost formed to attend the session at Crawfordsville, surrender up my Indian charge, decline a transfer, and ask an appointment in the home work. While meditating upon this, a messenger came to me at Jeffersonville, informing me that Maj. Armstrong had arrived in Louisville, and was awaiting me at a hotel. I saw him; received at his hands all that was needed, and was again prepared for action; not, however, without uncomfortable reflections over a blank of two months in the history of our work, forced upon me by the acts of others.

At the session of the Indiana Conference referred to, being the last time that the whole body of preachers met together, I was transferred by Bishop Andrew to the Arkansas Conference; the Indian missions west of that State being then an appendage of that Conference. Here commenced a series of transfers, always unsought by me, arising solely from the desire of the appointing power to employ me in frontier work, and from the perpetually changing form of that work. It has had its successes, its joys; it has had its privations, its toils, its sorrows; but this day I would not, if I could, reverse that act; an act which in its results has changed the whole course of my life.

## CHAPTER XII.

## INCIDENTS OF A RIVER PASSAGE.

ANOTHER scene of hurried preparation ensued. Some ten days were spent in Cincinnati and Louisville laying in stores for our institution, such as books, clothing, bedding, furniture, and provisions, with other necessities for farming, building, etc. Passage and freight were engaged upon the Governor Morehead, a medium-sized boat, newly repaired and fitted up for the Arkansas trade. I got my Cincinnati freight on board, and on the 15th of October went to the Falls; spent some days in completing outfit and shipping goods at Louisville. On the 17th my family, consisting of my wife and five children, embarked at Jeffersonville. The falls were passed, and our steamer, with accustomed glee, was soon speeding her way down the noble Ohio. On board were thoughtful ones. Home, friends, associates, Church privileges were left behind. Before was life beyond the bounds of civilization, care, toil, privation, we knew not what, perhaps death. Still no murmur was heard, the cost had been counted.

The Ohio and Mississippi Rivers were at a fine stage, and our steamer made good progress. The comfort of the passage to us, however, was greatly marred by the illness of Mrs. Goode, which continued nearly all the way. Divine grace sustained her under the affliction, and personal fortitude triumphed over constitutional debility and suffering, producing the utmost cheerfulness and resignation. Several pious persons were on board, and among them a number of ladies, by whose request the ladies' cabin was opened for daily religious devotions.

We had not proceeded far till it was ascertained that we



were to be annoyed beyond measure in the person of the commander of the boat, Captain ——. Never, before or since, has it been my lot to fall under the control of just such a being. Surly, unaccommodating, tyrannical, he seemed disposed to plan rather for the discomfort than for the accommodation of his passengers. Even the table allowance was shortened as we progressed, till it became difficult to satisfy the demands of appetite, and especially to obtain food for children. Often was I reminded of the sea captain who so tormented Dr. Coke in one of his voyages to the West Indies. Still our progress was good, and we were consoled by the prospect of a speedy passage and early relief.

Entering the Arkansas River at Napoleon, we found it at a very low stage, so that we proceeded with difficulty through forests of snags and over interminable sand-bars. Still no serious hinderance occurred till we had passed up over one hundred miles. About nine o'clock on the morning of the 23d, as we were passing Barrique's Bar, in a dangerous part of the river some twenty-five miles below Pine Bluffs, our boat struck a snag, opening a breach in her bottom. No violent shock being felt, and such jars being common, it was not apprehended that any injury had been sustained, and no examination was made till suddenly it was discovered that the hold was half filled with water and the boat going down; how deep no one knew. The indescribable sensation followed peculiar to such an announcement. Still there was no outcry, all was quiet. My first notice was from an elderly Episcopalian gentleman, who approached me and gently said, "I am told that the boat is sinking." It was immediately proposed that we go to the ladies' cabin, communicate the fact, and bring out the ladies and children to the forward deck, where they might have a full view of all. This was done. It was a fearful moment. None knew at what instant we should sink to a watery grave. Still all were firm and quiet. Not a woman or child of our company uttered an exclamation,

though the females of the deck passengers were fleeing aloft with piteous confusion and crying. The pilot was firm and self-possessed, Providence helped him, the course was changed, steam crowded, and in a little time we were grounded upon a bar whose shoals rendered us secure from danger, having, in the good providence of God, escaped this extreme "peril by water," with just experience enough to teach us how to appreciate the sensation preceding the last struggle of so many voyagers upon our Western waters.

The panic over we were left to reflect upon our new position. The hold was found to be pretty well filled, and a large proportion of our freight submerged. Quite a large breach was found to have been made. A partial stoppage was effected, and, after a wearisome effort, by dint of pumping and bailing, the hold was emptied of water, the passengers joining heartily in the labor. The mechanics set to and effected a temporary repair, and it was determined to attempt to run to Little Rock, some one hundred and fifty miles further, and there lay up, refit, and dry our goods.

Getting again under way we ran about twenty miles, when we were brought to a sudden pause by a bar, upon which the water was insufficient to bear us over. Here was no compromise, no alternative but to "tie up" and "wait for a rise;" to remain here upon the Lower Arkansas, at this sickly season, among musketoes and gallinippers, we knew not how long. The thought was dreary enough, but we bowed to the necessity. To add to our discomfiture rain set in, depriving us of an opportunity of drying our goods, and yet affording no prospect of relief, unless heavy above.

But amid all our discouragements there was one relieving circumstance. Our Captain was brought to terms, at least with myself. He could collect no freight till our destination was reached, and his funds had run out, so that he was unable to pay the expenses of the boat. This rendered him dependent and submissive, an advantage of which I felt

perfectly justified in availing myself, at least so far as to secure reasonable treatment to myself and mine. He became civil and accommodating, and remained so till we parted.

The point at which we were lying was the old Catholic settlement of St. Mary's, noticed in a former chapter, about five miles below Pine Bluffs. In the vicinity are some cotton plantations, owned mostly by French Catholics and their descendants. At one of these, under the care of an overseer, I applied for quarters where we might find some relief from the confinement of the boat, and room to dry our goods, Mrs. Goode still being quite sick. The overseer was kind and humane—at least to white men—and consented to take us in. On the 25th we removed my family and goods. The latter we found to be in a sad plight. Every thing capable of injury by water had suffered. Our supply of flour was damaged so that we were obliged to sell it at once. My library was a perfect wreck. Some days were spent in the drying process, and additional loss of goods was sustained by fire and by theft.

During our stay we had some opportunity of enlarging our observations of the practical workings of slavery. With its milder forms, as it exists in the Border States, we were already familiar; but here it was seen in a type to us new. It was the season of gathering in the cotton crop. Early in the morning the gang of slaves, men, women, and children, such as were able for the task, were marched off to the snow-white fields, each with a sack, into which the pods of ripe cotton were cast as they were plucked from the stem by the hand, leaving the unripe portion for another, and another, and still another plucking. Late in the evening they returned to their cabins and rested, to repeat the same toilsome round again and again during the season. The overseer, our host, I have before spoken of as apparently a humane man. Education and habit, however, had taught him lessons of negro inferiority and endurance. To preserve his place he must act in conformity with the code,

and exact the labor to the uttermost. I never personally witnessed a castigation, but in my absence, the sound of the lash and the shrieks of the slave, heard by my sick wife, affected her greatly. Born and reared, as she had been, among slaves, and in early life always personally surrounded by them, yet she had never seen it after this fashion; and in her then debilitated state it was too much for her to bear.

An incident occurred during our stay at this place which had well-nigh made me a slave-owner. The narration may subject me to the imputation of want of judgment or of consistency; but if it serve to pay an incidental tribute to the superior discretion and foresight of one then at my side, but now among the spirits before the Throne, I am content.

On one fine Sabbath morning of our stay on the plantation, desirous of being profitably employed, I proposed to ride up to the village of Pine Bluffs, try to collect a congregation, and spend the day in religious service. Our host very readily arranged that I should be accompanied by a likely young negro man, who should show me the way and render all needful attentions, according to the custom of the country. On our way up I entered into conversation with the "boy," and found him not only sprightly and intelligent, but seemingly pious. Arriving at the place, after introducing me to a religious family, he undertook the task of raising me a congregation, which his acquaintance with the people and their confidence in him enabled him easily to accomplish. The services over, and our brief hospitalities enjoyed, we returned. On our way down the following train of unspoken reflections was waked up in my mind. "Is there not now presented an opportunity of performing an act of humanity? This young man is industrious, sprightly, pious. He is a slave, with no hope of relief if he remain here. May not I purchase him, pay for him, become his owner, take him with me to the Indian country, employ him at our mission, have

him travel with me when safety or comfort may require it, better his immediate condition, make him useful to myself and the institution till his labor shall have repaid the price advanced for him, and then manumit him and leave him a free man the rest of his days?" The reasoning seemed plausible, and commended itself to me with great force. The first opportunity I communicated the suggestion to her whose private counsel I never deemed it unmanly to ask, and never regretted following. With characteristic modesty and gentleness she replied: "I think we had better let it alone."

On further reflection I acquiesced in the opinion, and subsequent observation has confirmed its correctness. The humanity and purity of the motive I can not question, nor, indeed, the lawfulness and strict Christian morality of the act contemplated. But its positive inexpediency has, to my mind, been settled by unquestionable facts. Many, no doubt, have begun in this way, and have ended practical and theoretical slaveholders. I could myself name men, Christian men, Christian ministers, who, a score of years ago, apologized for holding a few slaves, under *peculiar circumstances*, that are now enrolled among the stanchest defenders of the system. I might have proven as weak as they, and, ere I was aware, have been inextricably entangled in the net so plausibly laid and interwoven with all the social frame-work of the South. Even had not this been the case, had the plan been persisted in and the scheme consummated in the ultimate freedom of a single slave, still the influence of example would, meantime, have been lent to the wrong—example unexplained and often willfully misrepresented. "That negro belongs to the mission;" "That is Parson K.'s negro;" are remarks that have more than once been made to serve the cause of oppression, however merciful the ultimate design of the relation. I speak from facts personally known to myself. "Touch not, taste not," is the only safety.

An incident of later years may serve to illustrate the

stealthy change which circumstances sometimes gradually effect upon the minds of those in actual, every-day contact with the peculiar institution. It may, at the same time, aid to explain the much-wondered-at fact that so many once opposed to slavery become, upon a change of residence, its most strenuous advocates in word and deed.

Among the exciting scenes that were acted out upon the Missouri River steamers, during the recent Kansas struggle, it was my lot repeatedly to pass up and down and to witness much imbittered feeling and some bloodshed. Forming an agreeable acquaintance, upon a certain downward trip, with a young Presbyterian clergyman of —, I was introduced by him to a venerable old Scotchman, a resident of the State of —, a member, and perhaps an elder, of the same Church. I learned him to be a man of wealth, a slaveholder, then just starting on a visit to his native land. I found him intelligent, peculiarly bland and gentle in his manners, and, withal, quite free to converse mildly and calmly on the then interdicted subject. In the course of conversation he stated to me, with much apparent frankness, the change that had been effected in his own feelings and sentiments upon the subject of slavery. "When," said he, "I first came where I saw Africans held in bondage I was greatly affected. All my sympathies were roused. I felt as though I could *weep* over them. But by degrees I became more familiar with the system. Its horrors were taken away. I saw in it something so pa-tri-arch-al, so pa-ter-nal, [emphasizing every syllable,] that my whole feelings and sentiments underwent a change." Somehow or other, it afterward came to me that the tender-hearted old gentleman had married a lady of large estate. What influence her personal charms and *legal rights* may have had in producing his mental revolutions may be matter of conjecture. So it is, closely interwoven in all the texture of society where it exists, fixing the social *status* of every man and woman. Hence much of its power.

We return from this digression to our *quondam* place

upon the low banks of the Arkansas, with its social and ecclesiastical institutions, its cane-brakes, wolves, musketoes, and miasmas, our damaged goods, damaged boat, low water, and little prospect of relief. But soon another cause of disquietude arose. One of the two joint proprietors of the plantation resided in Pine Bluffs, and was wont to pay frequent visits to the quarters, and look to his interests there. These had been suspended since myself and family had been taken in. Our host grew uneasy lest his landlord might be offended. His place was, perhaps, jeopardized by his receiving and entertaining us. We knew no cause for dissatisfaction, as I made full pecuniary compensation, unless his Catholic ire had been roused by having a heretic family on his premises, and especially my having had the temerity to preach on the plantation to all the whites and blacks I could assemble. So it was, my host thought best to see and know how the matter stood. Desirous of having some hand in fixing my own fate, or, at least, of knowing it as early as possible, I accompanied him. An interview was had with him, first by the overseer, then by myself. All was understood; the conjectures had been well-founded; he was displeased; remonstrances were in vain; a day was fixed, and that an early one, by which we were desired to leave.

Here was a new trial. Turned out of doors with wife and little ones, the former still sick, in this unhealthy, inhospitable region, with no earthly prospect of shelter or relief, the influences all around being of the same character, faith and patience were, for the time, put to a severe test; and I need hardly say how great the temptation is at such moments to self-reproach—charging one's self with rashness, imprudence, and even cruelty to loved ones, in thus exposing them. To look back: "I have undertaken too much;" "What I forfeit for myself is a trifle; but these—what have they done?" How many such reflections does memory call up! But God is good, and takes tender care of all who trust in him. This was soon strangely manifest.

Our sentence of expulsion received, the next step was to return and communicate it. Truly I felt that I "had no more place in these parts;" but, then, whither should I go? Pensively I turned my steps, leading my horse down to the bank of the river, which was to be crossed in our return. There I stood, musing upon what seemed to have befallen us, as the ferry-flat approached with some passengers from the other shore. The boat came to. A plain, farmer-looking man, with frank expression of countenance, stepped on shore and addressed us. "I am told," said he, "that there is a Methodist preacher and family on that steamboat, and I have come after them." God bless him! The tears fill my eyes after near a score of years as I recur to the scene. I was pointed out to him. A warm, cordial grasp of the hand, with benevolence outspoken from his countenance, told me at once that all was right. "Come," said he, "I live upon the river, about eight miles distant. I have brought a skiff to take you and family to my house. They can remain there till the river rises. You can go on by land. I will see your family and goods on the boat, and, if need be, will accompany them up." I need scarcely add that such an offer was gratefully accepted, and that night-fall found me and mine under a friendly roof, receiving the timely attentions of a kind Christian family.

Tell me not that God has no special providence over his children. Too often have I had evidence of immediate Divine interposition to allow a doubt. But for this, life itself had not, thus far, been prolonged.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## ARKANSAS TRAVELING—INCIDENTS.

GREAT was the relief providentially brought, and greatly did we appreciate it. True, we were still prisoners, detained by uncontrollable circumstances; but then we were at ease, from the belief that, however long our detention might continue, we had a place of security and comfort, where we might wait till Providence should further open our way.

Our new host, whose name I shall not mention, was a cotton-planter, in medium circumstances, with a moderate force of slaves around him. He was a prominent and influential member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; prominent, not from his own personal forwardness, but from duties forced upon him by the confidence of his brethren. Personally, he was modest and retiring. Withal, there was something mysterious in his deportment and remarks at times; a melancholy remembrance of the past, accompanied with seemingly-deep humiliation; something in his history which, it seemed, he could not forget, and which, even in the midst of present religious confidence, stung him with remorse. Once, in speaking of his acts of personal kindness and benevolence, he said to me, "I have been a very bad man; I want now to do all the good I can." But he went no further. Not long after I learned the explanation. He had been a murderer. In early life, in a fit of intoxication, he had taken the life of a fellow-being. Stung by remorse, and dreading the law, he had fled to the lonely West, and for years had roamed among savages in the region of the Rocky Mountains. After a long time he returned, became penitent and pious. Now he was the head of a considerable family, honored and respected; the

scenes of his early years forgotten, or never mentioned to his injury. Still he seemed to feel that the stain of blood was upon him. So God has wisely ordered that it should be with him who takes away human life. The relation caused a chill of horror to run over me. Myself and family were the guests of a murderer; my family were to be left in his care. Still my confidence in his integrity and kindness remained unshaken, and was sustained to the last. Of his after history I know nothing. I trust he is in heaven, or still on his way.

A week had been spent at the house of our kind but cringing overseer. It was now the 2d of November. On the day following we removed our goods from the quarters to the boat in as good a condition as possible, to await a rise, and gave to our Catholic landlord a wide berth.

The Sabbath was approaching. We had the satisfaction to learn that our stopping-place was within the bounds of the circuit traveled by my *quondam* friend, Rev. D. Crawford, spoken of in a former chapter; and further, that he, with several other preachers, was expected on the ensuing Saturday and Sabbath to hold a "two days' meeting," on their way to the Annual Conference. The day came; and with it the preachers and the people. Our domicile was the chapel; all went off in primitive Western style. We labored, prayed, and rejoiced together. Among the preachers present was Rev. Levin B. Dennis, since my valued companion in labor in another field; now grown gray in the service—then in the first years of his ministry. Another was the eccentric Edwards, who subsequently became a chaplain in the Mexican War, and, I think, fell there.

The services of the Sabbath over, I began to think of scenes in advance. The session of the Arkansas Conference, at Clarksville, was near at hand. It was almost indispensable that I should be there. There was no indication of a rise in the river. I accordingly determined to procure a horse, and join the brethren on their way, leaving my family under the care of our kind host, and in the hands of

Providence, to follow when they could. A horse was kindly furnished me for the trip, as far as Little Rock, and on the morning of the 7th I set out, with two of the brethren, on our way to the seat of our Conference.

The journey was a long one, on horseback. Our route lay up the Arkansas, through a sparsely-inhabited district of country, generally well timbered. One singular feature is found at different points in the lowlands, the cypress swamps, so different from all other forest scenery as to merit particular notice. These swamps, or low grounds, are covered with a heavy growth of cypress-trees, standing thick, and casting their somber shades over the face of nature. Around each cypress-tree is a "body-guard" of natural stubs, springing up from the roots of the trees, conical in form, and hollow, but exceedingly firm, varying from a few inches to four or five feet in height, with proportionate diameter, from a foot down. These are called "cypress-knees;" the number is immense, and so thickly set as to render the forest almost impervious. Cane-brakes line the banks of the river, and furnish Winter range for cattle.

Instinctively, or otherwise, we brought up at nightfall at the cabin of a good Methodist family, and met a hearty welcome. It was seldom their privilege to hear preaching; and, bearing in mind the example of our early ministry in expounding the Word of God in families, I proposed a service of this kind, which was readily agreed to. The family came together; a Psalm was read and expounded—and we wound up with a shout in the camp. After a comfortable night's rest, we were on our way betimes the next morning, and another day's travel brought us to Little Rock. Lodging not far from the landing, my attention was attracted by the sound of a boat in the night. Judge my surprise and thankfulness to find, in the morning, the Gov. Morehead with my family on board. A sudden swell had come, sufficient to float them up thus far, and my land travel had gained me nothing.

The rise in the river being insufficient to take the boat

further up, the Captain determined to store his freight, and return. Wishing to control my own freight, I took it off of his hands, paid him proportionally, and stored it myself. The remnant of my library books left undestroyed were kindly taken in charge by a gentlemanly clerk in one of the public offices, removed to a room in the State-House, and spread out there to dry, where they remained for months. My family was taken to as comfortable lodgings as could be obtained, and time was again taken for consideration.

A series of meetings was in progress at Little Rock. Bishop Andrew and Rev. J. F. Wright, then senior Book Agent at Cincinnati, arrived soon after me, on their way to the Conference; and the time for several days was agreeably spent in their pleasant society, and in the alternate labors of the pulpit. The Bishop I found to be an agreeable fireside companion; dignified, plain, unostentatious; a fine specimen of the Southern gentleman of the old school; and all adorned with cheerful, consistent piety. He took a deep interest in the circumstances of my family, and subsequently wrote me, from Mobile, expressing his sympathies and good wishes. At this time and place I learned from good authority that he then entertained serious thoughts of resigning the Episcopal office. This was the Autumn of 1843. He was then unmarried, having lost his companion some considerable time previously.

Meanwhile we were not unemployed. A large amount of material was on hand for clothing our pupils, which would be needed immediately upon the opening of our school, as we expected to receive them in a destitute condition. The ladies of the place took the matter in hand. An organization was formed, and an agreeable company were found every day plying the scissors and needle, till a large amount of clothing was prepared for use. Thus we were enabled to levy a tax upon our misfortune. Many kind attentions were bestowed upon my family by gentlemen and ladies of the place, during my own stay, and afterward, which will never be forgotten.

The approach of the Conference urged me on. A letter also reached me, informing me of the dangerous illness of Rev. H. C. Benson, my colleague and assistant, then at Fort Coffee and in charge of all our interests there. I accordingly determined to leave my family again and proceed by land to Clarksville. Arrangements were made for their board. Rev. H. Kerns, the pastor of the charge, kindly agreed to see them on board a boat when an opportunity should offer, and, if necessary, to accompany them in person. Another was intrusted with the care of our freight and its reshipment. A horse was purchased, and all needful arrangements made. On the morning of the 13th, committing my family again to the providence of God and the care of strangers, I took leave and pursued my way onward.

The Bishop and brother Wright took a different course. They had come up White River to Rock Roe, a route always practicable, and thence by stage to Little Rock. Weary of staging, they determined to risk a passage upon the "Export," a boat which was about to make an effort to go up; while I, equally disgusted with experiments upon the river at its low stage, was betaking myself to land. The evening before my departure they, with much hesitancy, got on board. My parting advice was to "take light baggage," which they did, much to their relief, as it turned out; the Bishop's farewell words to me being, "Tell brother Parker to open the Conference if I am not there," brother Parker being a presiding elder and leading member of the Conference.

Our horseback trip was pleasant, and the third day we brought up at Clarksville, a small inland village in Western Arkansas. To my great gratification I found brother Benson so far recovered as to have reached the place. But the forebodings of the Bishop were realized; he was not there. The chair, according to appointment, was taken by Rev. J. C. Parker, and the Conference business progressed agreeably. Meanwhile the Export, after much puffing and

straining, had failed in her upward passage. The good Bishop and his amiable co-traveler had betaken themselves again to the land; and one bearing the satchel-in-common, and the other the partnership buffalo-skin, were trudging their way on foot through the cane-brakes, or getting such rude conveyances as they could of the settlers from point to point. The Bishop was then writing a series of letters for publication in one of the Southern journals. The description of this part of his tour has a spicy interest which memory has in part preserved. He soliloquizes upon such a plight for "a Bishop" to be in; gives a gentle retort to one who was subsequently his colleague in the Episcopacy, and who had intimated a letting down of the office in latter days; thinks that present surroundings may prove "an antidote to my friend, Dr. C.'s newly-discovered process of episcopal deterioration;" gentle ebullitions of feeling these, very natural under such circumstances, but which no man, perhaps, knows better how to repress than his even-tempered companion in travel.

On the second day of the session the Bishop arrived and took the chair, presiding with dignity, and pressing business with dispatch, but without improper haste; sometimes acting arbitrarily, it was thought, arresting debate, and putting questions when he thought proper, and occasionally administering a sharp rebuke. But the Conference was in its minority and submitted patiently. Upon the whole, I admired his sound discretion and firmness. A case came up which taxed his sympathies, and, in the sequel, evinced that he possessed much of the milk of human kindness. A regular bill of charges had been preferred by an officious and aspiring member of the Conference against an amiable and pious old preacher, founded wholly upon the character and conduct of his faithless wife, and for which it was attempted to hold him responsible from the fact that he continued to live with her. All loved the old brother and pitied him. No personal blame attaching to him, he was, after an exciting trial, easily acquitted. The trial over, the

Bishop followed with some remarks, spoke affectionately and feelingly of his long acquaintance with the accused, paid a high tribute to his moral and religious worth, ironically rebuked the "species of moral alchemy" by which it had been sought to make him a criminal for the acts of another, and attributed all to the unfortunate choice of a wife. He then gave us his memorable speech on marriage, so widely known. "Remember," said he to the young men, "the preacher that marries a wife, marries her for the Church." Portentous words, as they proved in his own history. It was understood that the prospect of a pending presiding eldership was forfeited by the aspirant who figured in the prosecution.

No other Methodist Annual Conference, perhaps, has had so hard a struggle as has fallen to the lot of Arkansas in all its history. The unhealthiness of the climate; the sparse settlements; the unsettled condition of its wealthier semi-citizens, and the poverty of actual settlers; the streams, and sloughs, and insects; the meagerness of ministerial support, and often the want of the necessities of life, with the consequent scanty supply of ministerial experience and ability—all conspired to make its itinerancy an "up-hill work." Volunteers had been called for at other Conferences; quite a number had responded, and among them men of promise; but at the separation of the South most of them returned to their former homes.

The state of things called for a peculiar class of men, and it was not a little amusing to listen to the description of "gifts and graces," given by presiding elders and others in the representation of character. To be able to "swim a slough" with courage and success was an indispensable rarely omitted in recommending a young preacher. Of one it was said, "He is a good shot; can shoulder his rifle, go to the woods, and in a little time bring food to the family where he is entertained." Of another, "He can cut down a tree, dig out a canoe, and paddle it equal to any man in the country." Of one of the presiding elders near the Mis-

Mississippi it was stated that he, with a young preacher, made nearly or quite an entire round on his district in a pirogue, when all the country was navigable, hauling up the craft and tying up during the quarterly meeting, and then resuming the voyage. One of their preachers, who had traveled in Louisiana, related to me an incident of his having passed a night in a wolf-pen or trap, in the forests of the Mississippi. This was done to secure himself from the wild beasts. Fearing, however, that his wolfship might come and claim admittance, he sprung the trap upon himself. How he was extricated from his prison-house in the morning I have now forgotten.

My association with these suffering brethren was pleasant and profitable. I sympathized in their sufferings, admired their courage, and formed some lasting attachments. A very deep interest was taken in our Indian work, and our appointment to an Indian mission was looked upon as an especial favor contrasted with the fields of labor in the State. Our transfers were recognized. I was regularly appointed to "Fort Coffee Academy and Mission," with Rev. H. C. Benson as my colleague; and at my request, Rev. John Page, a native preacher, was associated with us. The mission embraced a considerable district of country adjacent. I had the charge, and was to visit the different points as occasion allowed; Page was to do the principal traveling and preaching among the natives, to have his home at our institution, act as our interpreter, and aid by his influence and efforts among the pupils. Page was a fine, sprightly young Choctaw, full blood, very dark complexion, pious, cheerful, and agreeable. He had been educated at the Indian school at the Great Crossings, in Kentucky, for years under the superintendence of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, afterward Vice-President of the United States. The school had, in the main, proved a failure and been discontinued. A few had been benefited, Page among them. He proved an agreeable and useful helper.

Conference over, I again took up the line of march, ac-



accompanied by brothers Benson and Page. No grass was permitted to grow under our horses' feet, and on the 23d day of November we reached Fort Coffee, and found all in health, except our foreman, who was suffering with sickness.

Now, for the first time, I met Mr. and Mrs. Benson on missionary ground, and soon had evidence of the worth of my associates. The good judgment and management of brother Benson were visible in their results, and his unflagging industry was the theme of all. The large new building was nearly completed for the reception of my family and his, with office, etc. He had, as I learned, labored personally with his hands in the absence or failure of others; even carrying the hod rather than let the work cease. Sister Benson, too, had cheerfully borne up, and, even when his life was hanging in jeopardy, had expressed her determination, in any event, not to leave the place. I saw at once that that mild and gentle exterior incased a brave and noble spirit, and time only confirmed the opinion.

All the other affairs of the institution were in a safe and prosperous condition; and, notwithstanding all our inevitable past hinderances, we still had a prospect of a speedy opening of the school, provided our needful supplies, now stored below, should reach us. The hands in our employ had in some respects taken advantage of my absence. These were quietly dismissed. Many of the mechanics and laborers employed in the country were discharged soldiers, who only could be controlled by strict discipline promptly enforced. With this I succeeded without difficulty.

The great burden of preparatory labor was now over. Matters were assuming a cheerful aspect, and we began to look forward with pleasure to a more settled and regular system of operations, with a little circle of society, now forming around us, which should greatly relieve the *tedium* of our wilderness home. Still, to me the reflection came up, "Wife and children are not here; where? how circumstanced? how long the separation?" These were questions I could not answer.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## PRELIMINARIES—SCHOOL OPENED.

No time was lost in completing arrangements for receiving the large accession contemplated to our numbers, by the hoped-for arrival of my family and the ingathering of the Indian boys scattered over the country that were anxiously awaiting our bidding to come into their expected quarters. Time, however, hung heavily upon my hands; the thought of absent ones, in a strange, rude country; unknown, unprotected, exposed, perhaps suffering. Still I trusted in the providence of God and labored on.

On the 13th day of November business took me to the Agency, already mentioned as five miles distant. Major A. met me with a smile. "I have good news for you," said he. "What is that?" I asked. "Your family are at Fort Smith," he replied. "A boat has just arrived, and they are on board," intelligence to that effect having just reached him. Supposing that the boat would come no higher, and thankful that they were so near, I set off for Fort Coffee in haste for a team to go down and bring them up by land, through the long cane-brake pass that intervened. What sight should greet me on my arrival, but a magnificent steamer lying at our landing, and my wife and children all safely arrived, the former with health greatly improved! If ever gratitude to a kind Providence warmed my heart, I felt it then; and, now that death has removed her beyond the reach of praise or dispraise, I may add, increased admiration of the calm fortitude and resolution that I always knew was possessed by the companion of my life and labors.

The man to whom I had mainly committed my affairs at

Little Rock had, from interested views it would appear, detained my freight, suffering boat after boat to pass. Mrs. G., with good reason, grew dissatisfied with the delay. The river was at a good stage. The fine steamer "Express Mail" touched at the landing, upward bound. The pastor, brother Kerns, was absent. Mrs. G. informed my agent, with whom she boarded, that he might do as he pleased with the freight, but demanded that he should put herself and little ones upon the boat, determined to risk a passage up into the Indian country alone. It was done, the freight being still detained. The appearance of a lady and children on their way to the frontier, unattended, excited inquiry. The reply created an interest in their behalf. Captain Haldeman, a gentleman, in all respects the reverse of our previous churl commandant, was polite and attentive; a personal acquaintance and friend of former years was recognized in one of the officers; the passengers vied with each other in acts of kindness, and the passage was safe and pleasant beyond anticipation. Thus God provided for them, and thus in his providence was happily terminated a most tedious, and, in some respects, painful and disastrous journey, near four months having elapsed since we had left Indianapolis and set our faces to the South-West.

On the day following we were favored with a visit from Rev. Messrs. Parker, Harrel, and Hunter, members of the Arkansas Conference, appointed as a committee to audit the accounts of the institution. Major Armstrong was invited to act with them and settle whatever preliminaries were necessary to the work. Rev. Mr. Harrel was then our presiding elder, and remained to hold our first quarterly meeting.

Our permanent residents being now on the ground the temporary organization was gradually supplanted by that which was intended to remain. Several of the employes were quietly dismissed or permitted voluntarily to retire, their places supplied, and matters began to assume a more settled aspect. Among other reforms was one in the culinary

branch of our household affairs, that department so difficult to fill in all large boarding establishments. Mrs. Benson, as well as her husband, was under salary, having undertaken a department in the institution. Mrs. Goode was under no engagement of the kind. The two ladies, when together, soon demurred to the management of the kitchen, or, as we termed it, our "police regulations." They proposed that the existing *officials* be discharged, and offered to substitute their own voluntary services in their stead till other arrangements should be made. It was done. Our cooks took a downward boat. Months elapsed before the place was regularly filled, and the *interregnum* was supplied by our volunteers, to the no small additional comfort of the inmates, however hard it pressed upon the *pro tem.* functionaries. At the filling of the place Mrs. B. resumed her regular department, but Mrs. G., having become identified with the domestic arrangements, continued her relation, not in the same capacity, the labor being performed by others, but in the general oversight and control. The keys of our store-room were committed to her, and she became the acting stewardess of the concern, a relation that she continued to sustain to the close of our stay; one requiring much time and care, but of vast importance to the economy and comfort of the institution; a service for which she never claimed or received any pecuniary compensation. One said, "She acts as though the institution belonged to her;" this, though intended as a complaint, was received as an encomium.

The interval was employed by brother B. and myself in various mechanical labors, as painting, glazing, white-washing, etc. All was now ready on our part, but still our freight was delayed, including our supply of books, clothing, and other indispensables; delayed, as we had reason to believe, by our agent for purposes of private gain.

Meanwhile the time arrived for the payment of the Choc-taw annuity, in the Me-shu-la-tub-bee district, a season always of great interest and excitement. The manner of

conducting these payments I will hereafter notice. This was held at the District Council-Ground, at Bayou Zeal, otherwise called Yak-ni-a-chuk-ma, or "good ground," the place originally selected as the site for our institution, but afterward substituted by Fort Coffee. I determined to attend. On the way passed the graves of many of the Choctaws that had been swept away by small-pox, immediately consequent upon their immigration. The spectacle gave melancholy proof of the effect of the "removal policy," while it presented affecting evidence of the working of the finer feelings of humanity, even in the savage heart, in the little houses built over the graves, and various tributes of affection for the departed; which, rude and fragile as they were, offered a silent rebuke to the neglect and indifference on this subject often witnessed among those who claim to be civilized. Here we were favored with another entertainment in the form of an Indian dance; but the o-ka-ho-ma, "fire-water," being kept away by the vigilance of the Agent, the frolic passed off without damage.

Weary with protracted delay, it was determined that brother Benson should start for Little Rock in order to hasten our freight. Accordingly, on the 27th of December he set out, and met it on the way on board a petty steam-scow, to which it had been improperly consigned, and which never did succeed in reaching the point of destination. It was reshipped the first opportunity, and after an absence of ten days brother B. returned, bringing our all of worldly substance with him. Thus terminated the transportation of our stores, nearly three months after shipment at Cincinnati, with three subsequent storages and as many reshipments. On opening and examination, the extent of our damage and loss from the steamboat disaster appeared, a mere beginning of scenes afterward made familiar by repetition; but we "pocketed the loss."

Persons and substance, at last, were all on the ground. Our present connection with the freaks and moods of the unreliable Arkansas and its not more reliable navigators

ceased. No time was to be lost in grieving for the past; the future demanded all our attention. Accordingly, upon the 9th day of January, 1844, just two days after the arrival of our goods, we opened our doors for the reception of students already selected by the Council, and anxiously awaiting the time. Our rooms were soon filled with boys of from ten to twenty-one years of age, though the Council designed admitting none over sixteen. Circumstances, which I may hereafter mention, operated greatly in our favor in the selection. Our pupils were, for the most part, full-bloods, selected from various parts of the Nation, and proved to be quite as tractable and subordinate as is usual with boys of their age. Their manners were, of course, rude and unpolished; but in the main their dispositions were gentle and docile.

Brother Benson entered with vigor upon the duties of teacher. A plan was laid down for study, labor, and recreation. On a post, in the center of our area, hung the large bell. Its *reveille* tones roused all, and called them forth at a stated, early hour of the morning; and its *curfew* notes in the evening were the signal for the extinguishment of all lights and retirement to rest. Intermediate signals announced the successive calls and engagements of the day. At a stated hour all were assembled in the school-room, our only chapel, for morning worship, consisting of reading, singing, and prayer. From worship they passed in orderly procession to the dining-hall, where all were seated at once to meals, embracing our own families and the different employés. The students maintained silence during meals, all remaining at the tables till finally dismissed, and retiring in order. Immediately after breakfast they were summoned to labor. The different implements of husbandry for clearing, cultivation, etc., were supplied, and "all hands" spent an hour and a half at labor under the superintendence of myself or one of the teachers. The labor was relieved by cheerful conversation, and the time agreeably and profitably spent. A signal from the bell called off from work, and a

season of recreation ensued. This was spent in various plays, mostly of an athletic character, and affording rare specimens not only of agility and skill, but often of genuine wit and humor, all under a constant but gentle oversight. Another signal called to study, when all assembled at the school-room, and three hours were spent with their books. The twelve o'clock bell released them, and the entire noon-spell was allowed for dining and recreation. Three hours of study followed in the afternoon, succeeded by one hour of labor, and then by recreation, worship, supper, etc. The last bell was, of all others, most reluctantly complied with. Often they were loth to relinquish sport for rest. And not unfrequently have I, after all the rooms were visited, as the custom was, and all found snugly laid away in apparent slumber, had to repeat the visit, and quiet some who had risen, unclothed, from their beds to enter anew upon their frolics.

A few from the abler families came with a tolerable supply of clothing; but, for the most part, they were destitute, and came depending on our supply. The dress was uniform, consisting, in Winter, of gray jeans roundabout and pants, seal-skin cap, brogan shoes, socks, handkerchiefs, etc., and, in Summer, of blue calico hunting-shirt, palm-leaf hat, and other articles to correspond. All the clothing was numbered, and on Saturday evening was distributed, clean and in good repair. Some were remarkably neat and tidy in their persons, while others were slovenly and careless—one so incurably filthy that we were compelled to dismiss him. The new dress produced quite a change of appearance.

Some of our boys had already received English names, while others had only their heathen or Indian names. To such we gave names generally after those of persons known as active and benevolent friends of the cause of missions in the States.

Indian youths are generally apt and quick in elementary studies. Their pronunciation is usually defective, some

sounds being never mastered. But, with this, they learn to spell and read with amazing facility, often before they speak the language or understand the meaning of the lessons. Arithmetic is easily acquired by them. For grammar and the higher branches of lingual study they have little capacity. The mechanical art of penmanship they learn with great ease, while, in composition, even the educated ones commit the most simple and amusing blunders. But their greatest aptness is in music. Most of them possess a fine voice and an excellent ear for music, learning readily to sing by air, or acquiring with facility the principles of the science.

Some of our students were found to be suffering under chronic diseases, and quite a number were affected with ulcers and sores of long standing, some hereditary, others originating from hurts or accidental wounds, and neglected till nearly or quite incurable. Under the directions of our physician I personally undertook their treatment. A considerable time was spent each day in dressing and treating them, and with some degree of success. In this work and in the care of the sick I was greatly aided by our assistant teacher, Mr. David Brigham, an Irish gentleman of good social and moral qualities. Mr. Brigham was a Presbyterian. He had gone to the frontier as a merchant, had been unfortunate, was reduced in circumstances, and sought employment with us. He proved an interesting and valuable accession to our society, staid with us to the close, and accompanied us on our return to the States.

Very erroneous and unfounded opinions are entertained generally as to the skill of the Indians in the treatment of disease. A few simple medicines of value they may have; but, in the general, their treatment is absurd, unnatural, and barbarous. Many an upstart in his profession passes off his quackery and gains a wide reputation by giving out that he "has been with the Indians," or that he has learned the "Indian cures." Many a poor sufferer is led to abandon humane and skillful medical aid, and resort to the



"Indian doctor" with his stupid nostrums, while the Indians themselves place no reliance upon their own skill, and are ready to take medicine from any white man that will administer it. They are greatly addicted to the use of medicine, and especially inclined to blood-letting. Their finding that I had some knowledge of the use of the lancet led to repeated applications to "hurt my arm," or to bleed, which I uniformly refused. A mistake also exists as to the general health and constitutional vigor of the Indians. An opinion is formed from the appearance of those that are seen, at times, traveling in the white settlements. These are their best specimens. Go to their lodges and camp-fires, and you will find a very large proportion of lame, blind, maimed, and diseased in various ways. Most of the mission stations and Government agencies are provided with a supply of medicines for gratuitous distribution to Indians, travelers, and all necessitous persons, and many of the missionaries are compelled to act as physicians, whether making any pretensions to medical acquirements or not.

Several of the students were pious at the time of their coming, and we have good reason to believe that the number was increased during their stay. Never shall I forget the emotions produced in my own feelings on first hearing their singing. Indulging, at one time, an hour of pensive loneliness, and perhaps temporary mental depression, my attention was arrested by singing in one of the rooms. A number of the boys were collected, and singing the verses of an Indian hymn to one of my old, favorite airs. At the close of each Indian stanza all voices would join in the familiar English chorus of

"I am bound for the kingdom," etc.

It was admirably sung, and the effect may be easily imagined by those who, like myself, are "impressible" from this quarter.

They are fond of plaintive airs, and many of their

hymns are well adapted. The name of "Chisus," or "Jesus," often occurs, and it is sung with peculiar softness and devotional effect. I often united with them in singing their own hymns, and carried a separate part. They sing with fervor and apparent devotion. And yet, strange to say, I never yet met with a Choctaw, however well educated, who could render one of their hymns into good, intelligible English. This I could only attribute to a defective translation. I subjoin a single verse, as a specimen of their written language :

"UBA ISHT TALOA.

"Chisus im anumpa hoka  
Okla momut ho haklo ;  
Nanuha kut ultahushke ;  
Im anumpa ha haklo ;  
Chisus okut,  
Pi okchalinchi yoke."

## CHAPTER XV.

## CREEK INDIANS.

TOWARD the Spring of 1844 we were cheered by the arrival of Rev. Wesley Browning, then of Missouri Conference, and formerly of Pittsburg. He came, under appointment of the Bishop, as superintendent of the other institution provided for and endowed by the same act of the General Council with our own, and known as Nun-na-wa-ya. Brother Browning proved to be a valuable and interesting addition to our society. He remained in the country some months, and much of the time was an inmate of our household. He will always be remembered as a brother beloved. From causes, however, to which I need not refer, the institution, which he came to take charge of, never went into operation. The arrangement was changed by an act of the Council, and the fund distributed among other schools.

My attention had been directed by the authorities of the Church to the Creek Indians, and a desire expressed that some examination should be made into their condition, with a view to strengthening our missionary effort among them. With that purpose, upon the 3d of April, brother Browning and myself took passage upon a steamer lying at our landing, bound for Fort Gibson. Two letters written by me at that time, and published in one of our religious journals, will best present the incidents and results of that brief trip of exploration. The former of the two was written from Fort Gibson, Cherokee Nation. I give the larger portion :

“I am now, as you will perceive, at the *ne plus ultra* of

white population in the West, this being nearly, if not quite, the most westerly of all the military posts in the United States. I arrived here this morning, on board the steamer Eveline, in company with Rev. W. Browning, late of Missouri Conference.

"CANTONMENT GIBSON is situated on the Neosho or Grand River, about two miles above its junction with the Arkansas. It is near the north line of the Cherokee Nation, having the Muscogee or Creek country on the west, and the Seminoles scattered over the contiguous parts of both nations. The Cherokee Agency is at this place, and the Agencies of both the Creeks and Seminoles are within a few miles distance. There is also a number of trading-posts in the vicinity. These causes, in connection with its extreme western position in the neighborhood of three of the most powerful and warlike Indian tribes, contribute to render this one of the most important of all our military posts. There are stationed here two companies of dragoons and four companies of infantry. This place, if I mistake not, was styled by Mr. Adams—John Quincy—'the graveyard of the army,' in consequence of its supposed unhealthiness. This opinion originated, I am told, in the great mortality which took place among the officers and soldiers, to the number, perhaps, of one hundred and fifty deaths in one season; occasioned, it is said, by disease contracted by undue exposure in an expedition west. The site is beautiful and commanding, and has every appearance of health. The post has been occupied about twenty years. West of this the settlements of the Creeks extend to a belt of timbered land called the 'Cross Timbers.' Here the timbered land ceases, and the great western openings set in which extend to the Rocky Mountains, occupied by herds of buffalo and equally-wild tribes of roving Indians.

"The regulations at this post, so far as respects health, cleanliness, and general good order, are strict, and the general aspect of the place is that of neatness and comfort. This is true, so far as I have observed, of all our military

posts. The officers live in good style. The religious aspect, however, is far from being flattering. Without chaplains, and seldom having religious service, vice abounds to a fearful extent and almost without control, except as it interferes with army regulations. Intemperance is still the bane of the army, as it is of the Indian tribes. Notwithstanding the withdrawal, by the War Department, of whisky from the regular rations of the soldiers, and the regulations of the United States Government to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits into the Indian country, still both soldiers and Indians can obtain it whenever they have the means to pay for it. So little regard is paid to the regulations upon this subject, that liquor is openly sold to both Indians and soldiers. Even now, while I am writing, the bar of our boat is crowded. It is truly painful to see handsome and sprightly-looking Indian girls standing around and waiting for a dram. Whisky rations are still allowed to soldiers upon 'extra duty.' One of the officers gave us an account of the destruction, by the authorities of the Cherokee Nation, of a quantity of whisky, the property of the United States. Very well done."

The incident here referred to is too good to be lost. Under pretense of "extra" or "fatigue" duty, large quantities of spirits then were, and probably now are, supplied to the different military stations by the Government. A boat, on her passage up, laden with military stores, met with a misfortune which caused her to discharge her freight upon the Cherokee lands. Among the stores were some twenty barrels of whisky. The authorities of the Nation came to hear it, and men were dispatched to execute the law upon it. In vain was it pleaded that it belonged to the Government. The majesty of their law was maintained, the barrels were tomahawked, and the liquor incontinently spilled.

The letter continues: "It is a humiliating fact that the authorities of the Indian tribes are far more prompt and vigilant in this matter than many of the officers of our

own Government. It is even doubted whether there is any less dissipation in the army since the withdrawal of whisky rations than before. Nor will it be better till officers and agents shall unite their efforts in good earnest, and add, in all cases, *example* to the weight of official authority. It is due, however, to say that there are among the officers of the army, at almost every post, men whose morals are unimpeachable, and who lend the whole weight of their influence and authority to the cause of morals and virtue; and some are men of decided piety. Such are an honor to their profession and a blessing to their country. To maintain a character for consistent piety amid the surrounding adverse influences that exist here, marks a noble and elevated mind. Honorable mention might be made of Colonel Loomis, commandant at this place, Major H., of Fort Smith, Dr. B., Surgeon to the arsenal at Little Rock, and others. The first of the above-named gentlemen exerted, as I am told, a most happy influence, while commanding at Fort Towson, in the improvement of the morals of the soldiers, and is successfully prosecuting the same efforts here. We were furnished with letters of introduction to him, but found him absent. We, however, have received polite and courteous attention from other officers.

“But I have said more about military posts and military men than I intended. I now leave them.

“Very favorable changes are taking place among the Creeks. You learn, from the lately-published letter of brother Peter Harrison, a Creek, that the act of their National Council, punishing, under a severe penalty, the preaching of the Gospel, has been suspended. Our Creek brethren have had a fiery trial, and have borne it with Christian fortitude and magnanimity. God is now sending deliverance; the way is again open. I have no doubt that the extreme of violence to which they carry their measures of opposition and persecution is producing a favorable reaction, and that *now* is the time to *strike* in the Creek Nation. I hope that our Church will not be behind. I am now within fif-

teen miles of the residence of brother Harrison, and regret that I shall not be able to see him. I have made particular inquiry, however, and find him to be a young man highly respected for intelligence and piety, and likely to exert a happy influence among his people.

"We this morning had an interview, upon the boat, with the celebrated Seminole Chief, Alligator, and several of his party. He is a small, diminutive old man, much less imposing in appearance than the Seminoles generally. Wild-Cat, whom I saw last Summer at the General Council, is a man of much finer appearance. These two Chiefs have acquired celebrity by the part which they acted in the Florida War. They are about starting, in company with several others, as a delegation to Washington to obtain what they conceive to be their rights. The Seminoles are in a deplorable condition; without home or country, without money, without rations, without habits of life adapted to this climate, and to their present situation. No marvel that they complain! They seem to have lost much of the elevated mien and lofty tread which characterized them at the Council at Tah-le-quah, when surrounded by the other tribes. John Bemo, *alias* John Douglas, the converted Seminole who came West, is laboring among them. His character has been the subject of vile aspersions. I trust he will outlive them all, and be useful.

"One design of our present visit is to open up the way, should Providence permit, to some labors among the Creeks and Seminoles, etc." . . . .

The second of these letters bears date at the Falls of Verdigris, Creek Nation. I extract as follows:

"I wrote you from Fort Gibson. We left that place on the afternoon of to-day, and came down to the mouth of Grand River; thence up Verdigris to this landing, which is the head of steam navigation upon this branch. These three rivers form a beautiful junction, their mouths being so near to each other as to be all seen at one view. The water of Grand River is extremely clear; that of the

Arkansas muddy and of a deep red ; while the color of that of the Verdigris is indicated by its name ; all refusing, like those of the Mississippi and Missouri, to commingle for a long distance below the junction, each pertinaciously keeping to its own side till, at length, the Arkansas prevails and gives character to the stream below. Grand River is a fine stream, and said to be navigable for steamboats to Grand Saline, fifty miles up. [This is the same stream known as the Neosho, upon the head-waters of which, in Southern Kansas, extensive settlements have been since made.] . . . Arkansas River might be ascended by steamboats some four or five hundred miles further, [we were then about eight hundred miles from its mouth,] but there is no inducement, the highest trading-house being within a few miles above the junction. Travelers give accounts of a very remarkable salt-plain, some hundreds of miles up the Arkansas, where salt is formed by natural evaporation. I have seen a large specimen. Canadian River, another of the principal branches, has its mouth some fifty miles below. Its sources lie southward, and it partakes of the same character with the main Arkansas. A short distance below is Webber's Falls. Here was the residence of Vore, who, with his family, was murdered by the Cherokees last Summer. A man who had been in our employ, as a mechanic, at Fort Coffee, was passing the night as a guest in the house of Vore, and shared the fate of the family. He was the 'stranger' spoken of in the published accounts of the affair.

"Upon entering the Verdigris we have the Creek country upon our left. They still adhere to their ancient practice of living together in towns or small communities, each of which has its Chief, and all united under one Head-Chief. The influence of these Chiefs is very great.

"The distinction is still kept up between the 'Upper' and 'Lower' Creeks, which existed previous to their emigration, and each party retains its old name, though their relative positions are reversed. The Upper Creeks retain



their attachment to ancient usages, and, consequently, do not advance so rapidly in improvement. We had a specimen of the villages of the Lower Creeks as we ascended this river, the bank being lined, for about three miles, with cabins and fields occupied by the Coosardie band. The natives perched themselves in crowds upon the shore, greeting us with loud cheers, and waving signals as our boat passed. The Creeks, though less advanced in many respects, have more personal industry than any of the surrounding tribes. They are frequently found, upon steamboats and elsewhere, laboring for wages; a rare occurrence for a Cherokee, and still more so for a Choctaw. They have some excellent soil, and are fast becoming an agricultural people. They raise corn in such quantities as considerably to reduce the price. They have of late taken to the cultivation of rice, which succeeds well upon the lowlands, and bids fair to become a staple article of export.

“ We are here within a few miles distance of the residence of General Roly M’Intosh, Head-Chief of the Nation, [spoken of in a former chapter.] . . . We have also met with Captain Dawson, the Creek Agent, and with Marshall, a chief counselor of M’Intosh, and one of the most influential men of the Nation. Marshall disclaims wholly the oppressive act of the last Council, says it was the act of a minority and never was a law, and that the way is now open for preaching the Gospel among them. It is evident, however, that from causes which need not be named, [previous failures,] there exists a jealous distrust of missionaries, which can only be removed by time, guarded movements, and the most exemplary conduct on their part; and on part of the Nation, a fair experiment of the benefits of missionary operations, confidence among them will be slowly regained. The American Board has a missionary establishment among them, and the Department at Washington is taking measures for the opening of several schools upon a small scale. The Nation has an ‘orphan fund’ sufficient to support one or two good institutions, which

they are desirous, with the consent of the Government, of appropriating in that way. Marshall speaks in respectful terms of the character and deportment of the members of our Church in the Nation. We design, if Providence permit, visiting the settlements and administering the ordinances of religion to these suffering, persecuted followers of Christ.

“Here the same scene has been acted over again as at Fort Gibson; the bar open, and the boat crowded with Indians, men, women, and children. There are also numbers of abandoned, *loafing* white men, who, under one pretense or other, are prowling about the Indian country, greatly to the annoyance of some, and the corruption and debasement of others. Marshall informs me that the country is greatly infested with gamblers, of whom he expresses great abhorrence and desire for their expulsion. The worst of the population is usually found about the steamboat landings and other public places. In the interior there is probably more sobriety and virtue.

“All our company, whites and Indians, have suddenly disappeared from the boat. I learn that they have repaired to a house not far distant for a dance, and probably a drunken debauch. How ardently should Christians pray that these benighted regions should speedily be visited with the light of Divine truth!”

As I may not again have occasion to speak of the Creek Indians, a few more particulars may be added. They are one of the largest tribes of removed Indians, numbering about twenty thousand, nearly the same with the Choctaws or Cherokees. The original name of the tribe is “Mus-co-gees.” Of this they are proud, rejecting the appellation of Creeks with disdain. Their warlike character is matter of history. The Seminoles, now a small band, are of common origin with them. The Creeks hold some slaves, though not so many as the Choctaws, Chickasaws, or Cherokees. They have intermingled largely with the negroes by marriage. Some of their leading men are of the mixed blood.

Such amalgamations are now forbidden by law, under penalty of whipping for the first offense and death for the second; and M'Intosh, the present Chief, enforces it sternly.

Missionary operations among them in past years were attended with promising success. A number were converted, and remained steadfast. But confidence was forfeited by gross misconduct on part of persons appointed as missionaries at an early time, and a prejudice was conceived against the missionary work that has never been removed. The persecutions referred to in the foregoing extract were revived again the following year, as will be seen from the following extract of a letter subsequently received by me, dated "North Fork, Creek Nation, February 11, 1845." I give it as written, orthography and all, being a specimen of Indian composition of the better class.

"BROTHER W. H. GOODE—SIR,—I this day feel it my — to write a few lines by Bro. Smedley, to inform you that persecution lately Broke out in the Town of North Fork, and one of our Baptist Bro., named Jesse, was Caught at his Residence and Received fifty lashes on his naked back. The same evening when we appointed to hold meeting at Bro. D——'s old place, one of our Exhorters named Moses when he was Coming down to our appointed meeting he was taken by his cruels friends and they made him stood between two trees and his arms were extended and his legs stretched, too much like the Crucifixion of our Savior and they gave him fifty. This is not all, one of our old native woman on account of being the first Convert in the Oke-ti-oc-na Town received the Same. Bro. Peter Harrison threatened to be whiped, because he is the first on the Arkansas side. . . . Oh, pray for us, tell our Brethren to pray for us, &c., &c."

Major William Armstrong, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, strongly urged upon the Creeks the appropriation of their funds to schools similar to ours at Fort Coffee.

There is now before me an extract from a letter of his to Roly M'Intosh, in which he pays a tribute to the missionary operations of our Church in that country, himself being of a different religious persuasion. He writes :

“I have recommended the Methodist Society, under a full conviction that they are better qualified, taking every thing into view, to conduct a manual-labor school than any other.”

A deep interest was awakened in my mind in behalf of this people, and a desire that, so soon as our enterprise among the Choctaws was fully organized and under way, the seat of my own labors should be transferred to the Creeks. These plans, however, were prevented by the occurrence of unforeseen circumstances in the history of the Church, which withdrew me from a field of Southern labor earlier than anticipated.

Dawson, the Agent referred to in one of the foregoing extracts, a few months after killed, in a rencounter, Seaborn Hill, a wealthy and influential trader among the Creeks, and member of a well-known house in New Orleans. Dawson fled the country. So much for the example and influence of Government officers. Poor Indians! The “tender mercies” of the white man have been “cruel” indeed to them.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## AFFAIRS AT FORT COFFEE.

Our work at Fort Coffee was now in a prosperous condition. The institution was succeeding, and all were peaceful and contented. Our society was small, but we were confidentially united in common Christian feeling and effort, and so remained to the last. Our harmony was never disturbed.

Our Indian boys, though freakish and attached to their own habits of life, were easily controlled. No bad case of insubordination ever occurred under our charge. A plentiful supply of palatable food has much to do in fixing the local attachments of an Indian. No small object is attained by them when their precarious and often scanty subsistence is exchanged for regular and ample diet. This had been carefully provided for in the act of the Council establishing the school, by requiring that the Superintendent and teachers, with their families, should take their meals with the pupils at the common table—an arrangement always carried out in Indian schools. Our culinary and domestic departments were provided for by the employment of a family of colored persons, among whom the labors were distributed, thus releasing the ladies of our household from the heavy labors which, for a time, they had voluntarily assumed, and allowing them to return to their appropriate positions.

The progress of the pupils generally in learning was satisfactory and encouraging, and their labors, though only at intervals of the day, contributed to the cultivation and enlargement of our mission farm. Regular religious services were held on the Sabbath, attended by our own household,

now numbering about fifty, the whites and slaves from the Agency and trading-post, and native Choctaws and Cherokees of the vicinity, constituting a congregation of considerable size. Class meetings were introduced, a Sunday school organized, and all the machinery of religious training and education put into motion.

The Spring of 1844 was a season of extraordinary and continued rains. These were followed by the "June rise," from the melting of the mountain snows, which, finding the river already swollen and earth saturated, raised it to an extraordinary height. Four several times, within three months, the Arkansas overflowed its banks. For a length of time intercourse was cut off by land, and even navigation checked by the fury of the current. The lowlands were inundated, cotton crops destroyed, and great damage done to farms, mills, etc., in the State below us. Much injury was sustained from the falling in of the banks. Towns suffered from the encroachments of the river. But our own majestic bluff, like another Gibraltar, stood out midway the stream, and braved the fury of the current; and, peninsulated as we were by the world of waters, the only effect of the dashing surges was to lull us to repose in the stillness of the evening.

During this suspension of intercourse, the memorable scenes of the General Conference of 1844 were in progress. Exciting subjects, too, were occupying the attention of the National Congress. All the elements of ecclesiastical and political strife seemed to be in commotion, while, through the inevitable failure of the mails, we were kept in utter darkness as to the events transpiring, except as a straggling paper might by chance reach us, and barely indicate the war and tumult that were raging. What disposal was to be made of us, distant, voiceless, fettered as we were? Were we to be bargained off and delivered over, *volens volens*? What was to be the fate of our work? Indignantly did we, in conversation with the few friendly outsiders around us, repel the insinuation of a probable dis-

ruption of our body-ecclesiastic. At length, however, the *finale* was reached. It was announced, in a letter that came to hand near midsummer, from a clerical friend, who, up to that time, had been an avowed and inveterate hater of what he was pleased to term the "abominable system of slavery," but who is, to this day, adhering and laboring in the ranks of Southernism, as follows: "Well, the General Conference is through at last, and the Church is not quite pulled to pieces; but it is believed that a division is inevitable. A basis is laid and a highway thrown up for each party to pick up their pack and walk deliberately off. And there are some, both North and South, that will, no doubt, gladly embrace the opportunity."

During much of the time of our isolation, we were favored with the company of brother Browning, detained a prisoner of the floods. At a later period we entertained as guests, for some time, Rev. Sydney Dyer and lady, who had come out as missionaries under the auspices of the Baptist Church. Mr. D. did not remain long in the Indian country. Since his return East he has become a popular writer of poetry. Other occasional guests enlivened our little circle; but, among all the members of our group, there was none who imparted more cheerfulness and pleasure to our social intercourse than our never-forgotten sister, Mrs. Benson. Always placid, serene, unruffled, let whatever causes of disquietude there might affect the minds of others, she calmly sat at her window and sung away the hours of daily employment. Often have her melodious notes cheered me in the distance, while my constitutional impetuosity has been checked and my periods of temporary depression encouraged, in words, by the nearer approaches of another voice, now hushed and silent in the grave.

At the General Conference of that year a new arrangement was made for the Indian work. The whole country between Red River and the Missouri, and between the States and the Rocky Mountains, was formed into an Indian Mission Conference, with a Superintendent appointed by the

Bishop over the whole. Rev. J. C. Berryman, of Missouri Conference, and late of the Indian Manual-Labor School among the Shawnees, was appointed Superintendent. The creation of the Conference was a wise and necessary measure. Our mission work always suffers so long as it is a mere appendage of the established work of the older Conferences. Experience has amply demonstrated this. The office of Conference Superintendent, however, was a *sine-cure*, serving only to clog and complicate the machinery by creating a system of threefold superintendency and sub-superintendency between the fountain of authority and the actual operatives. The simpler all the machinery of our missionary organization the better, and the more directly responsible all its functionaries are for their acts the more smoothly and efficiently will the wheels roll on. The first annual session of our new Mission Conference was fixed at the Shawnee school; but it was subsequently changed to the Cherokee Council-Ground at Tah-le-quah.

I have before referred to our large Church membership among the Choctaws and Cherokees, and also to the early piety of some of our pupils. There is an interesting simplicity generally found in Indian piety, little concealment or apparent dissimulation. True, there are many relapsings and backslidings, and some fearful falls; and what less could be expected where there is so little light and so great exposure? But these are, for the most part, open and palpable, attended with frank confession, which opens the way to penitence and restoration—unlike the studied consistency of deportment which, among us, often marks the outward life of the inwardly fallen, and which effectually cuts them off from the pastoral and disciplinary treatment so essential to their recovery and reestablishment in piety. Indians professing to be converted seem to think it a matter of course that they should, on all occasions, bear the cross in public religious exercises. I never recollect a single refusal to pray or to speak when occasion required it. I was peculiarly impressed with the scenes of our first love-feast



held among the Indian members connected with Fort Coffee Mission. Each in succession among the men and women would arise and modestly walk forward, take a position near my seat, and declare the dealings of God with their souls with all the simplicity and apparent docility of a child approaching to recite a lesson, and then retire.

The history of the boys, after our separation from the work, was, in a great measure, lost to me. Enough, however, was seen and heard to show that the labor bestowed upon them had not been in vain. Some entered useful avocations, one, at least, became a minister among his people, and several passed away in early life, I trust, to a mansion in the heavenly home.

Among the employés of our establishment was one whom I will not forbear to mention, both on account of the intrinsic merits of his own character and as an illustration of the workings of the *peculiar institution* of the South. Soon after my taking charge at Fort Coffee, I was advised by a brother minister to employ among our laborers one or more negro slaves, lest, by seeming to avoid them and employing white persons in preference, I should incur the imputation of being an "abolitionist." I failed to appreciate the reasoning of my good brother. But what his arguments had failed to accomplish was afterward effected by considerations of a different character. The failure, as before stated, of our German cooks, and the severe and unintended drudgery temporarily imposed upon members of our own household, created a case of necessity which could be disposed of in no other way. Accordingly I employed an entire family of sufficient force to perform, with occasional help, the labors of the kitchen, laundry, dormitories, and all incidental service. The head of the family was the man Charles, a stalwart African in the prime of life, large, well formed, and of immense muscular power. Charles had been raised a slave, mostly in the army in the service of the officers. His principal employment had been that of a cook, but he was instructed in performing genteel serv-

ice generally. Part of the duty required of him, while at a certain station, was the care of his temporary master, Captain S., in his drunken frolics. The directions of the Captain were that, whenever he should become so drunk as to be ungovernable, Charles should seize and forcibly confine him till sober, so as to prevent his violence; a service which the superior courage and muscular power of the noble slave enabled him easily to perform.

Charles had purchased his own freedom and that of his eldest daughter, but the wife and remaining children were still in slavery. He hired the time of his wife for a stipulated sum, besides maintaining for the owner a large family of fine, healthy slave-children, with their annual growth and increase in value, and an almost annual addition to their numbers. I have even paid for him, out of his own hard earnings, a bill of some magnitude for medical attendance upon his wife at the birth of a child born into slavery. Such was the confidence reposed in him by the owner of his wife and children, that he was permitted to make his own contracts and receive payment of their hire; and with him I contracted. He and his family performed their part well, and contributed no little to the comfort of our large household.

With all his other good qualities Charles was pious. Wicked and unfriendly to piety as had been the influences and associations around him, he had for years been a consistent and worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and at that time he held a regular license as an exhorter. In all the ordinary duties of his station he was strictly honest, prompt, and reliable; not wholly free, it is true, from traits almost always found among slaves, and which may be apologized for as the "*vitium loci non hominis*," but true to the standard of morals which he believed correct. I could confide in his integrity. He exhibited great attachment to Mrs. G., under whose control the domestics were mainly placed; and, with great seeming affection, nursed her in illness, his great strength enabling

him, when necessary, to raise her and carry her from place to place in his arms as a child. He had our confidence; we had his affection. He remained with us to the last, and, I believe, himself left soon after. At our parting we left him suffused in tears. Many less worthy have been the subjects of higher eulogy.

Another African, of rather singular character, lived near the mission; an aged woman, having the appearance of a centenarian at least, feeble, emaciated, and almost bowed together. She had been kidnapped on the coast of Africa in early life, and had spent her long years in slavery. Still nominally the property of an Indian near by, but being of no further value she was turned out to die. I found her living alone in a rude little hut or pen of poles, in rear of the mission premises. With all her sufferings she presented an affecting illustration of the workings of maternal affection. "My poor boy buried here," said she, giving a reason for her attachment to the dreary spot.

Business engagements often called me to Fort Smith, where I always found a welcome and hospitable home at the large hotel of Captain Rogers, an old citizen, with whom many of the army officers made their quarters. With several of these I had an interesting acquaintance, and from the hands of some received offices of kindness. About this time disturbances upon our southern border began to take place. General Zachary Taylor was changed from his position, and placed in command of the southern division of the army, and afterward, at the head of the army, against Mexico. His place was supplied by General Arbuckle, a man of fine military appearance and affable manners, but too far advanced in life for active service, to say nothing of the superior reputation, as an officer, already won by General Taylor. I might name also Major Hunter,\* Major Hoffman, and Captain Hoffman, his son, both

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\* Now Major-General Hunter of the army; a courteous and dignified Christian gentleman, a kind and warm-hearted friend; one that may be trusted in *any times*.—1863.

of whom, I believe, fell in Mexico a few years after. Several of these gentlemen were members of the Presbyterian Church.

It was occasionally my privilege to spend a Sabbath there, and I always found the officers of the army among the most regular and respectful listeners, and liberal in their contributions for the support of the Gospel. During the absence of my friend, Rev. J. C. Parker, presiding elder of the district, in attending the General Conference of 1844, I, at his request, took charge of a quarterly meeting at Fort Smith. It was soon after a debate in Congress, in which a certain M. C., from my own State, made the declaration that the principles of Christianity were "incompatible with the institutions of our country." In lifting the ordinary quarterly collection for the preachers upon the work, I placed the appeal to the audience on the ground that Christianity was the basis of our free institutions, and referred to the fact that but a solitary member was found, who would rise in his place in the National Legislature, and utter such a sentiment, while the vote in the case stood recorded as an avowed, though incidental, acknowledgment of the Christian religion as the great foundation of civil liberty. It seemed to take, and a hearty response followed, not, indeed, in the form of audible "Amens," but in gold and silver coins, liberally thrown forth, as indicating their suffrages in favor of the Gospel; an evidence that such sentiments find but little sympathy among our army officers, with a view to whose vocation they seem to have been expressed.

About the same time an "affair of honor" came off near to us; not among savages, who are never guilty of such brutality; not among army officers, who are supposed to be most subservient to the vile code; but between two *gentlemen* of the civil list from below the State line, one of them since in high office, who came up into the Indian country, and deliberately shot at each other—thus affording to the natives a gratuitous exhibition of the blessings of civilization, but carefully retiring below the line again before the

process of Cherokee law could reach them. A blarneying son of the Emerald Isle, with whom I often ferried, had been employed to transport the party to the place of encounter. Pat was a generous, kind-hearted fellow, and afterward entertained me with an account of his magnanimous efforts for a reconciliation while he had them on his boat. "I offered," said he, "to give up all my ferriage, and take the whole company back free of charge, if they would only give it up and make friends."

The first term of our school closed on the 24th of July, by a public examination, in presence of the United States Agent, and such of the authorities of the Nation, and other persons, as chose to attend. The students sustained themselves well, and dispersed to their homes to spend a vacation during the Summer months, previous to the commencement of the regular Fall term.

As some evidence of the reputation of our school, it may be stated that applications were made for the reception of white pupils from some of the best families below the State line; but our organization forbade it.

Our Winters at Fort Coffee were bland and fine; the Summers were long, warm, and dry. All laborious business was suspended for some two months, in the heat of Summer. The thermometer, much of the time, stood at over one hundred in the shade, and not unfrequently, at the hour of retirement in the evening, was at ninety in our chamber.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## EXCURSIONS AND INCIDENTS.

THE vacation season was spent necessarily with as little exertion and exposure to the sun as possible. Not only were our pupils dismissed to their homes, but all the employés of the establishment were discharged, except one colored family, and a single man to look after the teams. All active employment was suspended, and much of the traveling done at unusual hours. Brother Benson and myself availed ourselves of the leisure to make occasional trips, alternately, to various points in the State, and in the interior of the Indian country.

We traveled much alone, and always unarmed, though the custom of the country was to the contrary. The frontier was infested with robbers and cut-throats. Major A. once said to me, "I not only go armed, but I never suffer any man to pass me on my left side." Robberies and murders were frequent. My business necessarily required me to carry considerable sums of money, yet I never failed to travel when and where duty or inclination led me. In a single case only, at the suggestion of brother B., stated trips on certain days of the week, over a particular road, were discontinued, from the supposition that our regularity, and a knowledge of the fact of our carrying funds, might render us rather a tempting mark. At our home we kept arms.

During the vacation we were left comparatively unprotected. The smallness of our number; our contiguity to the Cherokees, among whom were many scenes of violence; the suspicious white men prowling around; all conspired to place us on our guard. Once we had reason to believe that an actual attempt had been made. For a length of

time I slept with arms at my head; and additional means of defense were placed in other hands, with cautions not to use them except in case of actual necessity. One incident I shall never forget, from its pleasant termination. Seated with Mrs. G., upon a Summer evening, on a porch in the rear of our dwelling, we saw a canoe loaded with Indians gliding down the current of the Arkansas, and approaching our place in a suspicious manner, as we thought, till the bluff concealed them from our view. The rifle was taken down, fired, reloaded, and placed conveniently for quick action. Some time was spent in waiting and listening. At length we heard on the opposite shore a voice, as of one giving out the lines of a hymn, followed by united voices in singing, and the same process repeated as through the verses of the hymn, after the manner of our own Church; then followed the voice of one apparently leading in earnest prayer. I said to my wife, "We have nothing to fear, they are converted Indians." They had encamped for the night, and were holding their devotions. We laid us down and slept without apprehension.

Early in September of this year, it was my privilege to attend a camp meeting upon Shoal Creek, in the interior of the State of Arkansas, within the bounds of Dardanelle circuit. It was held under the superintendence of Rev. J. C. Parker, presiding elder of the district, an esteemed friend, of whom I have several times had occasion to speak. Though comparatively young, he had attained an enviable position in his Conference, being recognized as their leading member; had served in the General Conference of 1844; co-operated with the South through the preliminaries of separation, and immediately after located, in the prime of life, popularity, and usefulness. His reasons I never learned, and his subsequent history is unknown to me. His intercourse with me was that of a brother beloved, free and confidential, except upon the subject of Church division, in which he kept his own counsels. At this camp meeting he was especially attentive and affectionate, saying that he wished to "honor me all he

could," as he "might never have the opportunity again." Whether this referred to his own intended movements, or was spoken in anticipation of mine, I have never known.

I was accompanied on this trip by my excellent young Indian colleague, Rev. J. Page; a fine traveling companion, modest and pious, but full of innocent glee. The days of horseback traveling passed pleasantly. The afternoon of the first day I preached on Vache Gras, and in the evening Page preached at our lodgings. The second day took us to Cane Creek, and the morning of the third brought us to the encampment. It was in the county of "Yell," named for their chivalrous but subsequently ill-fated Governor. Not remote were the Dardanelle Mountains, a branch of the Ozarks. The scenery was fine, the season pleasant, congregations large, and order good. The presence and labors of an Indian preacher tended not a little to increase the interest. The people were kind, simple-hearted, and apparently much engaged in religion. The Divine presence and power were manifested in no small degree.

During much of the time the quarterly conference was employed in adjusting the preliminaries of Church division. To none of these scenes, there or elsewhere, was I ever invited. As a result, a larger share of pulpit labor devolved on me, and I had full leisure to enjoy the religious exercises. Some incidents of interest occurred, one of which, deeply affecting in itself, proved tragical in its end.

At an early stage of the meeting, while in the pulpit, my attention was arrested by the appearance of one whose entire *contour* and bearing marked him as superior to the masses around him. Large, portly, and commanding in person; an unassuming and seemingly devout worshiper; in him was seen the true dignity of the Southern gentleman, without the affected *hauteur* so often put on. At the close of service he approached the stand, and I was introduced to Judge C., of a Virginia family of that name, part of whom are early and prominent residents of the State of Indiana. I found him to be what his appearance indicated,



with social qualities that adorned the whole character. Days passed; the people prayed; the Word had effect, and the interest deepened and widened. Many were under powerful awakenings, and it was the practice of the praying brethren, at the approach of the hour of evening service, to retire to the grove, taking with them such as were known to be seekers of religion, and spend a solemn hour wrestling with God in their behalf previous to the signal for evening worship. Among them, as they retired, was always seen the Judge with his own brother after the flesh, a man of mature years, but unconverted and hitherto impenitent. Deeply concerned for his spiritual welfare, the Judge had prevailed on him to accompany them to these scenes of prayer, and there he wrestled with him and with God for him, with an intensity amounting to agony. So it passed till my departure, the meeting being left still in progress. Days, perhaps weeks, elapsed after my return. One day I met, in traveling, one who asked me, "Have you heard of the death of Judge C.?" The question fell upon my ears with piercing sadness. In one of these seasons of prayer with that loved brother, his earnestness rose so high that, in the agony of exertion, a bloodvessel was ruptured, and death ensued. His happy spirit passed away from among the shouts of the redeemed below, to a mansion in the heavenly home. Never can I forget the scenes of Dardanelle camp meeting.

Not long after I attended an Indian camp meeting on James's Fork, among the Choctaws. It requires but little effort for Indians to prepare for a camp meeting, so little deviation being required from their ordinary mode of life. All that is needed is to pack the ponies with blankets and a little simple food, such as they usually carry in traveling, mount and make their way to the appointed spot, unload under the shade of a tree of their own selection, hopple the ponies and turn them loose, strike a camp-fire and make themselves at home. And so accustomed were we to habits almost similar that we easily adapted ourselves to circumstances. While our good brethren and sisters in the States

have such terrible apprehensions of the effects of exposure to the "night air," and seem to think that a great feat has been performed by spending a week "in the woods," though in close tents with stoves, beds, curtains, carpets, and all the surroundings of home comfort, we have learned to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the night, whether in the employment of public worship, or sleeping securely in the open air with the canopy of heaven for our covering, and in no one instance have I known health to suffer as a result. This camp meeting, however, was thinly attended, and no very marked results followed, our working force on the north side of the Nation being too small for a successful meeting of the kind.

In one of my frequent excursions down into the State, I met with an incident strikingly illustrative of the great folly of deferring a preparation for death, temporally or spiritually, to the last hour. On my way to the town of —, where I was to spend a Sabbath, I called at the house of Colonel —, an acquaintance, a man of standing and influence, but with no pretensions to religion. I found him suddenly indisposed, resting on a pallet on the floor, but without any alarming symptoms. I passed on. The next day was the Sabbath; the public services of the sanctuary were almost gone through; the closing prayer was being made; we were upon our knees in the pulpit, when a messenger entered in haste, walked down the aisle, and, without waiting for the close of the prayer, approached me saying, "Colonel — is dying; they want you to come and see him." Promptly obeying the summons, I hastened to the bank of the river, where a boat was in waiting to take me over to his residence. Here I found my friend, Judge —, an attorney of the place, who had been sent for to write his will. Here we were, both in the same boat; the lawyer going to wind up the temporal concerns of the dying man, and the minister to pray with him and point his dying eye to Christ; all the interests of time and eternity crowded into a brief space, and that an hour of

pain, debility, and trembling agitation. O, what a scene! Arrived at the place, the "tender mercies" of the physician turned us both out of doors. "Do n't excite him; let him alone; he will get well," were the words that prevailed. We returned. I recrossed the river, musing upon the lesson. The Sabbath closed. Morning came. I again passed and found a mournful group preparing for the obsequies. The spirit had fled.

An incident occurring near to us may serve to illustrate the rude contacts of frontier life. I have before had occasion to mention an extensive trading-house, kept within a few miles of our station by an Eastern gentleman, to whose amiable and excellent character I have already paid a tribute, but who, in this connection, shall be nameless. He was a man rather under the medium size, but of extraordinary muscular power and activity, with all the personal courage requisite for frontier life, but, at the same time, of soft, gentle, sensitive mold; altogether of too fine a texture for the rough scenes to which his position exposed him. On the road, between our place and the trading-house, lived a large, rugged, athletic fellow, with just Indian blood enough to claim Indian privileges and exemption from punishment for his rude and insolent conduct; generally a far worse class than the real Indians. He had threatened trouble to us; and the authorities of the Nation had proposed to interfere in our protection; but supposing that I could manage him myself, I desired them to let him alone, which they accordingly did. On one occasion, going to the trading-house, I found my friend, the proprietor, in deep mental affliction. He had killed —. The man in a rage, perhaps partially drunk, had called in the store for a butcher-knife to use in a fight with some other Indians near. It was, of course, refused. Enraged at the refusal he leaped the counter, and was about to take a knife by force. The merchant, though greatly his inferior in size, seized him, drew him over the counter, and thrust him out of doors, striking him in the struggle several times with his

fist. The man went home, took his bed, and died in twenty-four hours. His powerful arm, under the influence of excitement, had dealt blows of the force of which he was unconscious; and which, upon a system already poisoned by liquor, proved fatal. The circumstances precluded all censure. Still the thought that his hand had slain a fellow-being preyed fearfully upon his kind and sensitive nature. At his desire I went to the cabin of the family, where the corpse was still lying, and conversed with the wife of the dead man, she being a white woman. She complained bitterly of the alleged murder of her husband. I advised her, knowing that she would gain little sympathy from others, to keep quiet and let Mr. — alone; intimating to her that, from his present feeling and his well-known generosity, she would gain by such a course, while by a different one she would repel him, and deprive herself of his needed aid. I returned. Mr. — made all arrangements for the burial at his own expense, and the woman, profiting by my hint, played a bold game upon the tender feelings of my friend, making the occurrence a source of revenue as long as she had access to him.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## INDIAN TRAITS AND INCIDENTS.

SOME further particulars respecting Indian character and habits may find a place here. And it will be borne in mind that our observations are still mainly confined to southern Indians. The more northern tribes will have a notice in a subsequent part of our volume.

One leading sentiment I will not omit—the connection always kept up in their minds between intellectual and moral improvement. Education with them is invariably regarded as leading to civilization, morals, and Christianity. Hence they are received or rejected together. They have not learned the infidel notion of the opposition of the one to the other, or even of the existence of the one separate from the other. What God has “joined together” they do not seek to “put asunder.” And all these they expect to receive through the efforts of Christian missionaries. By no other hand has the tender of educational aid been made to them. A single instance, perhaps, only can be found upon the continent of an Indian school not under religious control and management, and that soon died away; an experiment of the United States Government, which they have not seen fit to repeat.

I have several times referred to the existence of slavery among the southern Indians. Living within the bounds of slave States previous to their removal west, some of them were already the owners of slaves; and some of the tribes, especially the Chickasaws, made large investments in slave property out of the funds paid them by the Government at the time of their emigration. The Choctaws and Cherokees

had a considerable number of slaves, and a few were held by the Creeks.

The most extensive slave-owners were found among the "half-breeds"—a general term for mixed bloods in all proportions—some of whom were wealthy. These were not unfrequently hard masters, exacting labor with rigor and punishing with severity. With this exception, Indians are generally indulgent masters. Having no systematic labors themselves, they exact none from their slaves. When the owners are straitened for provision, they suffer with them, and when there is plenty they enjoy their full share. Sometimes, in a fit of rage or a drunken frolic, an Indian may wound or even kill his slave; but I have never heard of a case of cool, deliberate punishment of a slave by a full-blood Indian.

The superior intelligence and information of the slave over his Indian master and family often gives him quite a prominence. He only speaks English. He is the interpreter, manages the trading, entertains the white guests, does the honors of the house, and, in short, is the *factotum* of the establishment. I knew a family of slaves that actually took care of their owners, a set of minor orphan children, cultivated the farm, reared the family, and provided for their wants with all apparent kindness. One might have thought that the case was reversed, and that the Indians were owned by the negroes. Many of the slave women were excellent cooks, and contributed greatly to the comfort of the family and of guests by their preparation of food.

Indian masters are quite as jealous of their "rights" and quite as sensitive to the reproach of "abolitionism" as their civilized neighbors. Like them, too, they have laws against the instruction of slaves. I once myself, unwittingly, incurred the penalty. At the close of a sermon to a mixed audience of whites, blacks, Indians, and quadroons, at a certain place, I distributed tracts. Some fell into the hands of slaves. In due time I was waited upon

by a functionary of their Government, who gravely informed me that I had violated the laws of the Nation. In compassion, however, as I suppose, to my "*ignorantia legis*," they doffed the "*neminem excusat*," and let me pass—a stretch of mercy that might not now be exercised, with the examples of "civilized life" before them.

I have spoken of their food as being derived mainly from the flesh of cattle, owned by them in large numbers. When they can, they purchase flour, coffee, sugar, etc. There is one prevailing article of diet found among all the tribes of southern Indians, and highly relished by them. The Choctaws call it "tah-ful-lah," the Cherokees "con-e-ha-na," and the Creeks "saf-ka." It is the Indian corn, pounded in a mortar by the women, after the manner of our hominy, and boiled, leaving a large quantity of the liquid with it. To this is added a small portion of lye, and it is set away in a vessel till it undergoes a fermentation, after which it is ready for use. With the Choctaws it may be called a "national dish." The most approved style of eating it is from a large, common bowl, with a buffalo-horn spoon, which is passed from hand to hand in a social manner. No white man is considered as having graduated to Choctaw honors and immunities till he has learned to eat tah-ful-lah. I was a slow learner in this department.

All Indian tribes are greatly addicted to sports and games. I can not furnish a better view of these than by extracting from a letter of my own, dated July 18, 1844, being one of a series published in a weekly journal in one of the States:

"After all the advancement made by the principal tribes of southern Indians, there are still some of their rude and barbarous customs to which they adhere with great tenacity, especially their ancient sports, to which the more unenlightened, comprising the mass of the population, are ardently attached. Formerly these sports were mere athletic exercises. The contest was for victory only, and with this the successful party was content. They were then compar-

atively harmless. But intercourse with the whites has contaminated them in this, as in most other respects. Their presence and the interest taken by them excite the Indians, and urge them on to new forms of vice. Betting is extensively practiced. Cattle, ponies, or any thing else which they possess, are staked upon the issue. Drinking and other attendant vices prevail, and the whole scene is made to resemble the race-course as patronized by their 'enlightened' white neighbors.

"The leading and favorite sport of the Choctaws is the ball-play. Having never witnessed one, I extract the following from a description given by the late commandant of the United States forces at this place. He says: 'It is rough and wild. The combatants engage in the contest entirely naked, except the flap. The interest and zeal which the natives of the forest take in the play frequently attract ladies as spectators; sometimes, however, those of extreme delicacy may have occasion to blush. It is considered something of a national feast, and is often conducted by some of the leading captains with great regularity and order. Preparatory to commencing operations an extensive plain is selected, on one side of which two poles are erected about twenty feet high and placed about six inches apart at the ground, diverging in such manner as to be about two feet apart at the top. On the opposite side of the plain, or about two hundred yards distant, two other poles are placed in the same manner. The parties to the contest varying in number as may be agreed upon, meet in the center, where a ball is thrown up from two sticks about two feet long, with a small netting or basket-work at the end, and the strife commences. This consists in each party keeping the ball on their own side of the center, and passing it the greatest number of times between the poles of the side to which they belong. The excitement and strife become very great. Men are often hurt and sometimes killed. It sometimes requires more than a day to determine the contest. Bets usually run very high!'



"This game seems not unknown to the surrounding Nations. The same writer says: 'It was formerly resorted to to settle contested points of difference. A very serious difficulty which arose between the Cherokees and Creeks, about thirty years ago, was settled in that manner, and the horrors of war prevented!'

"This is the season of the year for these sports. They frequently interfere with and sometimes entirely break up our preaching appointments in this part of the Nation. It is in vain to attempt to draw attention to any thing else at or about the time. Last year a camp meeting upon this mission was prevented entirely in this manner. There has recently been a great contest of this kind in the south of the Nation between the Puch-she-nub-bee and Puch-ma-ta-ha districts. One man was shot and several stabbed, though, I believe, not mortally. Several games have come off in this (Me-shu-la-tub-bee) district, and others are yet pending.

"An Indian, one of our nearest neighbors, returning from a play recently held near the Council-House at Yakin-a-chuk-ma, was murdered by his own family. His son has been tried and convicted, but has obtained a new hearing; meanwhile he is left at perfect liberty. A full-blood Choctaw, it is said, never flees to evade a trial or punishment, but will at the day appointed punctually attend his trial; or if already convicted and sentenced, the place of execution; unless, as is frequently the case, he, in the mean time, becomes his own executioner. The half-breeds, or those who have some 'white man's blood,' are more likely to flee from justice."

The ball-play was sometimes resorted to in the rude district in which we lived to secure an attendance at courts and other places of necessary public business. So little interest was felt by the natives and even by the officials of our section in the administration of public affairs, that a call to duties of that character was very little regarded. But the summons to a ball-play called out the *posse comitatus*; and, while there, the opportunity was incidentally

afforded for holding of courts, trying criminals, and other public business.

A barbarous scene occurred the same season, on one of these occasions, at the Council-Ground of our district, growing out of the parricide already referred to. A large, athletic, and rather desperate Indian, whose name I have forgotten, had, it was said, interfered in behalf of his relative, the murderer of his own father. Folsom, then the District Chief, a rude, uncultivated Indian, had, without authority, given directions to Captain William Riddle, the United States interpreter, to kill this fellow should he interfere at the approaching trial. Riddle and this man had a personal grudge against each other, and Riddle, though a brave man, feared that he should be privately assassinated. Accordingly he sought an occasion, got the other excited, and under color of the order of the Chief shot him. The other fell, but, rising to a sitting posture, called for his gun. Several other balls were fired through him by Riddle's friends, and, to end the matter, even after he was lying prostrate, the Judge of their court discharged a ball through his head. Such is savage life, even with forms of law and some approach to civilization. A shock was produced by our contiguity to such scenes. Little did we then dream that, within a score of years to come, scenes not less horrid would be enacted by the hands of white men all over our land, and pass with impunity, if not the implied sanction of public sentiment. Yet such is the case. As an American citizen I blush to acknowledge it.

Riddle was, in the main, a good, reliable Indian, quiet and inoffensive in his character; but he was in fear. The Indians have no jails, no recognizance to keep the peace, and the only safety is to get the start by killing the adversary first. Subsequently, as will be seen, when Riddle died, under singular circumstances, the Indians regarded it as a retributive providence.

In another letter of the same series, dated September 26th, I wrote as follows: "We have had an unusual number of

violent deaths in this part of the Nation. Three successive ball-plays at one place have ended each with the death of a man. A youth, resident in a family near us, a few days since, upon some slight affront deliberately shot himself. Life is but little valued by an Indian, in himself or in another. Two white men also have recently been murdered and robbed at different times and places, while passing through the Nation; in both cases, it is supposed, by whites or negroes. Instances rarely, if ever, occur of murder and robbery by a Choctaw."

The Choctaws have no laws for the collection of debts. Even the whites resident in these territories have no process for collecting debts one of another. All is done upon honor. And no where have I seen personal honor more sacredly regarded in business transactions than here. I can not gravely advocate, as some have done, the repeal of all laws for enforcing the payment of debts; but certainly it would be better, morally and financially, than the system of fraudulent conveyancing, dishonest bankruptcy, and villainy in various forms, so effectually provided for and sheltered by the laws of some of the States.

The destructive effect of ardent spirits meets the eye every-where. This will be the case so long as the laws of contiguous States permit or sanction the border traffic. Monsters in human shape are found perched all along the line. Desire of gain is the motive generally attributed, but an unrestrained indulgence of libertinism is probably even more operative. Scenes of bloodshed and of the deepest moral degradation are the result. Not unfrequently those that escape with life are left with lasting memorials of their drunken carousals, in the form of maimed limbs, lost eyes, and disfigured persons. An instance I remember. Traveling once in the interior of the country, I had occasion to call at an Indian cabin by the way-side. The occupant limped to the door in quite a crippled condition, saying in broken English: "Fort Smith—whisky—too much—burn it." All was explained. He had been to Fort Smith,

where he had obtained liquor, got drunk, fallen into the fire and been badly burned.

A "speck of war" appeared upon our borders about this time, as will be seen by another extract from the letter referred to. Speaking of the Cherokees, it says: "Their matters, ten days since, seemed to have arrived at a crisis. Their warriors on both sides were assembled and under arms, and the women and children were beginning to flee. Some Cherokee families crossed the river and encamped near us, seeking a refuge from the expected storm. All, however, has passed, for the present, without bloodshed.

"Both parties have had their delegations at Washington during the past Winter, headed by their respective Chiefs and sustained by able counsel. The result is the appointment of an able board of commissioners to visit the country with full powers to make a final adjustment of all matters in dispute. It is said that the commission looks to a division of the country between the parties if found necessary; a measure that would be highly acceptable to the minority, but violently resisted by Ross and his adherents.

"The late warlike demonstrations grew out of an attempt by Rogers, the minority Chief, to hold a council with his party at the old Council-Ground, about forty miles above this place. This privilege was granted them by the late orders of the Department, and the opposite party were enjoined not to molest them. Ross is absent from the country, but Lowrey, the second Chief, in a letter to Major Armstrong, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, declared his intention forcibly to prevent the holding of the Council, and actually assembled his men for that purpose. Rogers applied for a United States force to protect him and his adherents. Through the intervention, however, of Major Armstrong, Rogers was induced, though very reluctantly, to postpone the assembling of his Council till the arrival of the commissioners, who are expected in October. Both parties are highly exasperated, and should a drop of blood be spilled, it is difficult to predict the end."

In the midst of the excitement we were amused by the appearance at our place of a little negro girl from one of the fugitive families. She seemed quite alarmed, and all the account she could give of the matter was, "they've spiled the Council." But these scenes are now buried with the past, and the Cherokee people are living together in peace.

The letter continues: "The Summer has been exceedingly hot; thermometer from 100° to 103° in the shade. Sick-ness prevails through the country. Many of the citizens of the State, below us, have left their residences, and are encamped at the mineral springs which abound in Western Arkansas; quite a common method of visiting watering-places in this region," and perhaps more rational and healthful than that prevailing among the fashionables of the States toward sunrise.

An incident illustrative of Indian patience and sense of Christian propriety I will not omit. A certain missionary, as the statement has it, became provoked with a good Christian Indian for some trivial trespass, perhaps unintentional. In the excitement of the moment he scolded the Indian severely, and used some harsh epithets. The Indian patiently heard him through, and mildly looking him in the face, replied: "My brother, what make you swear so?" How often is so near an approach made to profanity in the language of professed Christians, not to say ministers, that it requires a scholar to make the distinction!

## CHAPTER XIX.

## CONFERENCE TRIP—INCIDENTS.

At the appointed time in the Fall our pupils returned in good health and spirits; were re-clad in a Winter wardrobe; the school was reopened, and the Winter term commenced under pleasant and promising auspices. The health of our household had suffered somewhat, but as frosts appeared disease, in the main, left us. Several cases of intermittent disease in my own immediate family proved obstinate, and never were fully removed till we had a change of climate. The appropriate business of the season was resumed in the several departments, and the wheels of our machinery began to roll on again. At the commencement of this term the labors of brother Benson were lightened by the employment of Mr. Brigham, already mentioned, as assistant teacher.

The time rolled on at which our new mission Conference was to assemble. Mr. Brigham was placed in charge *pro tem.*, and arrangements were made for our departure. A few days previous to our starting we were visited by Rev. J. M. Steele, then in charge of a mission on Red River, accompanied by two native preachers, William Ok-chi-ah and Isaac Chuk-ma-bee, all on their way to Conference, who spent a Sabbath with us. Chuk-ma-bee was a plain, pious, ordinary, full-blood Choctaw, with nothing remarkable in his character. Ok-chi-ah had traits that printed themselves on the memory and on the heart; a dear man of God, never to be forgotten. He was a half-breed; but the Indian predominated in his character, and he never learned to speak English. He was apparently of middle years, of slender constitution, pale and feeble in appearance; soft, gentle, and bland in his manners; warm and ardent in his

piety; with gushing sympathies that flowed out in copious tears when stirred by pious or generous emotion. He had, for years, been engaged in preaching the Gospel to his tribe. Never shall I forget the closing scene of our Sabbath evening service, when, after having in his own language preached in a most feeling and pathetic manner, he left the stand, and with eyes overflowed with tears, passed around, taking his congregation individually by the hand. Rarely have I seen in any human countenance so much of heaven. It seemed as if he had a presentiment of his really near approach to the heavenly home, and regarded this, as it proved to be, a final parting. He was thinly clad and ill-prepared for the journey. From our missionary-donation stores we fitted him out with comfortable apparel and all things needed for the Conference trip.

On the morning of Monday, October 21st, we were early off for Tah-le-quah, Cherokee Nation, the appointed seat of our Conference. For want of a ferry-boat at Fort Coffee, we were compelled to travel by the way of Fort Smith, and cross the Arkansas River there. Our company consisted of brother Steele, the two Indian preachers, and myself, all on horseback, packed with provisions, blankets, etc. At Fort Smith we were joined by brother Benson, who had preceded us that far. Here, by the kindness of my friend Major Hunter of the army, I was furnished with a neat chart of our intended route, penciled for our use by his own skillful hand. We crossed the river, entered the Cherokee country, and struck the trail marked out by our chart at a lively gait; for slow traveling is almost unknown on the frontiers and western plains.

The day was not far spent when we found that our brother Ok-chi-ah was physically unable for the journey. Weary and sick, he laid himself down by the roadside with all his characteristic calmness and resignation; and great doubts were entertained whether he would be able to reach the seat of the Conference at all or not. Our duties urged us on. We left him in charge of Chuk-ma-bee, divided our provisions with them, and traveled on.

After a ride of some fifty miles we came up at a missionary station of the American Board, called Fairfield, under the care of Rev. Dr. Butler. It was a late hour. We were strangers, but we were missionaries. They arose from their beds and gave us that hearty welcome which a missionary knows how to give and how to appreciate; and the good cheer and Christian hospitality of the place were no small comfort to us after the fatigues of the day. Here we found a dense Indian population, a church and a flourishing school, with good mission buildings and other improvements.

Another day's ride brought us to the Council-Ground at Tah-le-quah. On arriving we found that brother B. and myself had been assigned a home during the Conference with Rev. S. A. Worcester at Park Hill, a station of the American Board a few miles distant, visited by me more than a year before, and described in a previous chapter. Here again we met a missionary welcome from our kind host and his excellent Christian family. I have before spoken of Mr. W. as a pious and talented minister of the Presbyterian Church, the son of an aged and distinguished New England divine. Nearly or quite his whole ministerial life had been spent in labors among the Cherokees, first in their former Eastern home, and then following their fortunes to their new home in the West.

But a new fact of interest soon developed itself in our temporary associations. I remembered the circumstance of the imprisonment of certain missionaries in Georgia many years previous, and in the course of conversation I accidentally referred to it, the names having been forgotten. What was our surprise to learn that our host, Rev. Mr. Worcester, was one of the imprisoned missionaries, and Rev. Dr. Butler, with whom we had passed the night previous, was the other. Before us were the men who had endured "bonds and imprisonment" for the Gospel. I felt honored with being their guest on mission ground. Of course we anticipated a rich enjoyment in our intercourse, and in this we were not disappointed.



At the first opportunity we sought of our reverend host a detail of the circumstances attending the affair, which he gave in a modest and unostentatious manner. The Cherokees, like all other tribes, were fondly attached to their native homes and country and loth to leave them. Even after arrangements were made by the Government for their removal they still lingered, and with extreme difficulty were at last torn away.

Eager, however, to possess their lands, the whites clamored for their removal. It was supposed that one strong bond of attachment was to the missionaries and their religious privileges. The missionaries were also charged with using their influence against the removal. A law was passed by the Legislature of Georgia about the year 1832 prohibiting all missionaries, under penalty of imprisonment, from laboring among the Cherokees, then living within the chartered limits of the State. The two missionaries named, with a third of whose name I am not now in possession, refused to take the prescribed oath or to give pledges of obedience to an act which they deemed unconstitutional and unrighteous, and continued their labors as before. They were arrested, convicted, and sentenced to the State penitentiary. The Supreme Court reversed the decision, but in defiance of this they were taken to the State Prison. At the door a pardon was offered on condition of a promise to comply with the law. One of the three—the meritedly-forgotten name—accepted the terms; the other two, Dr. B. and Mr. W., entered and endured an imprisonment of fifteen months. This was a hard trial of Christian fortitude to themselves and families, but it was triumphantly sustained, has won for them a high esteem in this world, and doubtless adds to the luster of the crown they now wear. Speaking of his arrest, I think a second time, having returned to his home in the limits to visit a dying child, torn away by the patrol while the child was in its last moments or actually a corpse unburied, “Then,” said he, “for the first time my wife wept.”

The desire to be useful in the prison led them to request

to be separated ; foregoing the satisfaction of each other's society that they might labor for the spiritual good of their fellow-prisoners. They were accordingly placed in different apartments, each surrounded by a large number of fellow-convicts, there being no separate cells. Eternity will probably exhibit some of them as "stars" in their "crown of rejoicing." At first they were treated kindly ; books and stationery, with many other privileges, were allowed them ; but, upon a false charge of conniving at an attempt of the convicts to escape, Mr. W. was deprived of these privileges and treated with rigor. This was probably the first act of public religious intolerance to excite a blush upon the cheek of patriotism in this boasted land of religious toleration. Would to God it had been the last !

This was a lovely mission family. Deprived of society, they relied upon and developed other resources of entertainment. Music, vocal and instrumental, was cultivated. Devotions were lively and spiritual, and cheerful piety pervaded the entire household, constituting them a happy family. Mr. W., however, in the midst of his labors and domestic enjoyments, "remembered his bonds." A drawer in his private desk containing the documents relating to his trial and imprisonment was familiarly known as the "Penitentiary Drawer," keeping him and them in mind of his sufferings and his deliverance.

While passing over the plains in the Summer of 1859, on my way to the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains, looking over the columns of a paper taken with me, my eye rested upon a notice of the death of Rev. S. A. Worcester, at the mission at Park Hill. When I saw him he was in the prime and vigor of manhood. Dr. Butler was then deeply afflicted with asthma, and apparently near his end. I have not heard of him since. He had probably long preceded his fellow-prisoner to a mansion in the heavenly home.

Here fell Boudinot, a noble Indian, noticed in a previous chapter as having been assassinated simultaneously with

Ridge, the father and son. Aroused and decoyed from his dwelling under pretense of obtaining medicine for a sick person, he was treacherously murdered. The tree was pointed out to me at the foot of which he fell. He was a pious, talented Indian. His "works follow."

## CHAPTER XX.

## FIRST INDIAN MISSION CONFERENCE.

GREAT changes had taken place at Tah-le-quah since my visit to the General Council held there in June of the preceding year. A town had sprung up ; a good brick courthouse was erected ; a printing-press was there, sending forth its weekly issues of the "Cherokee Advocate," with various other improvements. John Ross, the principal Chief, was absent, but daily expected with a fair bride, just wedded, in the person of a Quaker lady, of Philadelphia. It was understood that a party of men would meet him at the line to escort him into the Nation, it being considered unsafe for him to travel without a body-guard. The Commissioners appointed at Washington to settle the disputes between the two parties had not yet arrived, and the Nation was now quietly awaiting their coming.

The seat of the Conference had been fixed at the Council-Ground at Tah-le-quah. In consequence, however, of the National Council and Supreme Court both being in session, and the public buildings being occupied, it was determined to convene at Riley's Chapel, a Methodist meeting-house about two miles distant. On the morning of Wednesday, October 23d, the missionaries of all the tribes, from the Missouri on the north to Red River on the south, assembled for the purpose of organizing the Indian Mission Conference. Bishop Morris appeared and took the chair. Fort Coffee furnished the secretaries, in the persons of the author and Rev. H. C. Benson. Something over twenty voting members were present. Among them, and on trial, were several native Indian preachers. Our Indian brethren, whom we had left on the way, arrived early in the session.

The Conference being duly organized, business was entered upon, and dispatched with all the order and regularity that usually characterize the proceedings of an Annual Conference. Entire harmony and good feeling prevailed. Reports from the various mission-fields were encouraging. All seemed pleased with being released from their dependence upon the Conferences in the States, and having an independent organization; and a strong determination was manifested, by the blessing of God, to push the mission work into all the tribes upon the border. The devotions of the daily services were deeply interesting, being opened in English, and generally closed in some one of the Indian languages. Bishop Morris appeared in character, with a Spanish blanket upon his shoulders, and all the *tout ensemble* of a genuine frontier's-man. He had a pleasant home with a branch of the Ross family, where his council met and the appropriations were made. He was in fine health and spirits, and seemed quite as much at home as if surrounded by a body of D. D.'s in one of our Eastern cities.

At this session the proposal of the members of the Southern Conference to hold a Convention in the city of Louisville came up for consideration. No debate was had. The main question at issue was wholly ignored; but it was determined, being within the limits of the South, to send delegates. On counting the votes, it was found that Rev. E. T. Peery from the northern section of the Conference, and W. H. Goode from the southern, had received an almost unanimous vote. No pledges were asked, no instructions given, no opinions expressed by the body; the delegates were left entirely free and untrammelled.

On Saturday, the business being closed, the Conference adjourned with the understanding that all should remain and unite in the public services of the Sabbath. On Monday morning we set our faces homeward, the Bishop remaining, with the promise of a carriage to convey him down into the State on his way to Fort Smith.

A most singular instance of Indian thoughtlessness and utter disregard of propriety met my notice during my stay. In passing down a road near the Council-Ground, I saw a gallows by the wayside, and a company of men in the act of interring a corpse in a grave under the gallows. My surprise was excited, having heard of no recent execution there. On inquiry, I learned that, some time previous, the gallows had been erected, and a convict hung upon it, his grave having been first prepared with the design of burying him there. The friends of the criminal, however, claiming the body, it was delivered to them, taken away and interred elsewhere, the first grave being left open. It happened that, during the session of the National Council, then in progress, one of the members had sickened and died; and the heedless savages, to save the labor of digging another grave, were honoring the legislator with the rites of sepulture under the gallows in a felon's grave.

Desirous of visiting another station of the American Board, brothers Benson, Page, and myself took a different route home, passing our first night at Dwight mission. This is a mission of long standing, having been founded in 1820. It was first established on Illinois Bayou, in the territory now embraced in the State of Arkansas, but, on the removal of the Cherokees—old-settler party or Western Cherokees—further west, transferred to its present site upon the bank of the Salasaw. It was still doing much good. Here forty native girls are boarded and educated gratuitously. The institution was under the superintendence of Mr. Hitchcock, a layman of good qualifications, who, without pecuniary compensation, had devoted his life, now pretty far spent, to this labor of love, taking to himself only a meager support. A similar case of self-consecration for life, on part of a layman, I have never personally known. Mr. Day and lady were teachers. Rev. Mr. Buttrick was there, also, but unable to labor. He had been twenty-seven years preaching and laboring among the people. His health was gone, and he was declining rapidly.

Doubtless, long ere this, he has "rested from his labors." He invited us to his room, where, with the mission band, we spent part of the evening in the exercises of a prayer meeting, and, even in these wilds, found it "good" to be there. These Presbyterian missionaries in the Cherokee Nation are devoted, self-denying men of God. Lord, fill the world with such!

On the 29th we reached Fort Coffee, and found all things right, the school going on prosperously under the care of Mr. Brigham. Col. Pitchlyn was there awaiting my return. Not having had occasion to speak of the Colonel before, I can not pass him without a brief introduction to the reader.

PETER P. PITCHLYN is a half-breed Choctaw, educated at Col. Johnson's school in Kentucky. He is above medium stature, with athletic frame, and strongly-marked features. He is of a "fighting stock," and the family are regarded as possessing more than an ordinary share of Indian ferocity. But in his case it is all placed under the restraints of education and religion. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and is esteemed pious; an ardent promoter of learning, morals, and religion; President of the National Council, a leading advocate and supporter of their school system, and frequently a delegate of the tribe to Washington, where he is well known and has extensive influence, as well as with his people at home. Altogether, he was decidedly the most popular and influential man in the Choctaw Nation, and, from occasional notices, I infer that he still maintains his position. One of his nephews, the son of a Choctaw father and Chickasaw mother, was an active, sprightly boy in our school. Subsequently he attended the Asbury University at Greencastle, entered the medical profession, married, and settled in Indiana, where he still resides.

Tidings of an event mournfully triumphant soon reached us. A few days after our return a messenger arrived bearing a note from Fort Smith. Our brother, Ok-chi-ah, was

no more. He had fallen, to live forever. We had left him at the seat of the Conference, to follow on with his company as he was able to bear it, while we traveled with greater speed. His strength barely held out to reach Fort Smith, where he stopped at the house of a friend. In the course of the night, being restless, he arose and walked out on a porch, fell from the porch to the ground; was heard, taken up, carried in, and laid upon a bed. He only uttered a few words in Choctaw, unintelligible to those around him, raised his hand and pointed upward, and his spirit fled to a mansion in the heavenly home. So passed away from earth this pious, pathetic, eloquent child of the forest. Though unable to understand his language, yet his solemnity, his emotion, his tears melted his audiences beyond the power of words. I replied to the note, directing them to inter him decently and send me their account. His remains rest under the thunder of the artillery of the fort, but it arouses him not. The return of dawn is daily ushered in by the roar of cannon and the stirring *reveillé*, but they awake him not. The grand *reveillé* of the resurrection morn alone will arouse him from the stillness of the tomb. I visited the spot, kneeled by his grave, and fervently prayed, Indian as he was, that the mantle of Ok-chi-ah might fall upon me.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## TRIP TO RED RIVER.

ON the 19th day of November I set out upon a trip to the Red River country. The journey lying over a tedious, lonely road, I was careful to start upon "mail-day," so as to secure the benefit of the company and experience of the mail-boy upon an unknown route; he bearing his load of "news" upon his jaded mule, whose sides bled from the constant application of the long-pointed, murderous, Mexican spur, in common use upon the frontier, and I mounted upon a steed of good capacity and fine mettle.

The first night out we lodged in an Indian cabin. The second day brought us to Ki-e-mi-chi, where we had similar entertainment; the third to Spencer Academy, and on the 4th we reached Doaksville. On the way we crossed the range known as the Ki-e-mi-chi Mountains, one of the principal ranges of the Ozarks; rocky, precipitous, and often difficult of passage. The mountain sides are heavily covered with forests of pitch-pine, whose somber shades give to the scenery a majestic appearance, while the intervening valleys of prairie, sterile and unproductive as they are, nevertheless contribute to highten the beauty of the scenery by the contrast.

Part of our way lay upon the great thoroughfare to the Trinity River country, in Texas, then so rapidly filling up with adventurers attracted by offers of "head rights" of land. Well-trodden camping-grounds, skeletons of work animals, little cavities in the rocks, where tar for immediate use had been manufactured from the rich pine-knots, and various other traces, familiar to Western emigrants, marked the way. Another extract from my published sketches will

best describe this trip. It bears date "Doaksville, Choctaw Nation, November 22d:"

"I now address you from the most populous and interesting part of the Choctaw Nation. The tour was undertaken partly in pursuance of a long-entertained, but oft-defeated, purpose of my own, and partly at the instance of the authorities of the Church and of the Government to attend to some interests in connection with the work of Indian education.

"I pass by the intervening time [since my last] spent in home-labors, and propose to present your readers with a few numbers containing such items as may be gleaned during the expedition just now undertaken, with which I design to wind up these sketches. I must not omit, however, a pleasant interview of some days had in the interim with our much-esteemed Bishop Morris. Circumstances prevented the Bishop from visiting Fort Coffee, as we had hoped. It was accordingly arranged at Conference that we should meet at Fort Smith, and hold a meeting of some days' continuance. At Conference he appeared in character, with 'hard-times' coat and striped blanket, looking quite as much like a missionary as any of us. At Fort Smith, however, these had been doffed and he was himself again. We had a pleasant and, I doubt not, a profitable two days' meeting. The citizens were highly gratified with his visit. As some small evidence of their appreciation the Sabbath congregation, many of whom were gentlemen of the army, with their characteristic liberality, gave us, in the absence of the preacher in charge, a handsome collection to be carried by the Bishop to our needy brethren at the Arkansas Conference. The hat for the collection was carried around by a hand disabled by a gunshot in the gallant defense of Fort Sandusky, under Colonel Croghan, in the war of 1812, which, of course, helped to give access to the heart and purse of a soldier. A few mornings after, we saw the Bishop snugly seated in an Arkansas stage to enjoy the jolts and other *interesting* incidents of a passage to Little Rock.

“The Government of the United States has placed before the Choctaws very little inducement to agricultural life so far as soil is concerned. Their country as a whole is vastly inferior to that of the Cherokees. Upon the Arkansas and its tributaries is some good soil, generally lowlands, well adapted to corn and cotton. A portion also of country upon Red River has a fair upland soil adapted chiefly to cotton. Near the center of the nation is the beautiful and fertile valley of the Ki-e-mi-chi, in which stands the National Council-House. Almost the entire extent besides is sterile and worthless, consisting of barren prairies and rugged mountains, with ten, fifteen, or twenty miles between Indian cabins, and scarcely a foot of productive soil in the distance. The growth is principally of scrubby oak, relieved by forests of pine upon the mountain sides; the scenery always striking, often grand and sublime, and sometimes hideous. The undesirable character of this country may prevent further encroachment of the white man.

“On my way over I visited Spencer Academy, under the immediate care of the General Council. This institution is well endowed, with a competent superintendent and able instructors. We wish it long to remain a blessing to the Nation. I find, however, that the Choctaws are now learning the lesson long since gained experimentally by you in ‘the States,’ that literary institutions ordinarily accomplish far more real good under the management of some one religious denomination than when left to the entire control of the civil authorities, however ample their endowment, or able and talented their conductors.”

Thus much I then wrote; but the case was even stronger, and subsequent events abundantly confirmed the view taken. Spencer Academy was endowed above any institution in the Nation. It had the special patronage of the distinguished gentleman then at the head of the War Department whose name it bore; had the immediate support of the National Council, and was the pet of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, through whom it obtained special Government favors.

It was his purpose and that of the Council to make this institution the pride of the Nation. The fund at their disposal enabled them to erect costly buildings, furnish them well, lay in a large supply of clothing, provisions, etc., and open with all the style and show of a first-class hotel.

These circumstances constituted our neighboring institution a formidable rival to our own; for it must not be supposed that competitions and rivalships are unknown beyond the bounds of civilization. Our endowment was inferior; we had no building or improvement fund except as saved from our annuity, while keeping up at the same time the male department of our school. Both institutions were opened near the same time, and as a result, the apparent advantages of Spencer Academy led the prominent families of the Nation, principally half-breeds, to seek admission for their students, while ours was filled up mainly with full-bloods from families of smaller influence and wealth.

Time soon proved the defects of the organization at Spencer. A nominal superintendent was placed there in the person of Rev. Mr. M., a worthy Presbyterian minister of the Old School; and Mr. W., a fine literary gentleman of amiable character and experience in Indian affairs, was appointed principal teacher, with a salary higher than that of the Superintendent; it being the understanding that, in the management of the affairs of the institution, Mr. M. should consult Mr. W., and Mr. W. should consult Major A.; and all this so combined with the authority of the National Council that it was difficult to say where the actual seat of power and responsibility was. Rev. Mr. M., the nominal superintendent, informed me that his actual position was that of "principal servant." His hands were effectually tied. Supplies were soon exhausted, funds were used up, and credit was refused them at the leading houses of the Nation. The half-breed boys from the wealthy families proved insubordinate, commenced running away, and the "light horse" of the Nation was put into requisition to bring them back to their places. Matters at length arrived

at such a pass that an attempt was made to set fire to the buildings of the institution. All this occurred within a little over a year from the time of opening.

Meanwhile our institution at Fort Coffee was progressing steadily and safely. All was under the control of a single hand, responsible only to the authorities of the Church and the Missionary Society. Partly from necessity and partly from choice we had opened in a plain though comfortable way. Advice of friends that would have urged us into extravagant expenditures was passed by. All our plans were laid in economy and forethought. Supplies of provisions and clothing were laid in at the proper seasons of the year and kept on hand in sufficient quantities. Want was never felt. No debts were contracted. Our unsophisticated full-blood boys proved to be excellent students. No serious case of insubordination occurred. No student ever ran away, with the single exception of an *elderly* boy, improperly selected, who went home to his wife. Our friends gradually increased, and our institution grew in favor.

Under date of September 25, 1844, I received a letter, now before me, written at the dictation of a leading man of the Nation, requesting me without fail to attend the session of the National Council, then near at hand, with a view to a change in the management of Spencer Academy, and placing it under the control of our Missionary Board as that at Fort Coffee was. Out of deference to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and to allow time for the defects of their organization more fully to develop themselves, I, for the time being, declined. Some months subsequently brother Benson was addressed with an offer of increased salary if he would leave us, go to Spencer and help them out with their difficulties. But the cloud of Church division was then gathering, and our own movements were becoming contingent, so that we deemed it prudent to remain in our position, declining all offers of the kind.

If any seeming egotism attach to the foregoing statement, I have only to say that without it I could not exhibit

properly the workings of the two rival systems, and the decided superiority of missionary plans and control in connection with all efforts for Indian amelioration. The sequel and present condition of Spencer Academy I am not advised of. I think it was ultimately placed, at discretion, in the hands of the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. M., however, had previously resigned his place and returned to the States.

The letter goes on to say, "The Choctaws of all classes seem proud of their schools. But little discontent is manifested to the appropriations, although the effect is to cut off their annuities, and take the money directly out of their pockets. They appear to act understandingly and from a settled determination to spread the blessings of education among all the people. The late National Council appropriated for the support of fourteen Sabbath schools fifty dollars each. Provision also has been made for the establishment of a printing-press. Should the Nation persevere in its efforts and no providential hinderance intervene, the Choctaws must, within twenty years, be an educated people."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## RED RIVER SIDE.

THE "Red River Side" of the Choctaw country now came up for observation. Arrived at Doaksville I found a welcome and hospitable home at the house of Colonel David Folsom, an old ex-chief of the Nation, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence; had also kind attention from Mr. Berthelet, a Canadian gentleman, to whose care I had been commended by my friend J. H. Heald, partner in business to Mr. B.

Doaksville I found to be a flourishing town, the largest in all the Indian country. It is mainly surrounded by large cotton plantations, owned by Choctaws and Chickasaws, mostly half-breeds, and worked by slaves. It is a brisk, neat-looking place, with a good church, an excellent public house, kept by my host, Colonel Folsom, on temperance principles, quite a number of stores, mechanics' shops, etc., and all the marks of thrift and prosperity. It commands a fine view of the garrison buildings at Fort Towson, a mile distant, and is within a few miles of Red River and the Texas line. I found our Church in that part of the Nation strong in numbers and influence, having had the labors of faithful and devoted missionaries and profited by them. I enjoyed a pleasant season of worship with them.

Intending to make my principal stay in this place during the annuity payment, which was to take place the ensuing week, after making a few calls, I passed on in the direction of Texas. I again refer to one of my published series, dated "Clarksville, Texas, November 25th:"

"Being desirous, while thus far south, of making a visit to the 'land of the lone star,' [this was previous to annex-

ation,] I left Doaksville on the morning of the 23d, in company with Rev. J. M. Steele. A ride of seven miles brought us to Red River. No marvel at the name. The first sight would suggest it, colored as its water is by the red clay soil through which it passes. This stream is perhaps more interrupted in its navigation by snags and drift than any other of equal size on the continent. . . . We crossed Red River at the mouth of Ki-e-mi-chi. Here is one of the great crossings of fugitives from justice making their escape through the Indian country from the States. This river passed they are safe, unless, perchance, some band of Texan 'regulators' take them up and suspend them from the limb of a tree, as is sometimes quite summarily done. We amused ourselves somewhat with the ferryman, a good-natured Hibernian, by questions in relation to the character of his customers and their apparent urgency in crossing. He replied that he 'set all over that came, asking no questions,' but he could not be induced to believe that we were in any danger from that quarter, nor at all to hasten his speed to relieve us.

"On the banks of this stream grows in great abundance the 'Bois-de-arc' or Bow-wood, known in the States as the Osage Orange. It sometimes attains the size of two feet in diameter, is scrubby and rugged in appearance, and bearing large quantities of its great useless 'apples.' [The Towson soldiers charge the Texans with making whisky of them, and selling it to them, making them 'crazy;' an excuse for their drunkenness.] In the first day's travel from the river we pass several considerable cotton plantations with gins and other good improvements. The greater part of the way, however, lay through barren pine flats, almost uninhabited. Near sunset we emerged into a beautiful and fertile prairie with large barns, comfortable dwellings, and every indication of prosperity and comfort. At the southern extremity of this prairie is Clarksville, the largest town, I believe, in Northern Texas.

"This place was first settled in 1837, has a business-like



appearance, and a population of about four hundred. The citizens, of course, think it prospectively a place of great importance. It is, indeed, an interesting place, contains some very good society, and appears to be considerably under religious influence. There is, however, a great want of good water; the entire dependence in dry seasons being upon rain-water kept in 'jugs' or large cisterns, blown or cut out of the solid limestone that is found immediately below the surface. The same scarcity of water prevails, I learn, over a large extent of country.

"We were kindly received and entertained. Our host was a clever, talkative Tennessean, thoroughly Texan in every thing, and quite disposed to have us think that this is the 'fairest of all lands' in respect to soil, climate, morals, institutions, and almost every thing else. On yesterday I had the privilege of preaching to a congregation respectable in numbers, well-clad, genteel, and intelligent in appearance, and quite as orderly and attentive as I have seen in any country.

"The emigration to Texas by this route is immense, particularly from Missouri. It is computed that not less than five thousand emigrants have crossed the Arkansas River at Van Buren alone during the present season. The emigrants now are principally settling upon the Trinity River, 'head-rights' or grants of land to actual settlers being made by the agent of the 'colony,' and the Government having ceased to make such grants elsewhere. The laws of Texas, it is said, are better enforced than formerly. The criminal code is severe and the process summary. The penalties are principally cropping, whipping, hanging, etc. Near the place is a celebrated 'limb' on which, it is said, eleven persons have been hung.

"There exists evidently a strong desire in the minds of the people to be annexed to the Government of the United States, notwithstanding the result of the late election which would seem to indicate otherwise. That election is said to afford no test on the question. There is, how-

ever, a show of independence. The impression exists among them that much that is said and done upon the subject in the United States is for mere political effect at home, and that the people in the States, in fact, care but little for them, further than may serve their own interested views; and they, in turn, assert that they are fully able to take care of themselves, and occasionally talk of 'firing into Uncle Sam' with great seeming confidence. They entertain us with many details of desperate adventures and hair-breadth escapes; of Mexican cruelty and treachery, and of Texan courage and gallantry connected with their late revolutionary struggle.

"After the services of the Sabbath I rode home with Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie, formerly of Arkansas Conference, who resides a few miles distant from the village, and has under his charge an interesting seminary. Here are about thirty promising young men receiving an education. They lack suitable buildings, but are accommodating themselves to circumstances. Most of them are pious, and several are about entering the ministry. Brother M. is doubtless in his proper sphere and doing good."

Here I formed an interesting acquaintance with an old soldier, Mr. Benton, nephew to the late Colonel Thomas H., and brother to Colonel T. H. B., jr., of Council Bluffs. He had participated in their war of independence, and taken part in the memorable battle of San Jacinto. He was an educated man, and then employed as a teacher in the institution.

The letter proceeds: "Here Methodism is pioneering in her true character; exerting a most beneficial influence in forming the character of this people. It is said that one of the late Texan envoys to the Government of the United States remarked, while in Washington, that the efforts of the Methodist ministry had done more toward securing respect for law, submission to courts of justice, regard for the sanctity of oaths, and consequently the general peace and good order of society than any other influence that has

been brought to bear. So let it ever be truly said of the Methodist ministry every-where.

“But, solemn reflection! these blessings have not been attained for Texas without cost; cost to the Church and to the country. In this land some of her most gifted and favorite sons have laid down their lives. Here fell our Ruter. Here fell our Poe and his devoted companion. But they have left a monument in the hearts of a grateful and affectionate people. And may I not claim, as a citizen of Indiana, the privilege of adding, here recently fell, while representing his Government, General Tilghman A. Howard, who, though not a minister of the everlasting Gospel, and not a member of our own religious denomination, was nevertheless a pious, benevolent, and philanthropic citizen; [Howard, the protector of piety in the younger members of the bar, the man of whom it was said that no man dared to sneer at or ridicule their professions of piety in his presence;] one whose moral and intellectual worth, now that party competitions and rivalships are hushed in the stillness of the tomb, is felt and acknowledged by all. The reader will pardon this passing tribute to consistent piety in public life.”

Other reminiscences of that devoted servant of God, Rev. Martin Ruter, D. D., are vividly called up. In the Fall of 1837, being then, if I mistake not, a member of the Pittsburg Conference, he received an appointment to Texas, then in an extremely-unsettled state, destitute of a regular Gospel ministry, and needing some one of mature years and judgment to mold and shape the early movements of the Church. For this position the learning, piety, and ministerial abilities of Dr. Ruter eminently fitted him; and though already past the meridian of life, he did not decline the arduous service. His appointed work was one of exploration and temporary labor, preparatory to a regular supply.

In prospect of a long absence, his family were removed to New Albany, Indiana, where the late lamented Calvin W. Ruter, his brother, then lived, as well as several of the

Doctor's own children. My own field of labor was in that place then and the succeeding year. During his stay there he attended the session of the Indiana Conference in that place, and his labors in the pulpit and upon the platform are not yet forgotten. The time came for his departure. The steamer lay at the landing. Leave was taken of his family, and he went down to the boat. Some cause of detention occurring, he returned to his house, seated himself with his family for a time, and sang that beautiful and affecting hymn,

"Yes, my native land, I love thee," etc.

Leave was again taken, and soon the missionary of the Cross was on his way. The journey was made; the field was entered and explored; the "Gospel of the kingdom was preached," and initiatory steps were taken for future and vigorous Church efforts. His work being done, his thoughts were turned homeward, and he was on the eve of departure, when suddenly God said "It is enough," and called his faithful servant home.

The time of his expected arrival had come. Wife, children, friends were in eager anticipation. In the midst of these expectations one came to my own room, and placed in my hands two letters addressed to the family. Their appearance excited mournful apprehensions of the contents. I went first to my friend, Rev. C. W. Ruter. The seals were broken, and the contents glanced at. He was gone! Husband, father, brother! They should no more see his face, nor hear his gentle words. Never shall I forget the sensations of that hour. But as yet the loss was unknown to those most deeply concerned. There was one who still thought herself a wife; and there were those who thought they had a father. Widowhood and orphanage they knew not. The sad tidings were to be conveyed to them. The first gush of nature over with the brother, we started down the street toward the residence of the bereaved family, he bearing the fatal letters. As we approached the door,

man of nerve as he was, his heart failed him—he paused—“You must take them,” said he, and he fell back. Entering the dwelling, I attempted with gentleness and caution to prepare the mind of sister R. for the sad announcement. But, ah! as experience has since taught me, that very precaution and studied kindness of manner excite the most terrible apprehensions. “Let me know the worst,” is the involuntary exclamation of the heart. The tale was told. I will not endeavor to describe the scene that followed. Memory has lodged it firmly, and kindred experience in my own life-journey has imprinted it yet more deeply.

But God is good, and his ways are right. “Man is immortal till his work is done.” He called his servant home just at the close of an important work; and his providence has taken care of the family. The affectionate, warm-hearted brother has since passed to his reward. Others of the family have entered into rest. One son is in the itinerant ministry; a daughter is the wife of a prominent traveling preacher in the South, and the rest of the large household are, I believe, provided for. Two Annual Conferences now occupy the field then first explored. Thus “God buries his workmen, but carries on his work.”

Our Texas visit finished, we again set our faces northward, and the evening of the 25th found us again in Doaksville, surrounded by all the excitement and bustle of an approaching annuity payment. On the day following visited the annuity-grounds, a few miles distant. I again extract from the same series, over date of “Fort Towson, Choctaw Nation, November 27th:”

“The time of payment of the regular annuities is a season of great interest to the Indian tribes generally. Old and young, male and female, come together, [some by entire tribes, others, as among the Choctaws, by separate districts,] at the appointed time and place. A supply of beef is furnished at public expense, and a kind of annual festival is kept. The interest, however, diminishes among the Choctaws as the amount of their annuity is lessened by appro-

priations for schools and other public objects. It is generally conceded that it would be a blessing to the Nation if the entire amount were appropriated to purposes of public utility, these annual assemblages done away, and the people thrown wholly upon their own industry for a support. The Choctaw annuity, this year, amounts to only two dollars *per caput*; yet even this small sum in expectancy, to each man, woman, and child creates, with many, a dependence which prevents personal exertions for a sustenance.

“To-day I visited the annuity-ground. This is the first day of the payment, which, in this district, requires three days. The funds are paid out by the United States Agent, with the assistance of clerks, and regular entries are kept upon the rolls, attested by the mark of the head of each family, who receives for himself and his household. [The top of the pen is simply touched by the hand of the person receiving, and the clerk himself makes the mark. The licensed trader of the tribe is at hand with his accounts, and much of the money passes immediately into his box in payment of debts.] The Choctaw annuity is paid with much system and regularity, and without any of those frauds and impositions which have disgraced the transactions of agents of the Government with other tribes.

“These payments present a motley assemblage. Some thousands of Indians are scattered over a tract of nearly or quite a mile square around the pay-house, where the principal crowd are assembled. Here are cabins, tents, booths, stores, shanties, wagons, carts, camp-fires; ponies, mules, oxen, and dogs; men, women, and children; white, red, black, and mixed, to every imaginable shade and proportion, and dressed in every conceivable variety of style, from the tasty American fop to the wild costume of the savage; buying, selling, swapping, betting, shooting, strutting, sauntering, talking, laughing, fiddling, eating, drinking, smoking, sleeping, seeing, and being seen—all huddled together in one promiscuous and undistinguished mass.

“The bringing of whisky [o-ka-ho-ma] on the ground is prohibited, and when found, the jugs or barrels are tomahawked *sans ceremonie*. Still, however, enough is smuggled in by old squaws, and other *honorable* dealers, to raise the steam; and chance if the morning does not present an array of bruises, cuts, and stabs, if nothing worse. *Gentlemen* gamblers, too, make this a resort; and occasionally our worthy agent detects them; in which case they are honored with a seat on a horse behind a soldier, to whose body they are lashed fast, and in this state of involuntary *dragoonship* hurried off to the guard-house amid the shouts of the crowd.” A substitute for this mode of punishment was sometimes found in compelling the luckless gamester to bear upon his shoulders a bag of sand to the boundary of the national territory under the escort of a file of soldiers. We respectfully suggest to our legislators the award of similar honors to this class of *gentry* in our own land of civilization.

A singular fact, illustrative of universal belief in the retributive providence of God met my notice while here. I have heretofore spoken of a scene transpiring in the north of the Nation, in which a Choctaw man was killed by Captain W. Riddle, a half-breed, and the United States Interpreter. Riddle came on to assist at the payment. Soon after arriving he was attacked with violent and distressing pain in one of his front teeth, of a character the technical name of which I have forgotten, but which the United States Surgeon at the Garrison informed me often proved fatal. For days he laid at the house of Colonel Folsom, my host, in most excruciating suffering, and eventually died. Riddle's act had been generally justified, and he had not been prosecuted. But the Indians at the Ground, not understanding the case, and struck with the singularity of a large, robust man prostrate and dying with mere toothache, connected it in their minds with the late homicide, and whispered around among themselves, “He killed that man!” How similar to the sentiment of the “bar-

barous people" of the Island of Melita, when they saw the viper fasten upon the hand of Paul, "No doubt this man is a murderer whom . . . vengeance suffereth not to live!" A sentiment written by the finger of God upon the universal conscience of mankind.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## RED RIVER SIDE—TRAVELS AND INCIDENTS.

A FURTHER extract of the same date may introduce the present chapter.

“Fort Towson occupies a beautiful and commanding position. It was first established in 1817; was subsequently evacuated and the buildings burned down; and was again re-established pursuant to treaty stipulation with the Choc-taws in 1830. The force at present stationed here consists of three companies of infantry and one of dragoons. This station has been favored with several commanding officers who were men of decided and active piety. The establishment is altogether superior to any other I have visited upon this frontier in point of neatness and permanency of improvements, comfort and good order, and especially moral and religious influence among the soldiers. Divine service is performed here almost every Sabbath; there is a flourishing Sabbath school, and a number of the soldiers are pious. A temperance meeting is held weekly, and prayer meetings twice in the week. The influence and example of the late Commandant, Colonel Loomis, are still seen and felt. He exerted himself with great effect in the promotion of temperance; united freely with the common soldiers in prayer meetings, and when no minister was present on the Sabbath, would himself read and expound the Word of God. [Another Havelock.] This by many of the officers was considered a letting down of his dignity, but it greatly endeared him to the soldiery. On last evening I called, by previous arrangement, upon a gentleman connected with the army, who, with his family, is apparently pious. I was kindly entertained and made welcome during my stay there;

the kind hostess assuring me that they had the 'little chamber upon the wall' and all the arrangements for entertaining a 'prophet.' At the proper hour of the evening the 'church-call' was given by fife and drum, and at the well-known signal a good congregation assembled. The singing was conducted by a choir of soldiers, assisted by a few females. The audience was exceedingly solemn and attentive, and I had much comfort in proclaiming the word, founded on the text, 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked,' etc."

While here I met with a characteristic instance of Indian generosity. My horse, as I came South, had by casualty become unfit for service. I was advised to apply for the loan of a horse to ride into Texas, to a wealthy half-breed farmer near, named Birney, who owned a number of horses. I was readily furnished with one, my own being kept by the lender. The horse proved to be a fine, fleet, easy traveler, a much more valuable animal than my own. I was taken with him, and on my return, finding my own still unfit for service, proposed an exchange. The generous Indian at once replied, "Take which you please," apparently disdaining the thought of any compensation for the difference in value.

The educational effort among the Choctaws under the auspices of the American Board is confined to the south of the Nation and to female schools. They have four flourishing boarding-schools for girls, in which they are kindly and piously cared for, and instructed in reading, writing, etc., as well as the ordinary duties and labors of household life. The Superintendents then severally in charge were Rev. Messrs. Kingsbury, Wright, Byington, and Hotchkin, veteran missionaries, who had been from fifteen to twenty-five years laboring with this people. Fifteen years more have rolled away, and I have not yet heard of the death of either. A late session of the General Council had provided for another institution of this kind in the south, to be placed under the control of the Baptists, and called "Armstrong Academy;" Rev. Mr. Potts, Superintendent.

The labors of these men are not confined to the schools, but each is "doing the work of an evangelist," laboring for the moral and spiritual welfare of all the people, and each effectively in his place. Rev. Mr. Kingsbury was the patriarch of the whole, and exerted an excellent religious influence at Doaksville, Fort Towson, and the surrounding country, greatly revered and loved by all. Mr. Wright was the most competent and practiced translator. Mr. Byington had acquired almost the appearance and habits of a Choctaw, and was incessant in personal efforts. Mr. Hotchkin had just returned from the East with a re-enforcement of lay helpers and teachers, fourteen in number, nine of whom were unmarried females from Lowell, Massachusetts, and other places; all seemingly in the spirit of their work and competent for it. These men had up to that time served the Board a lifetime without salary, simply receiving a meager subsistence. After the national appropriations were made, small salaries were allowed them. Mr. Kingsbury had the immediate charge of Chu-wa-la Female Seminary at Pine Ridge, a few miles distant from the Fort. Here I passed a night in one of the most comfortable of the missionary associations of my life, in the company of Rev. Messrs. Kingsbury, Wright, Byington, Messrs. Copeland and Potter, and Colonel Pitchlyn.

I will not pass by an incident of "Father Kingsbury," related with some zest by his neighbors on this side of the Nation. This veteran missionary was of small stature, unimposing in outward appearance, and with a deformed foot, which caused quite a halt in his gait; but possessed of qualities of mind and heart which commanded the respect and won the affection of all. It chanced that during the year 18—, a certain prelate of the "true succession" having a diocese east of the Father of Waters, formed the purpose of "visiting the Churches" on the frontier, in company with an attending clergyman, formerly an army officer. Theirs being the "religion of the army," by custom and governmental patronage, a ready access was of course had to

the military posts; they were caressed at the garrisons and forwarded on with escort from place to place. On their return, the clergyman attending published, in a periodical of "the Church," a lengthy account of the tour, with various incidental statements and remarks, which, when they met the eye of real frontier-men, were regarded as not savoring of much liberality of feeling, nor indeed of very mature judgment on the part of the writer, as well as partaking considerably of the affected *supercilious*. This incident having been omitted by him, with sundry other little details current in the country, I supply the deficiency by giving it.

At the garrison at Fort Towson was a certain officer attached to the staff, whose name I will not give, a man of great vivacity and fine social qualities, but possessing a high veneration for religious and ministerial character, and especially for that of "Parson Kingsbury." Social affinities soon made the Bishop and the officer agreeable companions, and leisure hours were spent together in such entertainments as were mutually congenial. On one occasion, as the story goes, the venerable Bishop and the jolly officer were seated together enjoying a social game of —, when, looking out at his window, the officer saw the revered old missionary limping up toward his door. "Have these away," said he, hastily, "Parson Kingsbury is coming." The good Bishop demurred, but despite his remonstrances, the implements of the game were gathered up, hurried away into concealment, and hasty arrangements made for a grave and becoming reception of the pious parson. Whether this was wholly the result of respect and veneration for consistent piety, or whether there may have been mixed up with this motive a mischievous purpose to play off a trick upon his prelatical companion, has not transpired. So it was, this "Right Reverend" dignitary of "the Church" was compelled to cower before the simple, unaffected piety of a little, old, club-footed, Presbyterian missionary. Such is true, consistent piety; such is Christian, ministerial dignity everywhere; and the effects will follow.

On returning to the States after a long absence—1859—I have learned that the American Board has withdrawn all appropriations from their missions among the tribes of Southern Indians, in consequence of the alleged complicity of the missionaries with the sin of slavery. It was gratifying, however, to learn further that the missionaries had refused to abandon their flocks, although stripped of temporal support. Venerable men! for a third of a century exiling themselves from society; serving the Board without fee or remuneration, save a meager subsistence, and that subsistence now, in the days of age and feebleness, cut off. Noble old men! refusing to leave “these sheep in the wilderness,” the spiritual children that God had given them; to forsake an affectionate people struggling for a higher life of civilization and Christianity; and, for the result, casting themselves, naked and penniless, upon the providence of God. Devoted servants of Christ! toil on; make your graves among the children of the forest. Hence to arise will be glorious. Possibly, after all, final results may demonstrate that these men, from a long period of actual contact and experience, understood the question involved better than the functionaries who, at a cautious distance, kept in their hands the “sinews of war;” and who, for years, have held over them the rod of withdrawal.

My interesting and profitable visit to this part of the Nation being ended, I took leave of my kind missionary friends on the morning of the 28th of November, and set out from Pine Ridge for Fort Washita and the Chickasaw country. In my company was Mr. Potter, a lay missionary, and a brave Ohio girl, one of the new recruits, on her way to take part in the labors of one of the missions of the extreme frontier. I recur again to my published series over date of “Fort Washita, Chickasaw Nation, December 2, 1844.”

“A ride of eighty miles has brought me from Fort Towson to Fort Washita. On the way I had the privilege of visiting Koonsha Female Seminary, one of the Choctaw

institutions under the care of the American Board; Rev. Mr. Hotchkin, Superintendent. Mrs. H. is a fine model of female enterprise and persevering devotion to the cause of missions; superintending, in the absence of her husband, all the affairs of the mission school, farm, building operations, etc. The new recruits seem in good spirits.

"Mrs. H. thought it would not do for the evening to pass unimproved. So, after the evening meal, all repaired to the school-room, and we had a comfortable season of worship, while I spoke of the 'blessedness' of the man 'that trusteth in God.' In the morning I was aroused by the cheerful voice of our hostess, partook of refreshment, and was off long before *reveillé*."

It was now Autumn or early Winter. Nature had put off her gay attire, and the gorgeous Summer dress of the southern prairies was exchanged for the graver aspects of the season. The extract goes on: "The route up [Red River] lies mostly through extensive prairies, there not being altogether perhaps five miles of timber in the last sixty. To one who has never beheld the richness of western scenery it is hard to conceive of its beauty. Nature stands forth in primeval grandeur, simple, majestic, unsubdued; and he who can fail to admire must be 'either more or less than a man.' The rich material which is here found for the pencil would well repay an *amateur* in that science for a voyage across the Atlantic."

At the same time it must be acknowledged that there is in prairie traveling a sense of loneliness unknown elsewhere. The vast unbounded expanse around; the absence, at times, from the sight, for hours together, of any living thing save the animal you ride; the deep, pervading silence that reigns all around; all these are calculated to make an impression of one's solitariness and utter insignificance in the scale of creation. Few places are so friendly to reflection and meditation. During the second day I was parted from my traveling companions, and pursued my journey alone.

The extract proceeds: "I am now seated in the hospitable dwelling of Colonel Upshaw, United States Agent for the Chickasaws. This is the *ultima thule* in this direction, there being, from the best information accessible, not a single white family between my present position and the Rocky Mountains. Within a mile of this Agency is Fort Washita. It takes its name from the 'Faux Ouachita' or False Washita River, near which it stands, [so called to distinguish it from another tributary of Red River, lower down, known as Washita River.] It is within the Chickasaw District of the Choctaw Nation, and was established in 1842 to protect the Chickasaws against the incursions and depredations of the wild tribes of roving Indians that are just upon the border. This post occupies a commanding position also with respect to Mexico and Texas.

"Colonel Upshaw has lately returned from an expedition upon the plains, undertaken by direction of the War Department, to the Wichetaw villages, accompanied by two officers and fifty dragoons from the garrison. The object was to recover, if possible, two captive white children, said to be in their possession. He was absent near a month, and explored the country for some one hundred and fifty miles, but failed to accomplish the rescue.

"I arrived at Fort Washita on the 30th ultimo. [The officer then in command was Colonel Harney, since promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and for years so prominently before the public.] On the same evening a party of Cherokees came in, bringing with them the person of an Indian named Tom Starr, one of the notorious three of that name, two brothers and a cousin, who had rendered themselves famous by the murder of Vore and family, [before spoken of,] and a series of outrages that had made them a reproach to the Cherokee name, and a terror to their own Nation and others. They had spent their time chiefly among the wild tribes beyond the reach of their pursuers, occasionally visiting the Nation, plundering and burning in the most daring and lawless manner. The party, headed

by Daniel Coody, a brave Cherokee, came in sight of him near one of his harboring-places, about fifteen miles from the Fort. Before he had discovered them he had advanced on horseback within fifty yards of their position. He attempted to wheel and escape. Coody fired, and was followed in quick succession by the others. Of ten shots, six took effect, three upon his person, and three upon his horse. He fell, badly wounded, was placed upon a horse and brought into the Fort. The officers in command advised them at once to hang him up, according to the provisions of the code so extensively practiced upon of late by our neighbors of the States, [and in which the gallant Colonel himself was not wholly unpracticed,] assuring them that they would do themselves 'immortal honor.' But this was a lesson in *civilization* which they had not yet taken—and the obstinate 'savages' preferred to await the process of law. [He was left at the Fort, and soon after died of his wounds.]

"Soon after my arrival, which was on Saturday afternoon, Colonel Upshaw addressed a note to Colonel Harney, at the garrison, informing him of my presence, and stating that, if desired, there would be preaching the next day; at the same time giving him an item of political intelligence, of which I happened to be the bearer, [the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency.] A reply was immediately received, that a room should be prepared for Divine service, and that, 'in consequence of the very gratifying intelligence brought by Mr. G.,' he would perhaps come and hear him himself.

"The hour arrived on the Sabbath. The church-call was sounded upon the bugle, the force being entirely composed of cavalry. We obeyed the summons. I had endeavored to frame a shaft for the Colonel himself; to inform him and the audience that I had an item of intelligence to announce, of far greater interest and importance than the result of any mere political conflict. But the Colonel was not there; he had politely escorted me to the door, and then turned away. Others were there, however, and among



them some that I thought feared God and loved his Word. And there, in the quarters of common soldiers, surrounded by glistening armor, we worshiped God in comfort, and realized his presence, while I pressed the inquiry, 'Why will ye die?' The place is wicked, but the officers are exceedingly courteous. Colonel Harney invites me to occupy a room in his quarters during my stay. Brother Duncan, our Chickasaw missionary, says that their kindness and liberality have been such as to render him perfectly bankrupt in politeness. He takes care, however, to tell them that all their generosity will not satisfy him, nor save them, without a personal yielding of their hearts to God. But, alas! they 'know not the day of their visitation.'"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## A WEEK AMONG THE CHICKASAWS.

ON arriving at Fort Washita, I found myself disappointed as to the time at which I should meet the Chickasaws in Council. The United States Agent, however, informed me that he considered it unsafe to pursue my contemplated journey alone, owing to repeated murders and robberies on that route of late, and urged me to remain till the assembling of the Council. I accordingly stopped for a week longer, hoping, by the blessing of God, to effect some good within the time, and at its close to find company on my way homeward.

I have before spoken of the residence of the Chickasaws upon the Choctaw lands. Another extract from my published series will present their situation more fully. It bears date, "Chickasaw Mission, December 5, 1844 :"

"The Chickasaws are in number about four thousand. They emigrated from Mississippi in 1838. Being allied to the Choctaws in language and customs, they sought a home among them in the West. A compact was formed between them, by which the Choctaws granted to them a district of country in the south-west of their Nation, reaching west to the United States line, over which they were to have exclusive jurisdiction for local purposes ; they at the same time constituting an integral part of the Choctaw Nation, and being represented in their National Council, and, for all general purposes, subject to their laws and regulations. The compact secures to the Chickasaws the right of settling, if they desire it, in any part of the Choctaw country. They retain, also, in their own hands, the management of their own fiscal concerns, school regulations, etc. In

return for this grant, the Chickasaws assigned over to the Choctaws half a million of dollars of the funds due them from the United States Government; and the Government has vested the amount in five per cent. stocks for the benefit of the Choctaws, the annual product of which constitutes one principal source of income to the Choctaw people.

“In consequence of the option granted, as above, many of the Chickasaws, probably more than one-half, have settled without the bounds of their own district. The Chief and Commissioners, who constitute the legal authority under the treaty with the United States, reside within the district; while the ‘King,’ who is still struggling to keep up the old form of government, and whose authority some are inclined to uphold, lives without its bounds. The Chickasaws possess more public and private wealth, in proportion to their numbers, than any other tribe of Western Indians. In consequence, however, of their large indebtedness, their annuities have been withheld since their removal till the present year. Sixty thousand dollars is now in the hands of their Agent, to be disbursed *per caput* among men, women, and children. To-day is the time fixed for opening the payment. Large arrangements are being made. A new Council-House has been erected; boarding-houses, cabins, sheds, shanties, are going up as if by magic. All want a share. Some come to obtain a part by collecting debts, some by selling goods, some by boarding establishments, some by gaming; while others, probably, may be plotting deeds of murder and robbery, which have not been unfrequent on some of the leading routes in this section. In the midst of all this bustle and confusion, my worthy friend, brother Duncan, the Chickasaw missionary, is quietly looking on, and thinking what an admirable arrangement here will be for a camp meeting next Summer; an idea which, I find, meets a hearty response from some pious souls, who, even here, are found ready to spend their labors and their substance for the promotion of the cause of God.

“Intelligence is just received which may, it is thought,

interfere with the payment, if not prevent it, for the present. The King, displeased that the summons which brings the people together should have been given by the Chief, instead of himself, has issued his mandate to his subjects forbidding their assembling at the time and place appointed, and enjoining them to await his orders. So we shall have a test of the comparative loyalty to 'His Majesty' and deference to the new authorities. I opine, however, that the jingle of Uncle Sam's dollars will have much to do in sustaining the party that makes the first call. The Chief, Col. Albison, is a man of intelligence, while the King is a mere cipher, completely under the influence of a few prominent men who reside out of the district, and seek to use his authority to further their own private views." Having never stood in the presence of a crowned head, I had some curiosity to look upon this "sprig of royalty," but in this was disappointed.

The letter continues: "The wealth of the Chickasaws consists principally in slaves. In most instances they are kind masters, and live on terms of familiarity with them; but many of them can scarcely keep their slaves and themselves from suffering for want of the necessaries of life. Here and there is a shrewd, calculating man who acquires wealth. Some of them are extensive cotton-planters. They are generally intelligent, mild, and interesting; and, with the domestic skill of their slaves, they live comfortably. I am always pleased, when traveling, to know that I am to lodge with a Chickasaw family.

"There are but few professors of Christianity among them. I think but little missionary effort has been expended upon this people. Perhaps it may be owing to this, that, even among the more intelligent, there exists a strong attachment to the ancient heathen customs. An instance: A young man lately died in one of the most wealthy and influential families. He was, according to their ancient usage, interred under his dwelling, dressed in a rich and costly suit; and in his grave were deposited articles of value which he had carried about his person, such as his gun, fine gold watch, sad-

dle, bridle, blankets, etc., with a supply of sugar, coffee, tah-ful-lah—sour hominy—and all other things deemed needful for his journey to another world. Still the people receive the Gospel willingly, treat the missionary with great kindness, and are anxious for schools. The United States Agent is favorably disposed to our institutions.

“On the 2d inst. Col. Upshaw, after his morning’s fox-chase was over, kindly accompanied me to our mission station established last year, which has been appropriately named ‘Pleasant Grove.’ It occupies an elevated position, commanding a view of the Fort, some miles distant, and in some directions a prospect of thirty miles. Here again it is gratifying to find Methodism in the van, this being, so far as my knowledge extends, the most westerly mission station, occupied by any denomination, on this side the Rocky Mountains. Here brother Duncan has hoisted the missionary flag, and, with his meager appropriation, is battling for the cause; apparently well satisfied, except that now and then he lets drop a wish, to be ‘a little further out;’ he dislikes to be ‘crowded,’ and sees some ‘fine fields’ down on the Trinity in Texas, or elsewhere, that he would like to occupy. He is a very Daniel Boone in our ranks. Sister D. also seems contented and happy. Their little school is highly prized by the natives, being the only one in the Chickasaw district. Here also I had the happiness to meet with good brother —, formerly a local preacher within the bounds of my last field of labor in North Indiana, now employed upon a frontier circuit in Texas. He is alone and feeble, but I have learned that God is greatly blessing his labors.

“Here we have had the privilege of uniting with a few natives and others in brother D.’s first missionary concert, and on the extreme of our mission field joining our voices in

‘See how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace,’ etc.

On the Sabbath I had an opportunity of proclaiming the ‘Gospel of the kingdom.’ ”

In a few days almost the entire Chickasaw Nation was convened, and the payment proceeded, presenting a scene quite similar to that described at Fort Towson, except that the larger amounts paid out here created a deeper interest, and led to more numerous and deep-laid plans to get hold of the "Indians' money." In this instance, however, a large proportion of their annuity was taken home by them to the defeat and mortification of the whites whose avaricious designs had brought them to the scene.

During the time that they were assembled a snow of some inches fell, the only one that I saw during my residence in the country. It was still lying upon the mountains as I returned home. The weather became cold for the climate, and considerable suffering was experienced by the Indians in their exposed condition.

The principal object of my visit to the Chickasaw Council was to confer with them upon educational matters, and to influence them to appropriate some portion of their large national income to educational purposes. On conferring with them, I found them inclined to look favorably upon the proposal. I accordingly drew up for the Council an act similar in the main to our own, but with such modifications and additions as experience suggested. The act provided for the establishment and maintenance of a seminary of learning, to be known as Chickasaw Academy, and placed under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A fund was provided for building, and in addition to this the sum of six thousand dollars a year for twenty years was appropriated for the support of the institution.

The proposal was not finally acted upon before my leaving. A short time, however, after my arrival at home I was notified by letter that the act had been passed by the Council. It subsequently was ratified by the Department at Washington and carried into effect. I believe the institution is still—1860—in successful operation in the hands of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. There is now before me a letter of acknowledgment from the Superintendent of our

Mission Conference for services rendered in the establishment of the Chickasaw Academy, dated January 23, 1845.

The objects contemplated in my stay being accomplished, and having met with company, on the 9th of December I set my face homeward. The first day I traveled to Boggy Depot, a trading post among the Chickasaws. On leaving the annuity-ground, a trader resident at the place had invited me to call and tarry for the night at his cabin, now vacated by his absence, and to direct his colored woman, living in an adjacent cabin, to provide for me. I complied, leaving my company to seek lodgings elsewhere. The old negress seemingly knew or suspected my calling, and promptly set about the work of preparation, meanwhile incessantly singing hymns, for my entertainment, as she passed cheerfully about her employment. Seldom have I been so well and so unexpectedly provided for. Years have passed away, but the simple-hearted kindness of the pious old slave has never been forgotten.

At this place I met with a white man of some intelligence, advanced in years, who had spent almost his entire life among Indians. He had been with the Delawares in Indiana previous to their removal West; had ranged the unbroken forests upon White River and Fall Creek, including the site where Indianapolis now stands, before the white settlements were made; then had gone West and wandered among the different tribes up to that time. I got no clew to his motives. Different causes lead men to abandon civilized society, and seek a refuge among savages. Some flee to evade punishment for crime; some go from mercenary motives of pecuniary gain; some, of low and depraved tastes and habits, are actuated by mere social affinity, and a desire to shake off the restraints of cultivated and refined society; while others, no doubt, under pressure of misfortune or disappointment, have, in an hour of despondency, if not misanthropy, doomed themselves to a life of perpetual exile.

Our second day's travel brought us to Brushy; the third

to Fush-ma-line, where we staid with an Indian named Wo-ni-pa. On the 12th of the month, after a day's ride of fifty-three miles, I reached Fort Coffee, thankful for my own preservation and for the health and comfort of all under my charge. How welcome to the toil-worn missionary is a cheerful, smiling home! How endearing, how precious the society of wife and children at intervals snatched from his work! The sensations of that particular hour remain in memory to this day. Think not, ye who are privileged to enjoy home and domestic comfort, that we value these scenes and associations less than do others, or that the tender ties of life bind us less strongly and sweetly than yourselves. "The love of Christ constraineth us." But the home-welcome that once awaited the writer is now unknown, and the smile that once greeted him at the threshold he will no more meet till he arrives at the heavenly home.

A very unquiet state of things prevailed in our part of the Nation at this time, principally resulting from an increased consumption of ardent spirits. The Choctaws were butchering each other at an alarming rate. Three murders had occurred in the district during my absence, one within a mile of our place. On my way home I turned aside from the way to a spot where, I had been told, lay the unburied remains of a fellow-man, said to have been a Baptist preacher, who had been murdered for the purpose of robbery. A few poles had been carelessly placed around his body by some passers-by; the flesh had been eaten from the bones by animals; fragments of garments lay around; some of the limbs, severed from the body, had been dragged off by wild beasts. I mournfully gathered up the bones, and deposited them in the place again, to save them, if possible, from further violation, and turned away, inwardly saying: "Alas, my brother!"

Shall I, at the termination of my earthly wanderings, find a grave? or shall my bones, too, bleach and molder in some forest or on some western plain? God only knows.



But his voice shall call this body into life again, with every particle essential to its identity. I shall "awake." O, may it be in his likeness!

On the day after my return, being midwinter, the thermometer at Fort Coffee stood at 80°. Lovely Winter climate! How does it contrast with the bleak winds that now howl around me!

## CHAPTER XXV.

## PRELIMINARIES TO A RETURN.

AFFAIRS at Fort Coffee had now assumed a settled form, and were progressing regularly and quietly, but with little variety of incident. A daily and weekly routine of labor, of study, of stated worship, of recreation, and of rest was pursued. Our institution prospered, our farm yielded well, and was gradually being enlarged; the authorities and people of the Nation seemed pleased with our progress; we had enough to supply bodily wants, and were at peace with the world.

By careful economy we had now been enabled to place our finances in a condition which we thought would justify a commencement of operations in view of our female department. This, as before stated, though a branch of the same institution, and under the same superintendency, was to be located at New Hope, about five miles distant. The separation of the two departments was the act of the Council, and greatly increased our labor and expenditure. It was determined, however, so to connect the interests and labors of the two as to render them mutually subservient to each other's support and advancement. I accordingly received proposals, and eventually concluded a contract for the erection of two buildings for the Female Department at New Hope, each one hundred feet in length, and adapted to the peculiar character and wants of the department. As it turned out, before the fulfillment of this contract my connection with the institution had terminated; but the buildings were erected as contemplated, and are occupied, I believe, to this day—1860.

A subject of deep interest, and which was in its determina-

tion materially to affect our future course, now pressed with great weight upon our minds. The situation in which the affairs of the Church had been left by the action of the General Conference of 1844; the subsequent movement of the Southern delegates in calling a Convention from all the Conferences in slaveholding territory, to meet at Louisville in May, 1845, and the very uncertain issue of the deliberations of that body; all contributed to place us in an unenviable state of doubt and embarrassment.

Upon this subject brother Benson and myself fully concurred in sentiment. We were in slave territory, surrounded by strong pro-slavery influences, both in Church and State. We were there, not by our own act, but in obedience to the economy of the Church. We were willing to live and labor on slave ground, and accommodate ourselves to circumstances; but it was our fixed determination, in the event of separation, never to be identified with a pro-slavery Church. We were remote from all who sympathized with us; had none with whom to advise; and heard and knew nothing of the movements taking place, except as we learned them from the public journals, and that often imperfectly. A heavy charge was in our hands, and one not to be lightly or suddenly abandoned. The storm of persecution against preachers from the North had already begun to rage in the State below us, and the spirit of mob violence to exhibit itself; and some of the preachers, lately transferred from Northern Conferences, had deemed it prudent already to retire. How long to remain in our present position, or when and in what way to indicate our future course, were points not easily settled. The question was one of deep thought, frequent conversation between ourselves, and, I trust, of earnest supplication for the Divine guidance; but in these consultations no one participated. We mutually agreed in the opinion that, for the present, we should remain where we were, take care of the charge committed to our hands, and await the result to determine our course.

It has been seen that the Indian Mission Conference had thought proper to elect me as one of their delegates to that Convention; that this had been done without seeking to impose any trammels either by pledges or instructions; and that I had submitted to be so elected. The whole matter at our Conference had passed off with but few words publicly, or, so far as I know, privately. It had then been my purpose to take my seat in the Convention, and act with them so far as I could; but should they determine to secede, or to perform any act to which I could not in conscience submit, then formally to withdraw from the body. This purpose I entertained for a time, but as the time approached, the real design and final issue became more and more apparent. I thought I saw that I should stand alone, be placed in a scene of irritation and conflict, painful to myself and productive of no good. I accordingly resolved not to take a seat, and to give public notice to that effect. The following note, announcing my intention, was forwarded to two of the Church papers, one in the northern section of our work, and the other in the southern:

“My name having, in connection with the proceedings of the Indian Mission Conference, appeared in your paper as one of the delegates elect from said Conference to the Convention of Southern ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church to be held in Louisville, Kentucky, in May next, I think it proper, through the same medium, to say to all concerned, that I shall not appear for the purpose of claiming a seat in said Convention, or in any wise participating in its proceedings. I have given due notice of this my intention to Rev. D. B. Cumming, the reserve delegate. The determination herein expressed is the result of my own personal convictions of duty and propriety, apart from the advice, promptings, or influence of any man or body of men.

“WM. H. GOODE.

“FORT COFFEE, CHOCTAW NATION, FEB. 20, 1845.”

The foregoing note appeared in the Northern paper to which it was sent, but was suppressed by the editor of the Southern; referring to it, however, in an editorial notice which conveyed a misrepresentation of facts.

But although I had thus declined a seat, it was still my purpose to be present and personally witness the action of the Convention, understand all its movements, and shape my own course accordingly. But here a formidable difficulty intervened. A wife and six children would be left behind. What storm might arise on hearing of my intended course in the now probable event of separation, and what indignities or violence they might be exposed to in my absence, was unknown. The State of Arkansas lay between them and the Mississippi, and the scenes already transpired at its capital gave warning of what might be expected. I accordingly resolved to take my entire family with me—the seat of the Convention being among kindred and near the scene of former labors—to abide the result of the action, and, at its close, be governed by convictions of duty as to a return to my field of labor or a final severance of my connection with the South.

For this event I had been carefully preparing from the commencement of our Conference and fiscal year. The cloud had been seen rising, and I was aiming to be in a condition to meet the storm. All the business of the institution had gone on as though no change were to take place; and yet affairs were kept in a condition to meet any emergency. Duplicate receipts and vouchers had been taken for all moneys paid out; a careful copy of the books and accounts of the institution was prepared, and matters thus kept in readiness to have with me the means of final settlement at any time and place; and, at the same time, to leave behind me a complete exhibit of the affairs of the concern.

Other minds there were, and those of prominent Southern ministers, that were exercised similarly to my own, but with different results. The complete pall of Southern influence had not yet been thrown over them; and a little of Hazael's

indignation burned in their bosoms. An instance may be given. I visited a quarterly meeting below the State line. The presiding elder was present, a pious man, a man of peace, a brother beloved. He had been in the General Conference of 1844, and was a delegate elect from Arkansas Conference to the Louisville Convention. He seemed oppressed in mind, and freely unburdened himself to me; told me his fears of the action of the Convention and of its results; said that on the morning on which he had left his home, his own aged and pious father had come to his house and entreated him to "have nothing to do with the Louisville Convention." He appeared to be in great perplexity as to the course he should pursue, and sought my advice. I urged him to go and take part in the proceedings; but at the same time informed him of my own purpose to act differently. This excited his surprise. I explained. "You," said I, "are a Southern man, and expect to remain such; to be connected with and subject to the new organization, if formed. You should take part, and use your influence to shape the course of the Convention. The counsels of moderate men like yourself will be needed. The reverse is true of myself. I am a Northern man, and intend, in the event of separation, to abandon the South and claim my former home and Church relations. I choose to have nothing to do with it." He went, took his seat, acted with them throughout, and has been led along by degrees till he has become, as I learn, a zealous advocate of the peculiar institution, and a stanch defender of the several steps of pro-slavery progress in the new organization.

Another incident to the same point I anticipate, occurring in the city of Louisville at an early stage of the proceedings of the Convention. Walking a street of the city in company with a friend, a delegate from one of the Conferences, the conversation turned upon the pseudo-philanthropic pretenses of the advocates of slavery, and the various pretexts of mercy and humanity upon which they seek to justify the system. My friend suddenly cut the matter

short by saying, with emphasis, "They want their work." That brother is now, if I mistake not, snugly seated upon his farm, surrounded by slaves owned and driven by himself. Who can look back and remember what the sentiment and feeling of the great body of Methodist preachers in the South was, a score of years ago, upon this subject, and not

"Blush, and hide his head to think himself a man,"

at this exhibition of human frailty and inconstancy?

All was deliberately arranged for our departure. The superintendency of the concern was, for the time being, placed in the hands of the presiding elder of the district, an experienced Indian missionary, and one deeply in the interests of the South. Funds, books, papers, property, and all were placed under his control, and a letter of authority, given over my own signature, to transact all necessary business during my absence. He was to reside at Fort Coffee. Meanwhile brother Benson, aided by Mr. Brigham, remained in charge of the school; brother B. having accepted his appointment at the preceding Conference, on condition that he should be permitted to leave at any time during the year, should the state of his health require it. I was authorized by brother B., in the event of my finding it necessary to ask a transfer to the northern section of the work, to make the same request for him also.

It was my fortune to leave all the interests of the institution in a healthful condition. Our school was prosperous, and had the growing confidence of the Nation. The students were subordinate, learned well, and some gave evidence of piety. The buildings of the female department were in process of erection, and funds were on hand and accruing to meet all payments. The fiscal concerns of the institution were in a good state. I have before me an estimate of the effects of the mission, dated September 20, 1844. At that time the property of the institution was estimated at five thousand, nine hundred and fifty-five dollars and three cents; cash on hand, three thousand and

forty-six dollars and thirteen cents; total, nine thousand and one dollars and sixteen cents. I have no similar estimate of later date; but, at the same ratio of increase, the total assets of the institution, at my leaving, must have been about twelve thousand dollars. This had all been a net saving from our income after defraying all expenses of the establishment.

An extract from a letter of instructions left to my immediate successor, who was temporarily absent when I left, will give some further exhibit of the condition of the institution, and of our general method of conducting our business: "I have settled all accounts, and paid all salaries up to this date—March 1st. The institution does not, to my knowledge, owe a dollar. I have sent to New Orleans, through Mr. H., for a supply of groceries; the money is advanced. All the material for Summer clothing [for the Indian boys] is on hand, excepting, perhaps, some light articles. You will find but one running account upon the book, that of the building contractors, which will, of necessity, remain open while the buildings are in progress. I think it best to make as few as possible. . . . I leave, as I suppose, enough money on hand to make the first payment on the New Hope buildings, and to defray all expenses up to the time the next semi-annual appropriation will be received."

A further extract from the same letter will indicate something of the state of mind realized at this juncture: "I am leaving home with rather an unusual class of feelings. The length of the journey; the difficult and tedious manner in which much of it is to be performed; the danger to a family in case of a steamboat accident, now so frequent; all have their effect. But these are small matters compared with the present gloomy condition of the Church. It is impossible to predict the issue. Should a merciful Providence even spare our lives, still you and I may meet no more on earth. You will not, I presume, think this remark strange, after what has heretofore been said between



us. . . . I wish to leave the way open to my return. I have not, to my knowledge, done any thing that will hedge up my way, should duty require it; nor do I intend to. But should I no more return, I hope that you may get a better man in my place, and that the blessing of God may rest upon the work. I shall endeavor to act in the line of duty, so far as I have light. I commit all to the Lord, and implore his direction. I have, however, in view of present circumstances and probable results, declined serving as a delegate, and notified brother Cumming of the fact. It is still my purpose, if Providence permit, to attend the sittings of the Convention, and see what course matters take."

The Arkansas River, at this time, was at a very low stage. After waiting some time for a rise, and no indications appearing, it was determined to relinquish our purpose of going by water, and travel by land to Little Rock, or, if need required, to Rock Roe, on White River, from which place down to the Mississippi, at Montgomery's Point, there was steamboat navigation at all seasons. The road was long and dreary, but necessity seemed to be upon us. A large road-wagon and a strong team were engaged for the transportation of the family and light baggage; for at this time we owned but few pounds of personal goods. A pony and rifle were purchased for my own use, and all made ready for a start.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## TO LOUISVILLE VIA NEW ORLEANS—INCIDENTS.

THE morning of Monday, March 3, 1845, witnessed our departure from Fort Coffee, near two years after I first placed my foot upon its commanding hights, then desolate and dreary; its apartments tenantless and gloomy; every thing in a state of dilapidation, the result of four years' abandonment since evacuated by a military force; now smiling in beauty, dedicated to the Prince of Peace, peopled with cheerful and pious inhabitants, and sending forth the streams of healthful moral and intellectual culture into the benighted region around.

The great wagon was driven into the area; baggage and camp equipage loaded in; leave taken; wife and children placed on board; the pony mounted, rifle in hand; and we took up the line of march. Soon the dense forests intercepted our vision, and we took a last look, as it proved to be, upon the noble site; a spot endeared still in recollection by toils and struggles, hopes and fears, joys and griefs, shared by some now entered into rest, and by others still on the way.

A drive of a few hours brought us to Poteau River. This we found rising, so that we forded it with difficulty; an indication of rains toward its source. Hindered thus, we only reached Massard Prairie, a few miles back from Fort Smith, and put up for the night. During the night and succeeding day, there was a heavy fall of rain; such as to prevent land traveling and to give hopes of a passage by water; dismissed teamster, and *camped* for a season in a vacant house; rode to Fort Smith, and found the river rising. On the succeeding day I removed family and equi-

page to Fort Smith, and procured a house in which we again *camped*, awaiting the arrival of a boat. On the 7th my family went on board the steamer *Archer*, Captain Woodward, then lying at Fort Smith Landing, and were made comfortable. Here we remained four days, during which time the heavy rains continued, bringing the river up to a fine boating stage.

On the morning of the 11th our steamer put out, bound for New Orleans; our passage being taken for the mouth of Arkansas, where we contemplated taking an upward-bound Mississippi boat. On the 13th we reached Little Rock, and spent a few hours, where we were courteously waited upon by several ministerial brethren, and a number of the ladies of the place, who accompanied us to the next landing, manifesting the same kind feelings that had been exhibited during the long detention of my family at that place in 1843; though, meanwhile, their amiable young pastor had, under pressure of mob violence, been compelled to vacate his place and seek a safer and more genial home. Had they known all, we should most certainly have forfeited their kind attentions, if, indeed, we had not actually encountered hostile demonstrations. But, recognizing no right on their part to dictate our course, or even to be put in possession of our individual purposes, and knowing no good end to be subserved by being over-communicative; and, withal, deeming "discretion to be the better part of valor," we forebore to spoil the pleasant interview, gratefully receiving their kindness, and suffering the themes to them so exciting to pass, for the time, unnoticed.

Our boat was one of medium size, plain, well built, well furnished, neat, and comfortable. Our captain we soon found to be all that we could desire; a fine contrast with a former Mississippi commander heretofore noticed. For something rare in a waterman, he was of Quaker origin and rearing, and demonstrated the practicability of carrying their system of "still" and gentle control into effect even upon the water. Mild and courteous in his address, calm

and composed in all his movements, never speaking in a harsh tone, nor even loud, unless really necessary, he maintained an influence over his men that I have never seen equaled by any other commander. No loud or harsh talking was allowed among the crew; all was done with an order and quietness that would be deemed impracticable.

The passage down the Arkansas was slow, although the stage was fine for boating. Much of each day was spent in taking in freight, principally bales of cotton from the plantations on the banks, and at night we "tied up," it being deemed unsafe to run at night in the downward passage upon this river. We had some view of the desolation caused by the last Spring's overflow, the river having in many places changed its channel, making sad havoc of plantations on its banks.

The leisure afforded by our frequent detention at the cotton plantations presented excellent opportunity of conversing with the settlers, and looking into the condition and habits of the planters and their large households, an examination that did not tend much to prepossess me in favor of the planter's life, much as it is admired and coveted by many. One of the "shippers" I must sketch. He took passage with us and went down to New Orleans with his crop of cotton, to dispose of it in person.

He was grave and venerable in appearance and fond of conversation; I soon made his acquaintance, and our whole intercourse was agreeable. I found him to be an Englishman by birth, about fourscore years of age, a Methodist, and formerly a hearer of John Wesley. He had traveled much, had lived in different parts of the United States, and among other places had once lived and owned a mill at the Falls of Ohio, on the Indiana side, near where Jeffersonville now stands. I personally recollect the remains of an old mill which long ago were to be seen near the "head of the shoot," and which, I suppose, may have been the same. His name has escaped recollection.

He had at last settled upon a plantation upon the bank

of Arkansas, possessed himself of a slave force and was engaged in raising cotton. He was conscious of failure through age and the nearness of death, and regarded his present trip to New Orleans as the last he should ever make. He was intelligent and well informed in matters pertaining to religious doctrine and history, and in all his wanderings he seemed to have maintained the spirit of piety, but was withal a stanch supporter of Southern rights and institutions. But truth, like "murder," at times "will out," so it was with this old patriarch. After a homily at one time upon slavery, in which he strongly defended it, he wound up with this frank acknowledgment, founded, it seemed, upon his own experience. "But, after all," said he, "if I would enjoy the life and power of religion, let me live in a free State," a sentiment that found a hearty "amen" in my own feelings, and which I carefully noted as an involuntary tribute to the inseparable companionship of the spirit of true religion and that of genuine liberty. So true is it that freedom, like "godliness, is profitable unto all things." Nearly a score of years has passed; I know nothing of him since. Ere this probably he has entered that land where "the servant is free from his master."

On Saturday, the 15th, we entered the Mississippi at Napoleon. Here we had intended to disembark and wait for an upward-bound boat, but our captain, with whom we were on pleasant terms, kindly tendered us a gratuitous passage to New Orleans. This we concluded to accept, as, in addition to the desirableness of the trip itself, we should be saved from a disagreeable stay at this haunt of wickedness and moral degradation, and at the same time secure better accommodations up by taking passage upon a boat while in port. Here we were overtaken by our friend Mr. Brigham, who had left Fort Coffee some time after we did, and had a speedy passage. He too determined to take New Orleans in the way, and his company down and then up again contributed not a little to our enjoyment of the trip, especially with the juniors of our party.

We found the Mississippi at a high stage, and our full freight being taken in we glided down the current at a rapid rate. Those who have not seen a full-freighted Mississippi cotton-boat would scarcely conceive the immense bulk of the staple that is stored on board. Engine-room, guards, boiler-deck, hurricane deck, and every other available space is filled with cotton bales piled up to a great height, much to the annoyance of passengers by circumscribing their ambulatory limits. And then, when a fire breaks out in such a mass of combustible matter, what a scene! Those who have witnessed the sight, bale after bale thrown overboard in a flame, or falling one after another from the burning wreck as she floats along, and spreading out in the current till the river presents a scene of living blaze, describe it as resembling "a river on fire." And woe to the luckless passengers whom such a calamity befalls! One boat was burned while we were in the Mississippi. A constant guard is kept to prevent accidents of this kind. Many times during our downward trip our freight took fire. When on the deck, or any accessible place, it was easily found and extinguished, but when, as repeatedly occurred, fire was discovered to have taken in the vast pile of bales stowed away in the engine-room or upon the lower deck, much time and effort were required to trace it out; meanwhile no little trepidation was realized by all who knew it. The nasal acuteness of the ladies in the cabin generally led to the first discoveries of danger, and was probably the means of saving the boat and much human life.

The high stage of water elevating us above the levees that line the banks of the "Father of Waters," gave a fine prospect of the adjacent country. Cotton farms, sugar plantations, negro quarters, tasty residences, and beautiful gardens presented themselves to the eye. As we passed south we entered rapidly into the domains of Spring. All was verdure. Live oaks, oranges, Spanish moss, and other indications of a southern clime appeared. The air was genial and balmy. We enjoyed the change. Still we found it in our

hearts to say, with Addison in one of the letters which he wrote from Italy,

“We envy not the favored land that lies  
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,  
’T is liberty that crowns,” etc.

About midnight, on the 17th, we landed at the wharf at New Orleans, after a safe and pleasant passage of one week from Fort Smith, having made good time after entering the Mississippi. On the morning following it was my good fortune to meet with a number of esteemed friends from the “upper country,” in whose society, with that of some city acquaintances, a few days passed agreeably. Among them I was happy to find my old friend Rev. C. W. Ruter, then in feeble health, and seeking temporary respite in a milder clime.

The juniors of our company, under the care of Mr. Brigham, amused themselves with an excursion to Lake Pontchartrain. Less locomotive in my own feelings, my attention was drawn to the proceedings of the Louisiana State Convention, then in session in the city. I had heard much of Southern statesmanship, Southern eloquence, and Southern recklessness; I had heard and read much of the desperate state of morals in the Southern emporium, and I supposed that I should be able in a short space to learn more of New Orleans and of the South in the State-House than elsewhere. Spending some time there I found myself happily disappointed in the general appearance and bearing of the members of the Convention. I met a grave, dignified, and, I should judge, talented body of men. On the desk of the presiding officer lay a large Bible. The session was opened by a fervent and evangelical prayer from a Baptist clergyman. There was no display of revolvers and bowie-knives; there were no inflammatory speeches, no infidel sneers, no indecorous deportment, no indication of Catholic rule. All was appropriate and orderly. The result of their labors was, as I have since learned, one of the

best State Constitutions of the Confederacy, bating its conformity to the institution of slavery.

On the 18th I took my family on board the steamer "James Madison," and about six o'clock, P. M., on the 19th, we were under way on our upward trip, bound for Louisville. The Madison was a noble Mississippi steamer of the largest class, and crowded with passengers beyond her power of accommodation. The captain was a well-disposed man, and treated us with civility; some of the crew were rough and unpleasant; the passengers, as usual, were a mixed crowd; the vast cabin was literally filled up with gaming tables; and we were subjected to the annoyances common to families traveling upon crowded thoroughfares; but, upon the whole, our passage was quite as pleasant as is common under similar circumstances. The river was still high, and we made slow time against the powerful current. No incident of importance occurred on our upward trip; and on the morning of Friday, March 28th, we landed at Louisville, safe and well, thankful to a merciful Providence that had preserved us since, at this same point, we committed ourselves to him and embarked on our southward-bound passage.

A month was yet to elapse before the assembling of the Convention. Meanwhile some labors were to be performed for my Fort Coffee charge. Cincinnati was visited. Building material and other needed supplies for the institution were purchased and shipped. Bishops Morris and Hamline were seen and consulted as to the course to be pursued in the existing crisis. An aged parent, then in the course of itinerancy residing at Terre Haute, was visited. Brethren of the Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky Conferences were seen and conferred with, and many precious opportunities enjoyed of mingling with crowded congregations in the "house of the Lord," a privilege indeed after our long privation. At the approach of the time of the Convention I took lodgings for myself and family in Jeffersonville, from which point I might attend the daily sessions.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

## LOUISVILLE CONVENTION AND SEQUENCES.

THE first day of May, 1845, was rendered memorable by the assembling of the Louisville Convention ; a body whose acts have become matter of history, and will not cease to be remembered while Methodism shall have a name on the earth ; a body whose movements constitute the first great act of ecclesiastical severance bearing upon our momentous question of national antagonism, still pending with fearful and ominous portents over the American people.

The Convention and its doings are before the world, and have perhaps already occupied a sufficient space in public attention. It is not my design to comment upon the proceedings, except as incidentally affecting our work of frontier missions and my personal relations to the southern department of the Church.

The ability of the men composing the body is admitted. Their complete subserviency to sectional influences and institutions, and their readiness to conform Church discipline and administration to a dominating sectional spirit, are facts before the world. Among them were men of piety, of prayer, and of moderation, who were drawn with extreme reluctance into the measures of the body ; while the larger and more influential class were urged on by a spirit that ignored all results. Some were grave and thoughtful, but many, especially in outdoor associations and intercourse, treated the whole subject with a levity ill-becoming a body of men acting under high moral and religious sanctions, and performing an act which, though in their judgment needful, was nevertheless painful in a high degree. This spirit met no response in my own feelings. I felt that

a tear became me more, and was more consonant to my state of mind than a smile. Once I had occasion to rebuke its near approach. A Southern minister, still prominent among them, addressed me upon the steps of the Convention-room with a jest and a laugh in connection with the subject of Church division. "Sir," said I in substance, "you may make yourself merry over events that are taking place; I can not—I dare not."

The *esprit de corps* was manifest from the beginning, and it was not hard to predict the *finale*. Still I deemed it prudent to await further developments before I should take any decisive step myself. All the principal measures of the Convention were shaped in a large committee, consisting of about one-third of the body, and embracing the master-spirits, thus securing the object of private sessions, and insuring the final adoption of the measures agreed upon; nominal sessions being held with open doors where much of the time was consumed in speeches intended for the public ear. So soon as any measure was known to have been agreed upon by the committee, it was regarded as virtually adopted by the body. All that was wanting was a formal ratification.

In about ten days from the opening of the session, it was understood that the committee had reached its final conclusions; that they would recommend the formation of a "distinct ecclesiastical organization," and no doubt was entertained as to the concurrence of the body. The point was now settled; the crisis had come; the Church was to be "rent in twain." This was the event in anticipation of which I was waiting. The time for me to act had now arrived.

It had been my fixed purpose never to come, even nominally, under a new organization, should one be formed. Accordingly, foreseeing the final action, I applied to Bishop Morris, then in the city, for a transfer to my former Conference, which he consented to give. Previous to this, however, some other formalities were to be adjusted by

which I should close up my personal connection with the Southern work. This became the object of immediate attention.

On my arrival at Louisville, about a month previous to the Convention, rather a sharp *passage d'armes* had taken place, by written correspondence, between a leading minister of the South, with whom I was then officially connected, and myself, in which feelings were indicated that led me to anticipate a difficult adjustment of matters in the event of separation. This anticipation was strengthened by cold and distant treatment received in the first few days from delegates with whom I had been most associated, which led me to suspect concerted action. In a few days after the opening, the minister referred to arrived. He approached me with great cordiality, and was soon followed by others. From that time their deportment changed, and up to my departure I was treated with marked kindness and even affection.

At this stage of affairs I was invited to an interview with Bishop Soule. The hour passed agreeably. I was inquired of as to the condition of the mission work upon the Southern frontier and the arrangements recently made for its enlargement; was consulted as to appointments prospectively to be made, and one or two were then fixed; all the information and advice in my power, to enable them to carry on the work with success, were fully and candidly given.

This done, an appeal was made to myself, and I was urged to remain in connection with the Southern department of the work; the Bishop assuring me that, notwithstanding the steps which I had already taken toward a change, still my "position should be satisfactory" if I would consent to remain. I replied, in substance, that "the time had come for every man of full years to take his position; that after the act of separation changes would become difficult, embarrassed, and perhaps even viewed with suspicion." "O no," said the Bishop, assuming one of his well-known

postures of confidence and authority, "It *must* not be so—it *shall* not be so." In this he was candid; still cherishing his fond dream of personal control over both departments of the Church, even after final separation should have taken place; but from this dream facts soon aroused him. With this our interview closed kindly.

The next step was a settlement of my pecuniary transactions. For this, as before seen, I had come prepared, duplicates of the books and papers necessary to a settlement being in my possession. Rev. J. C. Berryman, Superintendent of the Indian Mission Conference, was in the city, and was authorized to represent the society in the adjustment of my affairs. We came together in presence of several other brethren. My papers were examined and approved. The funds in my hands were paid over and vouchers taken; which with all similar documents are now before me—1860. This done, I received, at the hand of Bishop Morris, a regular transfer. So officially ended my connection with the Southern work.

I can not fail to notice the kind and even affectionate exhibition of unchanged confidence and warm fraternal feeling exhibited at our parting by those of my Southern brethren with whom I had been most intimately associated. At the close of our settlement referred to, the hand was taken and tears were shed. Incidental facts subsequently coming to my ears convinced me that this was no feigned feeling on the part of my former associates.

Another parting scene is pleasingly remembered. While at the city post-office giving directions for forwarding my letters, Rev. William Gunn, of Kentucky Conference, that manly, noble, sweet-spirited servant of God, one who entered so reluctantly into the measures of separation, came up, and heard what was passing. Stepping with me to the sidewalk, he said, "I can not do as you are doing. I have my people here, to whom I am attached, and whom I still desire to serve." As he was proceeding with his remarks, he was interrupted by Rev. ———, a fiery delegate from

— Conference, who approached, and commenced relating some tale of Northern aggression and outrage. I turned away, and was about to leave, but the warm tide of fraternal feeling was not thus to be checked. Shaking off the intrusion as soon as possible, he followed me, and repeated, "I can not do as you are doing; but to you I can say, 'The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever.'" It was our last earthly interview. He has entered into rest. The other delegate referred to has also passed away to the bar of God. I alone am left. O, God! when actions and motives are scrutinized at thy bar, may I not be found wanting!

It is due further to say, that, almost without exception, the entire intercourse with my old associates of the South was, at the time of parting, and has continued up to this day, mutually kind, respectful, and confidential. The period embraced since the sitting of the last General Conference had been one of great mental conflict. I have never, however, on looking back, seen any cause to regret the course pursued.

Not long after, Rev. H. C. Benson and lady arrived, also, having surrendered the entire concern into the hands of the South. A new dynasty was installed, connected, of course, with many changes in the subordinate departments. In a few months, as I afterward learned, every employé of mine, even down to the cook and laundress, had left the institution. With the details of its subsequent history I am not acquainted. Occasional reports that have met my eye indicate continued prosperity.

A new scene now opened. During the brief absence of two years very great changes had taken place in the scene of my former labors. The Indiana Conference had been divided. I was consulted as to my preference, and chose the North, having last labored in that section of the State. My transfer was accordingly made out to the North Indiana Conference: and connected with the transfer was an appointment to Peru district, to supply the place left vacant

by the recent death of my old friend, Rev. Burroughs Westlake. Thus, as a clerical friend remarked, "the iron gate opened of its own accord;" the providence of God having prepared work upon which I should immediately enter.

No time was lost. On the 21st I arrived at Indianapolis; adjusted matters for a temporary residence of my family there; purchased a horse and outfit, and repaired to my field of labor. On the 7th of June I attended the first quarterly meeting on the district in Kosciusko county, near Leesburg.

From that time till the Annual Conference, in September, I remained upon this district. It was a memorable season of distress and suffering to the people of the Upper Wabash country. Two successive failures of the crop had occurred; and that year the country was for months prostrate with epidemic disease. My predecessor had been cut off. I myself had a violent attack of illness which laid me aside for about three months, and materially affected my constitution, till then one of the most firm and enduring. At the ensuing Conference I was changed to another district, and a successor appointed, in the person of the young, ardent, and vigorous Philip May; but, ere another year had closed, he, too, had fallen under the pressure of his labors and exposures, and was taken home to his reward.

During this season I was consulted by the authorities of the Church on the subject of taking an appointment to Oregon—previous to the appointment of Rev. Geo. Gary—with the understanding that labors in California should also be embraced. This was before the gold discoveries and the commencement of emigration from the United States. The impaired condition of my own health, together with the fatigues so recently undergone by my family in their long removals, led me to think that duty did not require my acceptance; the only appointment in the regular work of a Methodist preacher, near or distant, that I have ever declined.

A period followed of about nine years' labor within the bounds of North Indiana Conference, which, as it has no connection with the work of frontier missions, and consequently lies without the scope of my present plan, I pass by entirely; and here, for that period, I take leave of the reader.





PART II.



EARLY SCENES

IN

KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.



## EARLY SCENES IN KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### EXPLORATION — APPOINTMENT — TRIP TO FRONTIER.

THE passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act by the Congress of the United States, at the session of 1853-4, is an event memorable in the annals of American history. Two new territories were opened for settlement, a new impetus was given to the spirit of emigration, that ruling bent of the American people, and a vast range presented for its gratification. Questions that had been deemed settled long since were again opened up, the field of strife was entered afresh, and tragedies have been enacted which one-half a score of years since would have been thought impossible by the hands of American citizens.

Local violence in that quarter has in a great degree subsided, but the question has become national, and at no former time has sectional strife raged in our country with the virulence of the present day. Parties in former days have been earnest, excited; now they have become violent, bitter, bloody. But for the overruling Hand that controls the destinies of nations and of men, and causes the "wrath of man to praise him," the patriot and philanthropist would have little to hope upon this boasted theater of American liberty, with gloomy presages as to the result of this test of man's capacity for self-government.

All this was not foreseen at the period referred to. Calamitous effects were apprehended by thoughtful and

patriotic minds, but the full measure of the results was not known, nor are they now developed.

There were others, however, whose minds were directed to a different aspect of the case. Though not insensible to the great questions at issue before the public, there were interests of yet higher and deeper import, and more immediately within their own sphere, that engaged their attention. A mighty tide of emigration was to roll into this new empire. Thousands of immortal souls would soon be there, all purchased with the blood of Christ. Among them would be our own Church members, needing the word and ordinances of religion, and very many more in their sins who must be followed with the calls and invitations of the Gospel. The influence of a pure Christianity would be needed to restrain vice, support tempted piety, and prevent fearful apostasies from God. The community was to be leavened, and the institutions of these new and rising Territories to be modeled and shaped by Gospel influences and efforts. Such was the view taken by the authorities of our Church of the providential opening and call, and the action was in accordance with the sentiment.

Soon after the passage of the organizing act, three of our Bishops—two of whom are still living, and one departed—met in the city of Baltimore. Attention was turned to the new field providentially presented. The unanimous sentiment was that an early occupancy was important. Little being known, however, as to the actual state and wants of the country, it was thought best, in the first place, to send one who should make a tour of exploration, ascertain its condition, make temporary arrangements, if necessary, for immediate supply to the settlers already there, return and report in time to send out a sufficient body of regularly-appointed preachers from the ensuing session of the several Annual Conferences. At the same interview a selection was made of the man who should conduct the exploration.

Under date of the 15th of May, 1854, I was notified by letter from one of the Bishops, then at Brooklyn, New York,

of their action and of my contemplated appointment, with directions to adjust my affairs accordingly. The formal appointment bears date June 3d, and is as follows:

“REV. W. H. GOODE:

“DEAR BROTHER,—It is understood that emigration is tending largely to Nebraska [a name then embracing both Territories.] It seems probable that the Church ought soon to send some devoted missionaries to that country. But there is not such a knowledge of details respecting the topography and population of these regions as to enable the Church authorities to act understandingly in the premises. You are therefore appointed to visit and explore the country as thoroughly as practicable, for the purpose of collecting information on these points. In performing this work you will be governed by your own judgment, and make full reports in writing of your labor and its results, so that it may be known how many ministers—if any—should be sent, and at what particular points they should be located.

“Yours, truly,

E. R. AMES,

*Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church.”*

A letter of instructions also was received, written after consultation with three others of the Episcopal Board, in which the duties required were stated at greater length.

The announcement of my appointment to this new field found me in the position of pastor to the good people of our Church in the quiet city of Richmond, Indiana. The time intervening since I had taken leave of the reader, almost half a score of years since, had been occupied mainly in the work of two successive districts, Greencastle and Indianapolis, four years having been spent upon each. The severe illness, following my return from the South, had left my general health so impaired that, though performing full labor, it was accomplished under the pressure of disease and bodily debility. It was at length determined by kind friends and brethren that my health was inadequate to the

district work, and that circumstances demanded a change to some position requiring less bodily exertion and exposure. Accordingly, at the session of our Conference at Richmond in September, 1853, I received an appointment to the station in that place, removed my family and entered upon the immediate pastoral work; a work always grateful to me, and peculiarly so after a long period of labor upon more extended fields.

My immediate predecessor in this charge had been my esteemed and long-trying friend, Rev. John H. Hull. The affairs of the station were in good condition. A new church edifice was just erected and occupied, now known as Pearl-Street Church. Our presiding elder was that energetic worker, Rev. Samuel C. Cooper, another old friend and fellow-laborer, who has gone to his reward. We soon found ourselves among an affectionate and interesting people, and even in a brief residence, attachments were formed never to be forgotten. Enough of labor was found in the station to tax the energies employed to the utmost. The character of the labor was changed, but its amount had not been lessened by the change of position. Among the circumstances that contributed to add to the amount of work, not the least gratifying was a gracious revival of religion during the Winter, in which over a hundred souls were gathered in, followed by that increase of mutual confidence and kind Christian intercourse, always the result of a genuine religious revival. Of course, it cost a struggle to break off these ties; but the lesson had been learned, and experience had already made it familiar. No time was given for delay. The place in the station was filled by the appointment of another man; the tie was sundered; and a new and distant field opened up before me.

Previous experience in frontier life had now rendered me somewhat familiar with it. The mode of preparing was better understood, and the work was entered upon with greater confidence than at the first. A spring wagon was obtained with water-proof cover, closing tightly all round

when necessary, and affording ample accommodation for baggage by day and lodging by night. It being supposed, from the great numbers said to be crowding to the Territories, that I should have to provide for myself after reaching the frontier, I determined to do so from the outset. A complete outfit was procured, embracing light camp equipage and provisions necessary for two persons; my son, a young man just grown up, purposing to accompany me out. A pair of competent horses were hitched on with needful rig; all new, strong, adapted to the trip, and all was made ready for the start.

On the 8th of June, 1854, I left Richmond upon the train for Indianapolis, accompanied by Mrs. G., the team having been taken forward by another. One day was spent at Indianapolis in completing our preparations, and in the afternoon of the day following, having taken leave, I took the National Road westward, accompanied by my son. All the way to the State line lay through former fields of labor, and thus far we enjoyed the hospitality of friends. A Sabbath was passed, on which I preached the funeral of a member of one of my former charges. A brief stay was made in Terre Haute, some further additions made to our outfit, and a cheerful night passed in the parsonage, then occupied by my former companion in labor, Rev. A. Wood and his esteemed family. This done, the Wabash was crossed, then the State line, Illinois was entered, friends left behind, and we committed ourselves fairly to camp life, which was maintained all the way through.

The details of travel till we reached the frontier I shall mainly omit. For reasons which I thought would serve the object of my mission, I assumed a garb which enabled me to pass *incog.*, except when I saw proper to do otherwise. Our *tout ensemble* excited curiosity, and led to many inquiries. Some took us for peddlers; others for railroad men; various conjectures were made. To these we replied or not, as circumstances indicated; always, however, appearing in character where any desirable object was to be accomplished

by it. By this course we were enabled to make observations and obtain facts from which we should have been cut off by a different deportment. Now and then I would pass a company bound for "New Brasky," and always gave them a word of cheer.

A Sabbath in Illinois was agreeably spent encamped at Mulberry Grove, a pleasant village, where I received kind attentions and had the privilege of preaching. In the audience was my old friend, brother William Moore, formerly of Parke county, Indiana, whom I had passed the day previous, at the crossing of Kaskaskia River near Vandalia, the old capital of the State. Brother M. was on his way to Kansas, slowly moving forward in patriarchal style at the head of a large family of children and grandchildren, with herds and flocks and all things needful for his little colony. Here I made my first appointment for Kansas, constituting him the leader of any class that he might collect together in the Territory. The gentle and retiring disposition of this brother, as well as his advanced age, seemed to forbid the supposition that he should ever become prominent any where, especially in a field of conflict; but circumstances subsequently forced him into notoriety. His capture and imprisonment; his narrow escape from death, even from balls fired unwittingly at the tent where he lay a prisoner, by his own son, then in the ranks of John Brown; his deliverance with other captives by Brown, after a signal victory; his subsequent services as conductor to bodies of emigrants, and his labors for the maintenance of order and propriety, even while acting with great energy in the free State ranks; but, above all, his pious example and unaffected efforts for the promotion of morals and religion, have given to the name of "Uncle Billy Moore" a place in the early annals of Kansas not soon to be forgotten.

A little time was spent in St. Louis, and all the information practicable was obtained to enable us to shape our course and direct our explorations profitably. It had been my purpose to take the route from St. Louis *via* Spring-



field, Missouri, to strike the frontier near the south-western corner of the State, and thence to advance northward. But the intense heat of the season, and the great length of the land-travel by that route, led to a change of plans; especially as I had, in former years, passed over a great portion of the country embraced in that plan, and was already somewhat familiar with it. It was then resolved that we should take our course up the Missouri River, across the State, striking immediately for Independence, to the vicinity of which place it was said the greater part of the emigration was tending.

The Missouri River was crossed at St. Charles, making a considerable portion of our journey upon the north side, and recrossed at Rocheport, passing up through Booneville, and Lexington, and so on to Independence. Our travel led us through the finest portion of this vast and fertile State. But little intercourse was had except in the way of procuring needful supplies. Not a single minister or member of our Church was met with on the way.

Upon the approach of our first Sabbath in Missouri, hearing of a quarterly meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in progress at a certain point upon our road, we made it convenient to spend the Lord's day there, encamped under a lone tree in a prairie. I attended the morning service in my traveling costume. Rev. Mr. — was the presiding elder. Unwilling to be silent in a love-feast, I arose, *incog.*, and spoke. The presiding elder responded with, "Lord bless the brother," and I sat down. The afternoon was spent in framing a discourse from Zechariah xiv, 8. My attention was forcibly called to the passage by the fact that the settlers on the road over that beautiful but "thirsty land," in giving us directions, used the identical language of the prophet, "living water," to distinguish an occasional stream or spring to which they would point us from the cisterns and pools of *dead water*, so commonly relied upon by them, and so loathsome to us and our horses. Our second Sabbath in this State was

passed quietly in camp, within the inclosure of ———, Esq., who has since figured conspicuously in the border struggle.

As we advanced we learned that that fearful disease, Asiatic cholera, was prevailing at Independence, Kansas City, and other places on or near the frontier, and we were cautioned to keep at a distance. Persons also met us with tales of "squatter difficulties" in the Territory. A late St. Louis paper, accidentally picked up in the road, gave us information of the border strife already commenced. A meeting had been held near Fort Leavenworth, and it had been resolved that "Kansas is and shall be slave territory." Violence already was threatened, and the initiative was taken to the sanguinary conflict that has ensued.

From an elevated point among the hills of "the Blue," we had a sight of two fine rival towns, each a few miles back from Missouri River, upon opposite sides, and bearing the significant names of "Liberty" and "Independence," in the rich counties of "Clay" and "Jackson." Both participated largely in the coming border conflict; but of the two, "Clay and Liberty" rather had the pre-eminence.

Independence is a beautiful place, in the heart of a delightful country, about twelve miles from the Kansas line. For many years it was the only starting-point in this region for the Plains, including the Santa Fé, Oregon, and California travel, and reaped large advantages from the trade, till it passed out of their hands to points further up. There is much wealth and aristocracy in these border counties, and a large number of slaves is held. I happened to meet with the man to whom Colonel Benton is said to have alluded, in a speech in the United States Senate, when he affirmed that, within an hour's ride of the territorial line, was a single man the owner of five hundred slaves. He is said to be kind and humane, and, I think, refrained entirely from the exciting contest. Arrived here, we doffed our traveling garb, and put up at the principal hotel. I made known, publicly, my character and mission, and made the

needful inquiries. Little satisfaction was obtained, but no personal disrespect was shown. We found a small society of our Church here, but the members were feeble and discouraged. The violence of cholera had abated.

Here I was left to pursue my way alone; my son determining to remain, for a time, in Independence. Another drive brought me to Westport, a place of historic notoriety in border warfare, one mile from the territorial line. Hitherto all efforts to obtain any clew to the whereabouts of our missionaries, that I knew to be laboring among the Indians just over the line, had proved unavailing. Profound ignorance was either real or affected. I resolved to make a stand till I could learn more; and, with that intent, put up at a hotel near by, from which I should go out and in till the way might open for entering the territory and prosecuting my work.

## CHAPTER II.

## FIRST SCENES IN KANSAS.

ON the morning of the 4th of July, 1854, leaving carriage and equipage, I started on horseback to Kansas City. This is the point upon the Missouri River, mentioned in the former part of this volume, which I had reached that day just eleven years previous, then known as Kansas Landing, with a single log dwelling and warehouse, now a thriving town driving a heavy trade with the Plains. The seemingly-ominous coincidence of my arriving twice successively at this point on the day consecrated to freedom, in connection with the struggle for freedom then commencing in that region, might have impressed a mind more observant of signs ; but I had no leisure to indulge in speculations.

On the way down I passed a large encampment of Mormon emigrants, mostly Europeans, just arrived and on their way to Salt Lake. Cholera had been raging fearfully among them, and had not yet entirely disappeared from the country.

Arrived at Kansas City, I was comforted by finding letters from home, the first since leaving. Here, too, by inquiring at the post-office, I obtained the first information as to the residence of our missionaries among the Indians. Determining to pass over into the Wyandott lands, I started for the ferry over Kansas River, about one mile distant. On the way met an Indian on foot, and made inquiry ; found him to be Sharlow, one of our most exemplary Wyandott brethren. He informed me that the ferry-boat was gone, and kindly offered me the use of his horse, which he had hitched on the opposite side, while he should take mine back, leave him at Kansas City, and himself walk home.

Crossing the river in a skiff, I found the horse, and made an excursion into the Wyandott settlement. Here I found Rev. John M. Chivington, the regularly-appointed missionary to the Wyandotts for that year. He was in possession of the mission farm, then the property of our Church. Obtaining the requisite information, I passed back to Kansas City, got my horse, and returned to my temporary headquarters at Westport. That night I passed in a house, having slept out for the twenty-one preceding.

On the morning of the 5th I crossed the line and entered the Territory upon the great Western thoroughfare, passing the Shawnee Manual-Labor School, of which I have already given an account in the previous part of this volume, and where, eleven years before, I had felt myself at home for some days at a cherished institution of our Church, surrounded by brethren whose loyalty to genuine Wesleyan Methodism had, up to that time, never been questioned. Great changes had passed upon it since. It was still a flourishing place, bearing the appearance of wealth and pecuniary success. But its destination was no longer the same. I passed it now as a stranger.

This establishment has of late years gained notoriety under the name of the "Methodist Mission," or perhaps more frequently "Johnson's Mission." Being an appendage of Missouri Conference at the time of separation in 1845, it was carried into the Southern organization, notwithstanding its position in free territory, north of the then acknowledged limit of slavery, and in the midst of Indian tribes among whom slavery was almost entirely unknown, except as it had been introduced and countenanced by the missionaries themselves who were about the institution. From the hour of separation forward it became a stronghold of pro-slavery influence. Its situation, just at the entrance of Kansas Territory, on the most public route, gave it prominence, and with the aid of a few allied places just over the line, it was able, in a great measure, to command "the gates" of the Territory in this direction. It

was the place to which the first Territorial Legislature adjourned from Pawnee, where Governor Reeder had convened them. Here they held their session, and here were concocted and passed the bloody enactments that spread excitement in all the States of the Union. And these enactments were signed by the *missionary*, Rev. Thomas Johnson, as President of the Council, or upper branch of the Territorial Legislature. In various ways it had much to do in keeping up the desperate struggle that ensued in that long-distracted country. Circumstances of duty called me frequently to the place during the session of the Legislature, and the residence of the Governor and public officers there for the year following; but I never met an act of recognition from its clerical conductor. And my experience was, so far as I learned, identical in this particular with that of all others who remained firm in their adherence to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Adjoining to the lands of this institution on the west were those of the "Friends' Establishment," as called by themselves, but better known as the "Quaker Mission." This was another institution of much the same character, upon a smaller scale. It has been supplied by good men and women of the Quaker persuasion, who have labored faithfully in the cause of Indian education, and exerted a wholesome moral and religious influence upon the contiguous tribes. Throughout the ensuing struggle they maintained a quiet but firm stand against the introduction of slavery, and the Establishment became a welcome stopping-place to the friends of freedom, as they passed and repassed. Here I called, was kindly welcomed, and formed an agreeable Christian acquaintance, which continued during my stay in that country. This school is still kept up.

Adjoining to this again was the Baptist Mission, for many years under the care of Rev. Dr. Barker, a faithful and devoted missionary. His labors among the Shawnees had been greatly blessed; an interesting Church had been organized, a good house of worship erected, and a flourish-

ing school was in progress. But the Doctor was an uncompromising foe to slavery, and that sealed his fate. In the Shawnee Treaty of the Winter preceding, his mission was almost entirely cut off from Government favor, and even greatly restricted in the amount and tenure of the lands occupied. From the same cause, or some other, the mission was poorly sustained by the Church, and, after the organization of the Territory, it was wholly abandoned.

After the reorganization of the Missouri Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1848, an effort was made to re-establish our mission-work among the Shawnees. The veteran pioneer, Dr. Abraham Still, was appointed to the charge. A site was selected upon the Wakarusa, some progress made in preparing a farm and buildings, and a small school was opened. But the same causes which weakened the Quaker institution and annihilated the Baptist were brought still more strongly to bear upon our infant mission establishment.

Pro-slavery influences controlled the making of the treaties with the Indian tribes in Kansas and Nebraska, immediately preceding the organization of these Territories. In the treaties themselves this fact stands out so plainly as to be recognized by every candid man. Other religious denominations, besides these already referred to, had their missionary establishments within the Territories. The treaties seemed to have been framed upon a scale of favor graduated in accordance with the positions occupied by the several missions, or the Churches they represented, upon the question of slavery. Its zealous friends and promoters were rewarded by a munificent provision. Lukewarm advocates and gentle opposers had a smaller or a mere nominal recognition. All received a passing notice, except the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose very existence is ignored in the treaties, for no other reason, doubtless, than the decided and effective antagonism of our Church to the peculiar institution sought to be cherished and built up. Our missionary efforts, however, are still

kept up among this people, without Government favor or freehold immunities.

Having introduced the reader to these several establishments, and anticipated somewhat their history, I return to my route of travel. Crossing the Kansas River at Delaware Ferry, I entered the Delaware lands, and called on Charles Ketcham, a Delaware preacher of seventeen years' standing, of whom I shall say more hereafter. On entering the Wyandott lands, I lost my way; had long and serious difficulty in forcing a passage with carriage and horses through the dense woodlands; got quite off the course, and know not when or where I should have found myself but for meeting a drunken Indian, whom I took into my carriage, and, by feeding him, tied him on to my fortunes till I had reached the Indian settlements.

A day or two spent among the Wyandotts gave me an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with this tribe, which proved to be of great interest, and of which I shall speak hereafter. My stay among this interesting people at that time was shortened by a desire to go further into the interior, and especially to visit our mission station on the Wakarusa, the locality of which I had at last ascertained.

Leaving my carriage and horses, I set out, upon the morning of the 7th, upon an Indian pony, in company with Rev. J. M. Chivington and one or two others. I passed up, on the north side of the Kaw or Kansas River, through the Delaware lands, mostly fine prairie, interspersed with strips of good black-oak timber. The day was intensely warm, and we rode at Jehu speed. About three in the afternoon, much fatigued, we reached the Kaw River, opposite the mouth of Wakarusa; but there was no boat, the only craft being a pirogue, and that fastened at the opposite shore. We exerted ourselves manfully to reach the ears of our friends at the mission, or of some of the natives residing near, and, for a time, seemingly in vain. One of our company, at length, was preparing to swim the



river and bring over the pirogue, when we saw a man coming to our relief. The tottering craft was brought over, and our horses were swam by the side to the opposite shore in safety. Reaching the mission, we met a cordial reception from Dr. Still and his kind family.

DR. ABRAHAM STILL merits a more extended notice. He has the reputation of a skillful practitioner of medicine, but his life has been mainly devoted to the work of the itinerant ministry, first in one of the Southern Conferences, Holston, I think, and subsequently in Missouri. At the time of the withdrawal of the South in 1845, Dr. S. stood firm in his attachment to the Methodist Episcopal Church, refusing to be identified with the new organization. For several years he stood almost alone, laboring zealously as opportunity allowed. At the reorganization of the Missouri Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1848, he became an active and persevering leader in the movement. His patient and mild spirit, united with his practical good sense and untiring perseverance, eminently fitted him for the times, and his labors will long be remembered. After several years of district work in the State of Missouri, he was appointed missionary to the Shawnee Indians, with a limited appropriation to be expended in founding a mission school. A farm had been made, cheap buildings erected, and a small school opened under the name of Wakarusa Mission. Subsequently we shall find the old Doctor acting a full part in the early labors and struggles in Kansas.

On the day following our arrival a "settlers' meeting" was to be held a few miles distant, which we resolved to attend. This was the first of the kind held in this part of the Territory. The place fixed upon was upon the California road, at the crossing of the Wakarusa, near the residence of Blue Jacket, a prominent Shawnee, and within some six miles of where the town of Lawrence now stands. Some forty were in attendance, most of whom were settlers prospectively, not actually, if at all. I found some from my own State and met a personal recognition. The meeting

was orderly, and sundry regulations were adopted in relation to "claims," etc. The subject of slavery was introduced, but the action was moderate. Some were present who afterward became leaders in outrage and violence, but as yet the ruffian spirit had not been fully aroused.

Here we witnessed a novel scene in the crossing of a large party of Mormons over the stream on their way to Salt Lake. The passage occupied a considerable portion of the day. They were newly arrived from England, unused to frontier life and travel, awkward teamsters, with untrained oxen. Rushing the teams down into the ford a motley scene ensued; yelping, whipping, plunging, splashing; men wading the stream with women and children borne upon their backs, or in their arms, they at length made the passage without serious accident.

The succeeding day being the Sabbath it was determined to ride to a settlement that was being formed in the "Big Timber," and try to collect a congregation for public worship. Accordingly we set out at an early hour, our company being now enlarged by the accession of Dr. Still, Friend Mendenhall, the teacher from the Quaker Mission, and several others, making a party of considerable size. A prairie ride of some fifteen miles through the tall grass, at times almost hiding man and beast from sight, brought us to "Hickory Point," a place since rendered famous in the history of Kansas by the deeds of blood with which it has been connected. We stopped at the cabin of a man named "Kibbee," originally from Parke county, Indiana, a large, athletic, fearless frontier's-man, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The structure was a rude one, newly erected, to which we received a cordial, backwoods welcome. Little expectation was had of a ministerial visit; but our host and one or two others volunteered their services to go out and invite the settlers to assemble for preaching. By about noon the company was collected, and there in Kibbee's cabin I opened my commission by preaching from Matthew xxiv, 14; being, so far as I knew, the first sermon

preached under any regular appointment to the white settlers in Kansas. We had a comfortable season of worship, met a few friends from near Noblesville, Indiana, and shared in such hospitalities as the place afforded. Part of the congregation, after assembling, were called away to protect some young stock from the wolves. The Doctor visited and prescribed for an afflicted lady near, and we returned to the mission.

During my stay I had leisure to converse with Dr. S. in relation to the condition of the country, and to obtain his advice and suggestions for the prosecution of the work. In pursuance of the authority conferred in my instructions, I obtained the consent of the Doctor to take temporary charge of the work among the settlers in his region till Conference, his labors among the Shawnees not then demanding his entire time.

Several days having been spent here, I left in company with Friend Mendenhall, rode to the Quaker Mission and was kindly entertained, participating by request in their evening devotions. The manner of giving the invitation interested me, evincing as it did, in their own way, the kind, fraternal feeling common to missionary laborers. Their habit was to assemble in the school-room, at a certain hour in the evening, the entire household, with pupils and employés of the establishment, to read a chapter of the Scriptures and spend a season in silent devotion. As we passed to the room on this occasion, the Superintendent, Friend Thayer, said to me privately, "Thee may talk this evening—thee may talk half an hour." Accepting his invitation, I read and commented upon a Psalm to my quiet and attentive little congregation. Friend T. was in poor health, soon after returned to the States, and his place was supplied. This place was then beginning to be known as a home for the friends of freedom. Small and unpretending as was the Friends' establishment, it has quietly though effectively performed its part in the great struggle.

On the next day I called at the Baptist Mission and made

the acquaintance of Rev. Dr. Barker, of whom I have already spoken. I thought I saw in him a self-denying, God-fearing man, ardently attached to his work. Subsequent intercourse only raised him higher in my estimation. I know not his later history, but in his relations and work he fell a sacrifice to his stern and uncompromising conscientiousness as an antislavery man—perhaps I should add as an opposer of prevailing sin in every form.

Some days were spent in a second visit to Independence, arranging matters for my trip northward, and returning to the Wyandott settlements, which I reached by again swimming my pony over Kaw River near its mouth.

During my stay among this people I had the privilege of visiting the home of Mrs. Armstrong, widow of the late John Armstrong, a pious and educated Wyandott, and daughter to the late eloquent and devoted Rev. Russell Bigelow, of the Ohio Conference, my former pastor, and one of the “guides of my youth.” I also enjoyed my first season of worship with them at their regular weekly prayer meeting held in the afternoon of Thursday. Some fifteen or twenty were present, among whom were Squire Gray Eyes and Little Chief. The meeting was led by Spy-Buck, and was distinguished by great fervor and apparent devotion. I united with them in prayer, and at their request addressed them in a word of exhortation.

Leaving the Wyandott settlements in the afternoon of the 13th, and traveling north I entered the Delaware lands. Soon after starting I became indisposed, and as I traveled on grew worse, head, back, and limbs suffering exceedingly, and every indication of an attack of violent disease. With great difficulty I reached the house of a Delaware man named Johnny-Cake, a Baptist preacher of excellent reputation and in comfortable circumstances of life. Here and previous to reaching his home, I had a new illustration of the cold, phlegmatic indifference of the Indian character. I was in a state of intense suffering, almost incapable of taking care of myself, much less of my animals ; I fell in with

several Indians, men of prominence, and I believe of piety, and I saw not the least indication of sympathy, or evidence that they in any way appreciated my condition. They seemed to expect me to do as they do under similar circumstances, turn my horses loose to take care of themselves, and crawl into the shade to die alone, or to get well, as it might turn out. Positive unkindness I have rarely found among Indians, but absolute unconcern and indifference to the fate of others seems to be a constituent element of their character. I drove my team into the inclosure of my Indian host, tied up my horses, crawled into the carriage, and put through the night I scarcely know how.

A sudden and severe attack of disease is trying to the faith and patience even when surrounded by home and friends, but alone, friendless, far from home, with at least semi-savage surroundings, the feelings inspired are known only to those who have realized them. But God's grace is sufficient.

By morning my fever had in some degree abated, and I was able, by moving slowly and cautiously, to hitch up and pursue my journey. Judging that the attack was about to prove intermittent, I thought it prudent to avail myself of a *partial respite* in making my way across the Missouri River into the State of Missouri, to a place of which I had learned, where I might expect to find Christian hospitality and kindness in the event of protracted illness.

Fearing another paroxysm I drove briskly and soon found myself at Fort Leavenworth. I had at that time little eye for the beauties of the spot which have since become familiar with me. Fort Leavenworth is one of the most commanding positions occupied by any of our western military posts. Situated upon a bold, majestic bluff of Missouri River, commanding an extensive prospect, with fertile prairies and abundant timber in its rear, it can scarcely be surpassed or equaled. The buildings are large and substantial, and several thousand acres of land are under cultivation. This post commands the entrance upon the great

western thoroughfares, and consequently becomes a place of depôt and rendezvous for those further west, constituting it the most important station upon the frontier. The only military display that then met my eye was a stripling in uniform, sword in hand, and scabbard dangling at his side, following up a one-horse cart, with four lazy, lounging-looking fellows, alternately loading and riding upon it; a pretty fair specimen of soldiers' labor at our forts. A few miles below is Leavenworth City, since grown to be a place of reputation, but then existing only in name and intention.

Crossing the Missouri River, I again entered the State at Weston. This place, when first on the Missouri, eleven years before, I had heard of as the *terminus* of steamboat navigation and the leading place of trade for the inviting tract of country then recently added to the State of Missouri, under the name of "Platte Purchase;" and constituting, though seemingly overlooked at the time, the first real infraction of the Missouri Compromise of 1820. Now a large population had poured into that section. Weston had grown to be a populous town, had its day of trade, and business had passed out of its hands to a point higher up, where the city of St. Joseph had been located at a later day, and had become the center of a large and flourishing business which it still retains. Such is the rapid growth of American cities, and such the sudden transitions caused by the opening up of new and unexpected channels of trade.\*

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\* St. Joseph has in turn been prostrated by the influence of the war and its sympathies with the rebel cause. Its large trade is forfeited; business has passed to other and more loyal places; and stern military rule has been required to keep it in subjection. No place within my knowledge has paid so bitterly for its disloyalty and suicidal madness. Still it has in it *good men and true*. May they yet see better times!—1863.

## CHAPTER III.

## TRIP NORTHWARD—INCIDENTS.

STILL feeble, suffering, and apprehensive of results, I urged on my course, and about three in the afternoon reached the house of Rev. Thomas B. Markham, then residing upon the bank of the Missouri, nearly opposite to where the town of Kickapoo, in Kansas, now stands. Here I found a brother in Christ and a kind Christian family, who, though then afflicted themselves, received me cordially, sympathized in my condition, and ministered to my necessities.

BROTHER MARKHAM was a grave yet cheerful Christian man and minister, of mild and engaging disposition and much practical good sense. He had been a local preacher, steadfast in the ranks of the Methodist Episcopal Church up to the time of the reorganization of Missouri Conference in 1848, when, like many others, stirred by the necessities of the work and the scarcity of laborers, he joined the traveling connection, though already past the meridian of life. He had given a son also to the ministry, said to have been pious and promising, who, after a brief service in itinerancy, during which he encountered sharp persecutions, fell nobly at his post in the field of battle. Brother M. was well versed in the history of affairs in Missouri and upon the border, had spent some years in the Indian missions, and was able to give me much interesting and valuable information. Before leaving I engaged him to take charge of the work in the settlements of Kansas contiguous to Fort Leavenworth, till the ensuing Conference.

According to expectation, the ensuing day brought on another paroxysm, by which I was completely prostrated, and for a period of about nine days I was confined by ill-

ness. For a time, uncertain as to the result, it was natural that my thoughts should turn, as they had more than once done before under similar circumstances, to the idea of dying from home, far from family and friends. The trial was severe; but, through the grace of God, I think I have, at such times, always felt resignation to the Divine will. Once I well remember having my pocket-book and pencil brought, and feebly tracing what I supposed might be a last brief line to the companion of my life, who has since preceded me to glory.

But God had other designs for me. Through kind attention and medical aid, the disease was arrested, and I gradually grew better. As I improved, the conversation of my kind and pious brother entertained me much. In sight, just upon the opposite shore, within my very field of labor, were the Kickapoo Bluffs, on which the village of the tribe was situated. I gazed upon them with delight from my bed, while I listened to the thrilling incidents of their history from the lips of my friend, especially that of the very singular and extraordinary career of their noted prophet, Ken-i-kuk—if I have his name correctly—which has heretofore been given to the public through other channels. From the effects of this attack I did not fully recover till Autumn; and, as a result, the remainder of my trip was performed in great feebleness, and often with doubts as to whether I should live to complete it or not. Still I was resolved not to abandon the field till the object of my mission should be accomplished.

By the 22d I began to feel as though I should summon up my little strength and again address myself to the journey. Hearing of a meeting of some days' continuance to be held, on my way, in a neighborhood on the Missouri side, where, it was said, nearly all the residents had "taken claims" in Kansas, and intended moving over, and, being told that I could see more Kansas people there than at any point in the Territory, I determined to attend. Brother M. accompanied me to the place, where I found a settlement of



substantial Indiana farmers, and was made welcome. I participated in the Sabbath services, preaching from John iv, 35, and administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We had an interesting meeting, and I saw no demonstration of hostility; though I subsequently learned that there had been some prating on the subject of a gratuitous suit of tar and feathers, or some other lynching process. Repeatedly, afterward, for years, I stopped in the same neighborhood, passing and repassing without molestation.

At this place I formed some acquaintance that proved of benefit to me in my after labors in the Territory; and to this neighborhood I afterward found occasion to retreat to find provision for myself and horse, in the scarcity and want that attended the early settlement in the contiguous part of Kansas. Near one year afterward, just about the time of the breaking out of violence in Platte county, good brother Markham was called home to his reward without witnessing the worst of the painful struggle which ensued. I was called to preach his funeral; consented, and fixed a day; but the scenes of outrage meantime had opened; the Platte county interdict upon our preachers had been passed; and the family never made the appointment.

On the morning of the 24th I drove to St. Joseph, put my horses in livery, and sought out some kind friends with whom I might rest and recruit a few days; found disease prevailing in the place to a great extent. My purpose had been to cross into the Territory on horseback at this point, and visit contiguous settlements, but continued feebleness compelled me to change my plans. Finding myself unable to manage my team, I determined to dispose of them, and commit myself to the stage-route up through North-Western Missouri, stopping at different points, and making excursions into the Territories as health and circumstances allowed. I accordingly sold, at low rates, my carriage and horses, with such part of my equipage as I could, gave away the remainder, and prepared for another mode of travel.

After a rest of a few days, taking a carriage in company with a friend, I crossed into Kansas, and visited, so far as practicable, the contiguous settlements upon the Kickapoo lands, which I found, at that time, to be the most extensive white settlement I had yet seen in the Territory. People were moving in, and cabins being erected with rapidity. During this excursion I had an interesting visit to the wigwam of Wa-the-na, a man of some consequence among the Kickapoos, and found his establishment fitted up after the real Indian style, but superior to any thing of the kind I had witnessed. The domicile consisted of two large bark camps, of two apartments each; the sides within were hung with flag matting, and the apartments furnished with bedding of the same material. The males of the household were engaged in catching and breaking wild oxen, and the females were employed in manufacturing the flag matting. Marks of thrift and neatness were apparent, not commonly found in Indian life. A Kansas town, near the place, now bears the name of the former lord of the soil.

Returning to St. Joseph, I took my passage in the stage for Council Bluffs on the 28th, with the privilege of stopping at such points as I might think proper. Feeble as I was, I found that I must start in the evening and travel all night. Detained at one time on the bank of the Nodaway, waiting for the ferryman, and worn down by fatigue and debility, I lay down upon the ground and slept an hour; awoke and found myself chilled; was alarmed for the probable results, but traveled on and experienced no bad effects. I stopped a little after daylight at Oregon, the county seat of Holt county, some ten miles back from the river.

Here I left the stage and obtained a horse, intending to cross into the Territory at the mouth of Great Nemaha, then understood to be the dividing line between the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. By wrong advice I had been led, as I found, to stop about half a day too soon, and was subjected to a long additional ride on horseback, for which I

was illy competent. For some twenty miles I followed the stage road along the bluffs, and then leaving them turned in the direction of the river, arriving in the afternoon at the cabin of Colonel Archer, where I found a kind home among Tennessee Methodists, recently settled in Missouri Bottom. The day following being the Sabbath, learning that there was an appointment for preaching upon the river some miles distant, I resolved to attend. Accordingly, under the guidance of one of the Colonel's daughters, a skillful equestrian and pilot, I traveled through a densely-timbered bottom to the place. Here upon the bank of the river, at the house of old brother Proctor, I found one of the finest specimens of cabin hospitality, neatness, and cheerful piety that it has been my lot to meet with. I had a good rest in the morning; in the afternoon listened to a sermon from a good brother, exhorted a little, and had a comfortable season.

On the day following my kind host volunteered his services to take me across the river in a canoe, ran up the Great Nehama a little way, and landed for the first time upon the soil of Nebraska Territory. Finding no settlers here, I spent some time in meditating, prospecting, writing, etc.; recrossed the river and returned to the cabin of my pioneer friend.

Returning to Oregon, I again took stage early on the morning of August 1st, and about midnight, crossing the State line, reached Sidney, Iowa. Here I again left the stage, obtained a horse, and set off with a guide for the Territory, about fifteen miles distant. Reaching the Missouri River opposite old Fort Kearney, I was surprised to find a fine steam ferry-boat. The enterprising proprietors of the two young cities just laid out at the site of the old fort, determining to "take time by the forelock," had made provision for an anticipated amount of travel and emigration, and consequent ferry patronage, which has never been realized. My first crossing at this point was under pleasant auspices. But this was of short duration, and many weary

hours have I since lingered and shivered, or sweated upon the shore, waiting the slow movements of one of the most dilatory flat-boat transits upon the river. Many of the early improvements in this country, especially in the vicinity of contemplated cities, were ahead of the times, and were compelled to take a step back till the actual wants of the country should call for their reappearance.

OLD FORT KEARNEY was an evacuated military post, the name and the troops having been transferred to a new post about two hundred miles up the Platte River. A substantial block-house, one old log dwelling, and the remains of a set of rude, temporary barracks, were all that was there to be seen of the old fort. Squatters had taken possession of the lands, and the two rivals, Nebraska City and Kearney City, had been laid off, the one above and the other below the mouth of South Table Creek. The site of the old fort, now of Nebraska City, is bold and fine. I found a single frame shanty erected, in which were a few goods, and a single settler in the old fort cabin in the person of Major Downs. The Major had served through the Mexican war, accompanied by his heroic wife; afterward was a sergeant among the troops at the garrison, and, on its evacuation, had been left in charge of the Government property. Being on the ground and in actual possession at the passage of the organizing act, he laid his "claim" upon the land on which the fort stood, and became the original proprietor of Nebraska City. I found him to be a frank, generous-hearted soldier, possessing some noble traits of character, with some unfortunate remains of army habits. He took me to his house, treated me kindly and generously, exhibited quite an interest in my mission, took down his city plat, and, in my presence, marked off certain lots, since risen to a value equal to five times the outlay and expenses of my whole trip, which he then and there donated to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Major D. has since served one term in the Nebraska Legislature, and has been appointed Major-General of the militia of the Territory.

Others became interested with him in the proprietorship of the city, and in the result he reaped but little pecuniary benefit from his early occupancy. But in my reminiscences of Nebraska pioneers I shall never forget Major Downs and his amiable lady. Their house has always been open for personal accommodation or for public religious service, and his large heart has always stood out in generous actions. They have both for some time been seeking for a higher life. I hope to meet them above.\*

Almost the entire tribe of Otoe Indians were encamped about this place. The time having not yet quite arrived at which, by treaty, they were to give possession of their ceded lands and retire to their reserve, the white settlers were only in by sufferance, and the wily Indians fleeced them well for the privilege; not only exacting a *bonus* from every settler, but hanging around, begging, and stealing, much to their annoyance. Our clothing and equipage had to be carefully kept out of their way. One of their number, a sturdy Indian man, belabored me to write him a "begging paper," such as are often carried by them in their excursions through the settlements, written by some unprincipled white man, and setting forth false pretensions to character and claims for aid. The gift of a quarter of a dollar at length silenced his importunity and rid me of him.

I subjoin an extract from one of my published letters, dated "Old Fort Kearney, August 5th:"

"They [the Otoe tribe] came together unsolicited, to witness a Fourth of July celebration, gotten up by Major Downs, and, as far as practicable, to share in its festivities. The affair is said to have left its projector several hundred dollars *minus*. To his no small annoyance the tribe remain. They are in a destitute condition, awaiting supplies promised by the Government but delayed. The Otoes are an inferior tribe, retaining, in a great degree, their primitive

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\* Major D. has since served honorably in his country's cause as Lieutenant-Colonel of Nebraska Volunteers.—1863.

Indian habits, generally drunken and thievish; the men idle and worthless, the women mere beasts of burden, cutting the wood, carrying the water, and performing all the drudgery, while their lords look upon them and their labors with silent contempt as they repose and fan themselves in the shade. . . . I this morning witnessed an Indian funeral. The child of Big Soldier, an Otoe Brave, died on yesterday afternoon. According to their National custom the evening was spent in loud, plaintive wailings, or rather howlings, to which I sat and pensively listened. Early this morning the squaws dug the grave upon an elevated spot in the prairie. Soon the body was borne to the grave in a rude box, followed by a flag, which was planted near by. The wailing was renewed for a time, the male mourners having their faces blackened. The body was deposited, and the earth, which had been thrown out upon a buffalo skin, was slowly scraped in with the hands, sufficient to cover it over. This was followed with a layer of stone, carefully laid down, after which I left them filling the grave. They leave the flag at the place and kindle fires around for some days.

“In the minds of those who have long been on the frontier there is but little feeling for the Indians, and, with many, bitter hostility against them. It is becoming common among them to appeal to the Bible in proof of the inferiority and proper subjection both of the African and Indian races. I suppose they learn this from their theologians. A loquacious politician, with whom I recently traveled, appealed to Scripture in support of his positions, regarding the predictions of Noah in reference to his descendants as covering the whole ground of the perpetual enslavement of the one race and the extermination of the other. True, he fell into the slight mistake of reversing the prophecies as to Shem and Japheth, and locating all in the first chapter of Genesis; but with a politico-theologian this was only a trivial error. To his own mind the argument was conclusive, and sufficient to silence all opposition.”

Having taken all the steps practicable toward the introduction of our work here, I took leave of the Major and his kind family, recrossed the Missouri, and, in company with Dr. D., a young man from Indiana, rode to a cabin at the foot of the bluffs, which I found to be the residence of one who, in boyhood, had performed for me the kind offices so common from the hands of juniors in a hospitable country Methodist family, now the head of an exemplary Christian household. In the neighborhood were a large number of my former acquaintances. Cabin hospitalities over, I returned to Sidney, and about one hour after midnight again took the stage. A fine, clear, pleasant night, the air balmy and refreshing; sat outside with the driver, and enjoyed the scenery. Passed Tabor, a beautiful site upon the elevated prairie, where a colony of Eastern people have settled, are making farms, building a town, and laying the foundation of a literary institution upon the plan of that at Oberlin, Ohio.

It has often been my practice, when traveling by stage, to take an outside seat with the driver, enjoy the air and scenery by night or day, converse freely with the driver, and, as occasion offered, drop a word of kind counsel or warning to exposed and misguided youth. A scene of that kind occurred during this ride, which was riveted in my recollection by subsequent events. My driver was agreeable and sprightly, and our intercourse pleasant; but it was soon forgotten by me in after scenes. One cold Winter evening, in after years, when in the State-House of Nebraska Territory, at Omaha, awaiting the hour of divine service, a member of the Territorial Legislature, then in session, seated himself by my side, and commenced conversation. "Do you remember," said he, "on one night, in the Summer of 18—, traveling in the stage from S. to G.?" "I do," was my reply. "Do you recollect taking your seat outside with the young man that was driving, conversing with him, and giving him some advice?" "I have some recollection of the circumstance," said I. "Well,"

added he, "I am that young man, and I have long desired to meet you that I might thank you for the advice of that hour." He was then the head of a family, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and representing his county as a Legislator. Seldom have I met with so striking an illustration of the "blessedness" of "sowing beside all waters."

Early the next morning we entered Glenwood, the county seat of Mills county, Iowa. The sun was casting its first rays upon the neat little white cottages of the village, ensconced in a grove between the high bluffs of Keg Creek. The appearance impressed me, and had something to do in leading me, at a later period, to "pitch my moving tent" in its vicinity, from which I have for years gone in and out to my Territorial field, and at which I now pen these lines—a spot endeared to me by joys and sorrows never to be forgotten.

Next we passed St. Mary's, a village of foreigners, upon the bank of the Missouri, and nearly opposite Bellevue, Nebraska. This place is the head-quarters of Colonel Peter A. Sarpy, an old Indian trader, who has spent much of his life in the service of the American Fur Company—a man of singular character and habits, extensively known, and possessing great influence with the Omaha tribe, and also at Washington City. He claims to have first shown to Colonel Fremont the route through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. I have received many marks of kindness at his hands.



## CHAPTER IV.

## UPPER NEBRASKA—HOMEWARD TRIP.

ON the morning of August 4th the stage brought up at Council Bluffs City, the *terminus* of their route, and almost the northern extreme at that time of white settlement. This place had been originally settled by Mormons, and had borne the name of Kanesville. The original Council Bluffs are upon the Nebraska side, about fifteen miles further up the Missouri. They were so named from a Council held there with the Omaha Indians, by Lewis and Clarke, upon their famous western expedition. A garrison was afterward placed there, and it took the name of Fort Calhoun. Kanesville became a starting-point for Salt Lake and subsequently for the Plains generally. It passed into other hands, considerable trade sprang up, a land-office was located there, and the more imposing name of Council Bluffs was borrowed from the opposite side—there being none there to resist—and substituted for their former cognomen. It is situated at the foot of the range of bald bluffs, partially in the mouth of a ravine through which flows a small stream, and about three miles from Missouri River. It was the principal town upon the "Western Slope," and still maintains its ascendancy.

Having rested here for a season, received letters from home, formed some acquaintance, and obtained what information I could, I prepared for another excursion into the Territory. Having reached the extreme of northern settlement in Nebraska, this would close the present tour. Too feeble to risk horseback traveling, I hired a carriage and driver, and crossed the Missouri River to the town-site of Omaha, nearly opposite to Council Bluffs. Here I found

another steam-ferry under way, one which, being upon a great thoroughfare, has been sustained. Arrived at the site of Omaha, I found not a single building, and only a solitary pile of lumber upon the ground. A few claim-houses had been built in the vicinity, but no settlers were found. In silence I traversed the vast plateau, where since a young city has sprung up, ascended the eminence upon which the capitol now stands, and listened—rather incredulously I must confess—to the future plans and expectations of the movers in the enterprise.

It was with men I had to do, and finding no settlers here I took my course down the river in search of human habitations ; none appeared, save untenanted claim-houses, till I reached Bellevue. The reader may desire to know something of the process of “taking claims” in the Territories. It was done previous to the survey of the lands, and is a proceeding not governed by any law except the voluntary internal regulations of the settlers themselves. The Government, however, has always leaned toward the claims of these actual occupants, and being on the ground they were ready for pre-emption or purchase so soon as the lands were surveyed and the offices opened ; meanwhile the squatters were mutually bound to protect each other in the possession. The particular formalities used in “taking a claim” were said to be to cut four sapling poles, haul or carry them to the spot, lay them down across each other in the form of a cabin foundation, then stick your ax in the structure, and “swear you will die by it.” Claims are frequently “jumped,” or taken a second time, and then a conflict ensued. Lines often clashed and interfered with each other. Much strife was caused and many lives were taken. Even females sometimes shouldered the rifle in defense of the claim.

The only adjustment of these disputes was had in self-constituted associations of squatter sovereignty in the several settlements, a kind of modern court of *piepoudre*, or, as it frequently happened, by personal rencounter and the

death of one of the parties. The man from whom I obtained the title to the spot of my present residence, aged perhaps seventy years, removed to the Territory near by, became involved in claim disputes, and himself and son with two other men suddenly and mysteriously disappeared under the operation of squatter law. The public never has certainly known their fate, but the universal belief is that their bodies lie in the Missouri River. Public sentiment would not allow an inquiry, and the event has scarcely been noticed beyond the immediate region in which it occurred.

Bellevue was an old trading-post and the site of an Indian Agency. But the most important and interesting feature of the place was the location of a Presbyterian mission, under the superintendency of Rev. W. Hamilton, whose life has been mainly spent in the work of Indian missions. Here were spacious log buildings, sufficient to accommodate a large boarding-school, with a considerable farm under cultivation. We were now above the Platte, in the country of the Omaha Indians, but the school contained pupils from among the Otoes also, and perhaps from other tribes. Here I received as usual a missionary welcome from Rev. Mr. H. and his kind Christian family, as well as the other inmates of the establishment. For a few days I rested; exceedingly feeble; spent a Sabbath; kept my bed all the morning; in the afternoon preached as I had ability, opening my commission in Nebraska Territory. A prayer meeting followed in the evening.

While here, I made an excursion on horseback, in company with my excellent host and another friend, to the Platte River, with difficulty crossing the Papio and making our way through an almost impenetrable thicket of undergrowth to the bank of the stream. Here I stood upon the low, perpendicular bank of sand, and gazed upon its broad, rapid current, little dreaming of my after-familiarity with it to its mountain sources, of the days and nights to be spent upon its banks, and the many refreshing draughts to be taken from its pure current. The stream is known by two

different names, "Nebraska" and "Great Platte;" the one from the Indian and the other from the French; both of the same import, signifying "Broad Water," a name that would at once be suggested as appropriate from its great width and shallowness. It is almost impassable, from the rapidity of its current and its quicksand bottom. In a subsequent part of this volume the reader will be made more familiar with this noble stream.

Bellevue mission has subsequently been a favorite resort with me when in this part of the Territory, and I have always found a Christian reception. Taking leave of the kind family, I was conveyed by Mr. H. to the ferry, some miles distant; crossed, and was compelled, feeble as I was, to walk and carry my baggage one mile and a half to St. Mary's, intending to take the stage to Council Bluffs. The stage failed, and I passed the night at a miserable house, revolving in my mind the uncertainty which seemed to overhang me as to my ability then to return to my home and family. In the morning I obtained a seat in a private carriage, and made my way again to Council Bluffs. At this visit I became the invited guest of the Pacific House, a first-class hotel, early erected and still doing a large business.

The exploration northward had now been carried to the extreme of white settlement in Nebraska. Temporary provision had been made, as far as practicable, at each point, for preaching to the scattered settlers till Conference. Had there been more to do, ability was wanting. I again rested a few days, wrote letters, and prepared material for my report. For want of strength the design of returning through Kansas was abandoned, and I determined to take the northern route through Iowa directly home. Walking one day in the street, I was not a little surprised and gratified to meet a friend and member of my late charge at Richmond, the residence of my family. Learning that he was about to return, I at once placed myself under his charge, with the promise that he would see me through or stay by me on the way.

The prospect ahead was by no means pleasing ; my extreme debility and the roughness of the way ; a stage-ride of over three hundred miles, day and night, to reach the Mississippi, with poor and scanty accommodations. But the direction was homeward. At three o'clock on the morning of the 10th my friend and myself took seats in the stage. One said to us on starting, " You will get a good breakfast at —, and then you will find nothing more to eat for the next hundred miles," which we found almost literally true. Making good time, we reached, in the evening, a place where the stage usually lay by for one night, but our driver was obstinate and would go on. Arrived at Nodaway River late in the night ; no ferry, and crossing bad. The driver attempted to take us over upon a raft of logs ; worried a long time, and could not make land ; came back and were driven through in the stage. Stopped at a wretched cabin ; reconnoitered the premises ; had a place offered us on the floor ; left my companion to occupy it, and betook myself to the stage till daybreak ; went into the cornfield, gathered some green ears, roasted and ate them, and was ready at the call of the driver.

Strange as it may appear, under such fatigues I soon began to gain strength, owing, I suppose, under Providence, to being sheltered from the sun, exposure to which had seemed to be one great cause of my continued debility. The country became more pleasant as we advanced. About five in the afternoon reached the village of Winterset, agreeably situated in the open prairie. On the 12th, which was Saturday, arrived at Fort Des Moines and stopped for the Sabbath. Was kindly entertained at the parsonage by Rev. Wm. Butt, formerly of Indiana Conference, since a presiding elder in Kansas. Took part in the labors of the Sabbath, and on Monday morning found myself refreshed for the continuance of my journey. In the stage, at three o'clock in the morning, crossed the Des Moines River ; feeling able to take care of myself, left my friend to pursue his own route. Passed through Iowa City ; struck the Mis-

Mississippi at Muscatine; found a steamer waiting to convey passengers to Davenport; becoming so attached to the stage that I declined to leave it; returned to my seat and slept comfortably in the stage thirty miles to Davenport, which we reached about two in the morning of the 16th. Rested a few hours; crossed the Mississippi to Rock Island; took cars for Chicago, which I reached at five, P. M., and found comfortable quarters at the Sherman House. Called at the Book Rooms and spent a season pleasantly with the lamented Watson. Passed through Michigan City, Lafayette, Indianapolis; met many of my brethren. On Friday, August 18th, reached my home at Richmond, having telegraphed ahead, and found my children awaiting me at the station-house, with many thanks to God for his abounding goodness to me and mine during my long absence. Through much of this tour a strong doubt prevailed in my mind whether I should ever again be restored to my family. But the time of my release had not yet come.

## CHAPTER V.

## REST—REAPPOINTMENT—START FOR KANSAS.

NONE but the laborer knows the sweetness of rest; and none who has not endured long absence from home, and family, and friends, can fully appreciate the luxury of a return to the society of loved ones. Never, from any other earthly source, have I realized the rich, full flow of delightful emotion that has been caused by the greetings that have met me at my threshold after long and painful separations. If ever the family altar witnessed true gratitude it has been amid the hymns and prayers of our first common devotions. But these ties are all to be severed, and broken fragments of disjointed households to be left, cherishing only the sadly-pleasing memories of the past, and looking forward to the eternal reunion of heaven; a heaven of society; a heaven of recognition.

In these happy greetings my kind friends at Richmond participated, and with my family and them I enjoyed a brief season of respite from care and labor. This, however, was of short duration. A report of the past was to be made, and there was a future yet to be provided for.

Though prevented by disease and debility, during my late trip, from traveling in the Territories as extensively as I had desired, still I had visited all the principal settlements, and, from personal observation and authentic sources of information, obtained all the *data* necessary to act upon in providing a supply for this new region. The number of actual residents in the Territories I found to be smaller than generally supposed. Great numbers of men, at the opening of the lands for settlement, or even before, had rushed in and taken claims; but in most instances they had only

erected a shanty, or, what was still more frequent, "laid a foundation," to secure the claim, and then returned to their homes in the States; some intending in good faith to return with their families, and become actual settlers; and others, a very large number, only designing to hold on to the claim for purposes of speculation, or to secure other privileges of nominal citizenship and control in Territorial affairs. A very large proportion of the best lands in both Territories, those immediately upon the river, had been seized by the citizens of the States immediately over the river, and were held by them, to the exclusion of *bona fide* settlers, till advantageously disposed of. My deliberate judgment was that there were not, at that time, five hundred white families settled in the entire Territories of Kansas and Nebraska; and so I reported.

A large increase, however, was anticipated in the ensuing Fall, and for these provision was to be made. A full report of my explorations, and of the condition and wants of the country, was made out and laid before the Bishops, with a recommendation that, for the present, four mission circuits be formed—two in Kansas, and two in Nebraska—to each of which a preacher should be sent with a missionary appropriation sufficient to maintain him for one year; and that the two Territories be included in one district, with a presiding elder, or superintendent of missions, who should travel at large, make further explorations, and be clothed with discretionary power to organize new fields of labor, divide or change boundaries, employ preachers, assign them their work, and perform all other duties which emergencies might require in the interval of the Conference sessions. The suggestions met the approval of the appointing power, and were carried into effect at the ensuing session of the Conference. The Western Territories were, at that time, attached to the contiguous Conferences of Missouri and Iowa. Some vagueness being supposed to exist as to the dividing line, and it being thought desirable by the appointing power to place all under one superintendency, it was



determined, for the present, to supply all from Missouri Conference, in whose bounds the larger portion of the actual settlements was acknowledged to be found.

The report and recommendations referred to were intended and understood by me to be a closing up of my connection with the Territorial work. The acceptance of an appointment to the exploring trip was expressly understood to place me under no obligation to a continuance in that field; and this mutual understanding was repeated on my return. Misgivings had been entertained in my mind from the first; ill health during my recent tour had ripened these into a settled conviction that I ought not to return; and I had come home with this determination. The session of my Annual Conference was approaching, and I was contemplating a little season of respite then, when I expected to fall into the ranks and take an appointment as usual.

Opportunities, meanwhile, offered for occasional intercourse with one of the Bishops, at which the Territorial work and the manner of providing for it were, of course, themes of conversation. No claims were held upon me for the work, and no efforts were used to influence. Repeated conversations, however, developed the fact that, in the event of my declining, no appointment of the kind would, at that time, be made, there being at hand no substitute; and that, as a consequence, the organization of the Territorial work in the form contemplated would, for the present, be postponed, and, of course, the benefits of the labor already expended be mainly lost.

This state of things brought me to a stand. My health had continued to improve, and, with returning health, a disposition began again to grow up to go to the frontier and enter the inviting field there opening up. It is said that men who have spent a few years upon the frontier are rarely, afterward, satisfied elsewhere. So it has proved with me. The subject was reflected upon, consulted over in the family circle, examined in all its bearings, and, I trust, sincerely prayed over. Doubts and hesitancy existed

in the family, but no will stood opposed. All was referred to my own personal convictions of duty and propriety. But this responsibility only rendered a decision more difficult, and the point still remained unsettled. One Sabbath, however, while in the labors of the pulpit, the decision, well-nigh formed before, was consummated and announced. I left the sacred desk committed to the frontier work. The acceptance was communicated, and I was immediately given to understand that I stood appointed to the superintendency of the new field.

A decision had been postponed as long as practicable for the purpose of allowing a season of rest and social intercourse, well knowing that, once committed to the work, rest would be at an end. So it was. The decision made and announced, and my field of future labor fixed, all energies were thenceforward bent to the accomplishment of the purpose. A long journey was to be provided for; preparations for a frontier residence to be made; private business matters to be put in a suitable train for leaving; besides many preliminary measures to be taken in reference to my approaching labors and duties. All interests, private, domestic, ministerial, demanded attention, and all were crowded into a small compass of time.

Soon after I received a formal transfer to the Missouri Conference, with an appointment to the work, and at a subsequent time a letter of instructions, from which I give extracts:

“REV. WILLIAM H. GOODE:

“DEAR BROTHER,—I have this day transferred you to the Missouri Annual Conference. You are hereby appointed Superintendent of the work in Kansas and Nebraska.

“As settlements in the country embraced in your field of labor are constantly changing, you are hereby authorized to divide, enlarge, or change the circuits as in your judgment may be best.

“You will, on no account, pay missionary money to any preacher who neglects his work.

"Although you will be connected with the Missouri Conference, it is my understanding that you will not, at any time, be required to labor within the State of Missouri, but will, together with such other ministers as may be sent for that purpose, remain in the Territories till you may wish a change.

"Praying that the Divine blessing may attend yourself and family, I remain

"Yours, truly,

E. R. AMES."

A settled determination had been fixed in my mind that I should never place my family, mostly females, upon Government land. I had neither leisure nor inclination to enter into the "claim" business. This I stated to the Bishop. It was accordingly arranged that I should, in addition to the general charge, be appointed to the Shawnee mission in Kansas, thus giving me the occupancy of the mission farm and buildings upon Wakarusa, already described, with a young man as my colleague, who should make his home with me, and perform the principal labors of the mission.

The design, from the first, was the erection, at as early a period as practicable, of an Annual Conference in the Territories, and my instructions were to act with reference to that end. It was contemplated, also, that several preachers from my own or contiguous Conferences should be transferred with me, and a full supply at once furnished for the new field. With a view to this several of the Annual Conferences were visited. A deep interest in the work was manifested; many words of cheer were given; funds were freely contributed to aid in erecting churches in the Territories; several esteemed brethren expressed a desire to accompany me; but when they came to the point of immediate transfer and removal none were ready. The supposed demands of their own Conferences, the importunity of friends, domestic considerations, or other reasons prevailed, and it became apparent that I must enter the field alone and single-handed.

Providence, however, sent me one assistant. Having heard of a young man, a graduate of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, recently licensed, and employed in the North-Street mission, Indianapolis, I determined to try his courage. I found him employed, laboring with his hands in the erection of the new church edifice of his charge. The employment, the air, the whole *contour* of the young man told me that he would make a missionary. A proposition was made. A brief space was taken for consideration. An answer was received: "I will go." This decision gave to myself and family a much-valued friend, and to the work in Kansas the efficient labors of Rev. James S. Griffing, one of the first and most indefatigable explorers, still laboring faithfully in the ranks of his Conference.

In view of the exciting conflict anticipated, and, indeed, already begun in Kansas, it was deemed a measure of prudence to go furnished with secular credentials in the form of letters of introduction from men in public life to whom I was personally known—men whose position was such as to give them influence with the then existing Administration and its appointees in the Territories. I accordingly wrote to several, and obtained a prompt response. Gov. J. A. Wright, Hon. J. D. Bright, of the United States Senate, T. H. Hendricks, and J. G. Davis, of the House of Representatives, kindly furnished me with letters to Gov. Reeder and others, which proved of no small service, under the peculiar circumstances of the day and place.

Meanwhile active preparations were going on in other departments. An obliging friend in Richmond selected and bought for me four noble draught horses; two new and substantial wagons were purchased, with appropriate rigging; the tent was prepared and stretched in the yard, by way of experiment; camp utensils were provided, and the family, from the least to the greatest, put in traveling trim. This done, the wagons were placed upon the scales and weighed, driven to the door, packed to their utmost capacity,

then re-weighed. By posted notices a crowd of citizens was collected, and the residue of goods and chattels placed under the hammer and sold to the highest bidder—about the sixth time in our itinerant life that we had been *auctioned out*.

All being ready, leave was taken of our kind Richmond friends, and late in the afternoon of September 28th—I think—1854, we crossed Whitewater bridge and took the National Road west. Our company consisted of myself, wife, and seven children, brother Griffing and another young friend, who accompanied us; my eldest son remaining in Indiana and my second having already gone West. A short drive brought us to comfortable lodgings with a kind friend, and the two days following to Indianapolis. A case of sickness occurring on the way, required Mrs. G. to leave our train and take railroad to Indianapolis in advance, to procure medical aid for the little patient.

Indianapolis had been our home a greater number of years than any other one place, and a large circle of endeared friends surrounded us. A Sabbath was spent; a season of worship enjoyed in Roberts Chapel, and leave taken. Monday came, the clouds gathered, and the rain poured in torrents through the day. All looked dark and lowering. But the hour had come; a little past noon the wagons were driven up. The members of the family, sheltered from the pelting storm, were helped on board, one by one. Each of the young men took his seat on a driver's box and grasped the lines. I mounted an extra saddle horse. Down Washington-street, over White River, and still westward was our course, the rain still descending in torrents. Dark and gloomy seemed the auspices of this, our second long westward removal. But ere long the rain ceased, the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone brightly upon the land of our home as we looked a farewell—the last to one of our company, till housed in the eternal home of heaven.

## CHAPTER VI.

## TRAVEL TO KANSAS—INCIDENTS.

For several days our route lay through Western Indiana. The entire ground had been occupied by me in my previous fields of itinerant labor; all was familiar; friends were met and wants kindly supplied at every stage, insomuch that we were not allowed to take up the regular routine of camp life, till our Rubicon, the Wabash, was passed, the State line crossed, and Illinois entered; where, though hearts may not have been less large and warm, acquaintance ceased, and we became strangers, falling in with the westward tide of emigration, with nothing to distinguish us from the restless crowd that are eagerly hurried on by the impulses of this world. Thenceforward we were to make our own way as others, expecting no favors, meeting no sympathy. To myself this was a trifle; on behalf of dependent ones it cost me some pangs. We submitted to our destiny. The regular *quid pro quo* gained us the necessities of life. Sometimes we met with those whose avowed purpose was to "skin" as deeply as possible, and had to submit to a "sharp practice;" and then again we fell in with others who, learning our position and objects, seemed to take an interest, and doubtless sent up some petitions in our behalf.

Our tent was first spread in the confines of Illinois, and thenceforward regularly through that great State, and the still broader one of Missouri, till the Territorial line was passed. The weather in the general was fine, the roads good, and all circumstances favorable. Several cases of sharp, temporary illness occurred on the way, requiring medical aid, but none of them, however, proved serious.

We hauled our sick on till they recovered, and realized no bad effects.

A strict camp discipline was introduced. At a fixed hour, long before the dawn, I arose, guided by my watch, roused up the fire, and called up the operatives of our company, while the juniors or feeble ones continued to rest. The steeds were fed, curried, and harnessed, the morning meal prepared, our devotions offered, the repast taken, baggage and camp equipage reloaded, the tent struck, and each one reseated. "All ready," and the line of march was taken up. A rest was allowed at noon, the team baited, and a lunch taken. As we neared the setting sun, a convenient grove was sought, where access could be had to fuel and water; the teams were driven up, some pitched the tent, while others collected wood; a rousing camp-fire was raised, around which the group of all ages assembled, and the early evening hours were spent in cheerful conversation; the steeds were haltered up to the wagons and provided with full supplies; supper was prepared, evening devotions performed, the demands of appetite satisfied down to the youngest, and with grateful hearts all retired to rest, the family occupying our tent, and others making a dormitory of a wagon. After all others were snugly stored away, it was mine to pass around, carefully tuck them all in, closing all apertures, look to the safety and comfort of the teams, adjust the camp-fires, and then myself retire. Candor, however, compels me to admit that, under this process of *first up* and *last down*, with other fatigues, before the trip was completed I "caved in," and was compelled to surrender the honor of "firing the first gun" of the morning to a junior.

Our somewhat spacious tent and two large wagons, five sturdy and sleek steeds, with a numerous and often garrulous company, collected around our evening board, by the light of a blazing log fire, made some show in a grove, and often attracted attention and elicited remark, according to the different habits and tastes of observers. One in passing, perhaps with whetted appetite, was heard to say, "I intend

to go there and board." Another, in a group of horseback travelers, said, "That looks like camp meeting." This was a clew to *their* character. A confab ensued. They were a company of Illinois preachers *en route* for Conference. At a later hour in the evening they visited our camp. A season of conversation and joint worship was enjoyed, and we were refreshed together.

Camp life, while it has its exposures and hardships, has in it much that is exciting and interesting. My family expressed a decided preference for camp lodgings over the quarters at public houses, to which we occasionally resorted. We regular nomads, who are much upon the plains, sometimes raise the question, whether, after all, this thing of living and lodging within walls, upon floors, under roofs, and walking over carpets, is not an innovation upon the order of nature.

Our Sabbaths were, of course, spent in camp, and, when practicable, we engaged in religious services with those around us. Occasionally, a week-day had to be spent in camp for the purpose of bringing up domestic arrangements; the teams rested, and the whole establishment was temporarily converted into a laundry and bake-shop. Provisions, as we advanced, were found to be scarce, and obtained at high rates; and doleful accounts met us of failure of crops, high prices, want, and probable starvation on the frontier, should we have the temerity to go on.

The greatest actual inconvenience suffered was from want of water, through the fertile but dry regions of Missouri. So great was the scarcity that even the few that had a supply of good pure water, defended it with a jealousy that, to us, straitened as we were, seemed ungenerous. But, then, we were looked upon as mere "Kansas adventurers," and little sympathy was felt. Wells were guarded or locked, pump cranks taken off, and access interdicted, sometimes in terms not the most gentle. The ingenious expedients sometimes resorted to in an extremity, by our juniors, such as the application of our monkey-wrench in place of a removed



crank, etc., might possibly amuse, but, perhaps, would not bear a rigid moral analysis on any other ground than the super-legal one of necessity. While chuckling over these exploits around the camp-fire, my ears would sometimes be reached; but I could not find it in my heart to censure very severely, especially when enjoying the cool beverage won by their adventures.

Few adventures occurred till near the close of our journey. A single one I shall never forget, for the momentary pang it produced. Our teams were carefully managed, well provided for, and, consequently, kept in good spirits. Now and then the regular drivers took a short recess, and committed the lines *pro tem.* to an unpracticed juvenile of our group. On one such occasion, the wagon that bore the freight of human life was intrusted to these incompetent hands. I had stopped a moment at a wayside house on some needful errand, and was then walking up some distance in the rear. The little charioteer, in endeavoring to leap from his seat to the ground, lines in hand, tripped and fell. The horses took fright and were off in a tangent with all our feminines and little ones on board, increasing speed at every jump, as though they would drive all to destruction. Distinctly do I, even now, remember an audible ejaculatory groan, loudly and involuntarily uttered, and falling back upon my own ear, as I saw them passing away with a speed that defied our efforts. Providence interfered. The lines dragging loosely, caught upon the hub of the wagon and wound around it; and, being new and strong, they gradually drew the excited steeds up and brought them to a stand-still; thus, under God, preventing an awful calamity.

Reaching Springfield, the capital of Illinois, I found the Conference in session, spent most of a day, enjoyed an agreeable interview with brethren, had some consultation with Bishop Morris touching my work, and sought out and visited some of the friends of my childhood from whom I had been long separated.

The session of the Missouri Annual Conference for that

year was to be held at Hannibal. To that Conference I was transferred, and within its nominal bounds I was to labor. My presence was needed at the Conference in adjusting the preliminaries of our work. My aim had been to reach Hannibal in due time. Finding that the teams would fail in this, I left our company to proceed of themselves, and took the railroad train west for Naples, upon the Illinois River, the *terminus* of the road. Arrived in the evening. I found the meager hotels preoccupied by a circus company, offering their intellectual and moralizing entertainment, and producing the usual sensation in a backwoods western community. The "little city" was all astir. "No room for strangers." Their place had been honored with a demonstration, and the "distinguished guests" must be served to the exclusion of all others. In my extremity, I had resort to an expedient never practiced by me except in extreme cases, to throw myself upon my Methodism, and inquire for Church members; with what success, and how I passed the night, need not be made matter of history. In the morning took stage for Griggsville, where the stage route terminated; there hired a horse and buggy for Hannibal, and reached the place at an advanced stage of the Conference session.

Here a disappointment met me, rarely equaled in my life. The understanding already had for our occupancy of the mission premises among the Shawnees has been stated. Toward that point I was tending. On reaching Hannibal, I learned that the title of the farm and improvements had been transferred to an Indian who wished to lay his large claim or head-right under the late treaty, so as to embrace these premises. It had been sold and his notes taken; possession to be given in the Spring. Here I was brought to a stand; on my way with a large family to the frontier, Winter just at hand, and no shelter in view. The sale had been wholly an unauthorized one; but, in the already-excited state of affairs, it was not deemed prudent to interfere with it. A joint occupancy of the mission premises

till Spring was proposed. This I declined. For a time, I thought of changing our course, passing Kansas by, and steering immediately for the region of Council Bluffs, where I now reside, and which, in my former tour, had impressed me as a desirable and convenient location for my future work. But, then, I was already committed to a removal to Kansas. This had been made public; my intended headquarters made known, and friends, ministerial and others, invited to seek me out. To return now, or even to change my course, might be misunderstood, and, unexplained, might operate to the prejudice of my work. These considerations prevailed; an onward movement was resolved upon to Kansas, at all hazards; leaving future details to be guided by Providential indications. That man of God, Rev. John H. Dennis, then late presiding elder of Hannibal district, was resident in the place, and was about to receive an appointment to Wyandott mission in Kansas, and, in a few weeks, to follow on with his family. He kindly proposed to shelter me and mine, if need required, in his mission cabin, till we could erect another and screen ourselves from the storms of approaching Winter.

The formal Episcopal sanction was now given to what had already been fixed in my case. My name was enrolled as a member of Missouri Conference, and my appointment was read out for Kansas and Nebraska district, and also for Shawnee mission, though, under the circumstances now presented, the special reason for my appointment to the mission did not exist. W. D. Gage, who had already gone to Nebraska, was appointed to Old Fort Kearney mission, and Thomas J. Ferril, who had taken a claim in Kansas, was assigned to Maries Des Cygnes. No other was found for our work among the white settlers except the youthful J. L. Griffing, who was sent to Wakarusa. John H. Dennis, whose health had so far declined as to render him incapable of effective labor, was appointed to Delaware and Wyandott Indian mission, with the hope that, his labors being lightened by the aid of native preachers, he might,

under the genial influences of the climate, be restored. His state of health then demanded a release, but none could be spared from the work.

An anomaly appears this year upon the face of the General Minutes as published. A confused understanding existed as to the claims of Iowa and Missouri Conferences for Territorial jurisdiction, and the Kansas and Nebraska district appears in both Conferences; in the former all the appointments "to be supplied," and in the latter with the names of the men attached.

The district to which I was appointed as superintendent, or presiding elder, embraced the entire Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, a region extending from the State lines on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and from the waters of the Arkansas on the south to the British possessions on the north, a territory equal in extent to six times that of the largest State in the Union. True, much of it was unsettled, but the sparse settlements had already spread over a large district of country, and great accessions were confidently anticipated. To this field I was sent with only three coadjutors, one of these an aged, gray-haired man, and another a stripling just admitted. The work was to be provided for as best I could. Men were to be found, employed, their fields assigned, and compensation fixed. The entire responsibility was committed to individual hands, besides the large amount of personal travel and labor involved.

These matters adjusted, I without delay started back to meet my family, and on the 15th day of October found them in good health, encamped on the east bank of Illinois River. In my absence they had traveled safely and prosperously, part of the time in company with Rev. Mr. Blood, a Presbyterian clergyman, and his family, with whom they had fallen in. Mr. B. was on his way to Kansas, and his name is since identified with its history. Here my family had encamped to spend the Sabbath, and to take another day for domestic purposes. While encamped here a steamboat

passed up and stopped for a time at an uninhabited island in our view. I knew the cause of their detention; they were burying a man who had died on board from cholera; but for the time, from prudential motives, I concealed it from our company.

A few days' drive brought us to the Mississippi; crossed and encamped in the suburbs of Hannibal; were visited by Rev. J. H. Dennis and others; arranged some further preliminaries; passed the night and moved on, leaving brother D. and family to follow in a short time. Our way through Missouri, this time, lay over a fertile country, but less improved than that upon my former route. It occupied nearly three weeks. The two Sabbaths included were spent in the pulpit, one of them in that of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. As we advanced provisions became more scarce and dear, and accounts from the border more discouraging, but I had learned long before not to be turned away from my course by floating rumors.

Arrived within about forty miles of Territorial line, I deemed it prudent to leave the family and go in advance, reconnoiter, and seek a temporary shelter to which I should take them before they should enter. A vacant cabin was obtained, of which our company took possession for a few days, and I set out again on horseback upon a prospecting tour. Sometimes I thought of stopping for the Winter in one of the contiguous towns of Liberty and Independence, and renting a temporary home, whence I might travel into the Territories; I had even stopped in the former place and made some contingent arrangements. This plan met with no favor in my family consultations; they were for going directly into the Territory. And it was well, for these two places became the hot-beds of excitement in the coming conflict; rivals, as has been before seen, in the heated prosecution of Kansas strifes and tragedies. At the former place was the arsenal, from which the United States arms were subsequently taken to be used in the conflict.

Entering the Territory I met the committee appointed at

the Conference to adjust the affairs of the Shawnee Mission premises. They had just returned from the mission, and I learned that there was no prospect of a home on the Wakarusa. I then called upon Colonel Robinson, the United States Agent for the Shawnees, Delawares, and Wyandotts, explained my mission, and asked his permission to make a temporary residence with one of these tribes. The Colonel had no very good feelings toward any person or object approaching him from a northerly direction; but my letters of introduction from distinguished men of his own party gained me a courteous hearing and a favorable reply. He agreed that I should make a home among either of these tribes with the consent of the chiefs or Council. The Council of the Wyandotts was then in session. I visited them at the Council-House, obtained a hearing; placed before them, through their interpreter, my character and objects; told them that I had come "to do them good and not harm," and asked the privilege of a year's residence among them. The chiefs held a brief consultation and gave their consent. This done I went into their settlements and hired for a year a small farm in the heart of the tribe, with a little brick house, orchard, and other accommodations rather superior to those ordinarily found in the Indian country. The owner was a blind Indian of the "Zane" stock, well known in Wyandott history. Writings were drawn, and all was made sure.

A home being thus secured, I once more set off to join the family. On the second day, in the morning, I met the teams advancing. They were in the midst of a rugged country, the road steep, rough, and craggy; and to my surprise I found Mrs. G. occupying the driver's seat of one of the wagons, and guiding the team over the difficult way. The cause was soon explained. Brother Griffing, who had officiated as teamster, had had, during my absence, a violent attack of disease, which had quite prostrated him. Mrs. G., unwilling to remain longer, when the day for starting arrived, had stowed him away comfortably in the rear of the

wagon, taken the lines herself, and was moving on safely. For the rest of the journey this duty devolved upon me.

On the evening of November 3d we encamped upon the bank of Missouri River nearly opposite Kansas City; on the following morning ferried over to the city and took our course upward. One mile brought us to the line of the Territory, and half a mile further to the Kaw or Kansas River, at the Wyandott Ferry near its mouth. A long journey had been performed in safety. We were now within three miles of our destination, little dreaming of the exciting scene just before us.

The river here, at its low stage, was near two hundred yards in width. The banks were left mucky and soft by the receding water, without footing for man or beast, save at the immediate points of landing on either side. The ferry was managed by Indians; the boat was a crazy flat, with a rope stretched from bank to bank, by which it was propelled and guided with the hands. The lighter wagon was taken over first and safely landed, the family remaining on the near shore. Next, the heavier wagon was drawn in, and to insure the ascent of the rock at the place of landing, the team was doubled, thus necessarily increasing the weight. Brother Griffing sat in the wagon, and the other young man and myself took charge of the horses. Scarcely had we fairly got into the stream till we found that the water was gushing in upon us at an alarming rate. There was no turning back; all hope was in pulling ahead with a vengeance, and that was "forlorn." The Indians worked with desperation, and we commenced to free our horses. All were loosened, and one or two stripped of the harness. The boat sank deeper and deeper, the loose false-bottom floated up, and the horses all went overboard into the current. The Indians held on vigorously to the rope till the weight of the boat, filled with water, compelled them to loosen the grasp, and the crazy old craft floated away down the current with its load, and Griffing seated in the front of the wagon, as he afterward said, "alone in his glory." Early in the struggle

I had been knocked overboard, an event for which I had prepared myself by doffing the outer garments; and thus fairly committed to the stream, I was at liberty to play to and fro as occasion required.

The course of the current providentially drifted the boat down into shoal water near the further side, where it rested, the body of the wagon being out of water. The horses all swam to the further shore, and at the brink mired down almost inextricably. Here we were; on one side four large horses almost hopelessly sunk, and nearly covered from view, and the bank so spongy as not to admit an approach by some rods; in the stream the boat, the wagon, and brother G.; and on the opposite side the family looking anxiously on. It being Saturday, a great crossing-day, a crowd of mingled whites and Indians began to accumulate on each shore, unable to cross for want of the lost boat, and held on by the novelty of the scene.

We were not long idle. The first effort was to relieve the horses. The crowd, Indians especially, came to our aid. A skiff was procured, and an approach was made by water. Timber was obtained, and a bridge made over the mud, so as to reach them from the land side. Still it was difficult to afford aid. The poor beasts struggled, and we labored for a great part of the day. One horse, with some aid, made his way to *terra firma*. Another was helped back into the stream, swam by the side of the skiff to the rock landing, and was taken ashore. Two got back into the river, and swam to the opposite shore, where they mired down again, and the scene had to be repeated; one of them dragging me in a skiff, while I was vainly striving to lead him in another direction. At length, when the day was well-nigh spent, we succeeded in landing the last horse upon Wyandott soil.

Another boat was then obtained and thrust in between our sunken craft and the shore, forming a bridge; the loading all carried ashore; the wagon taken asunder, and, piece by piece, carried to land; put together again, and reloaded;



the family brought over, and taken in ; the team reharnessed and hitched up ; and not an article found wanting, except a set of trace-chains, afterward recovered from the bottom of the boat. The places of these were soon supplied by cords, and we were again in moving trim ; though our horses were in rather sorry plight from their protracted conflict with Kaw River muck. Almost that entire November day was spent by me in the river, or the mire, and nearly destitute of clothing.

The Indians had staid by us, and labored faithfully to the last. At the close of the scene I proclaimed that I would, with many thanks, bestow a gold dollar upon every one of the company who would receive it. Save the ferryman and three or four others, all present had the magnanimity to refuse a remuneration.

The family once again seated, under the guidance of the late brother Clark, a native local preacher and interpreter, we were driven to our hired home, which we reached about dark on Saturday evening, November 4, 1854. Others had gone in advance, and kindled a fire, around which we gladly assembled, after a toilsome journey of five weeks ; thankful to a kind Providence for his gracious care, and glad once more to find a home, temporary though it was, and that "in a strange land."

## CHAPTER VII.

## INDIAN TRIBES IN KANSAS.

ONCE more we found ourselves living in the midst of an Indian community. It will be in place, at this point, to pause before entering upon the scenes among the white settlers, and lay before the reader some account of the character and condition of the Northern Indians, among whom our lot was now cast; the remarks in the former part of this volume being mainly confined to the Southern tribes.

Commencing with Southern Kansas, the first tribe of any note are the Osages, an indigenous people, whose character and habits have been treated somewhat at large in the previous part. Passing up the military road north, we enter the lands of the Weas, Miamis, Peorias, Pyankeshaws, and Kaskaskias, small, fragmentary tribes that have been removed West by the Government, and settled upon tracts of limited extent.

Next, on the north, we reach the Shawnees, numbering about one thousand, considerably advanced in improvements, inhabiting a fertile section of country, having Kaw River on the north, and a rich and highly-improved portion of Missouri on the east. The Shawnees are an old and brave Nation, and have acted their part in Indian history. They had still among them some men of wealth and influence. A CAPTAIN PARKS, a half-breed, since, I think, deceased, was long prominent, owned slaves, had a well-improved farm, and in the treaty was well provided for by lands immediately upon the State line. On moving West, I bore to him a letter of introduction from Hon. J. H. B., a well-known public man in Indiana, who claimed Parks as a relative, and appealed to the common Quaker blood

coursing through their veins, and endeavored to arouse in him a spirit of opposition to slavery. But Parks was too deeply indoctrinated to listen to "Northern fanatics." He had taken his lessons in civilization in another school. It fell to the ground.

Among the prominent men of the tribe were PASCAL FISH, a local preacher of our Church, and his brother CHARLES, who acted as our interpreter. These were good men, and remained firm in their adherence through all the persecutions.

The influence of the large mission establishment at the Manual-Labor School already described was strong. There were few to counteract or explain; and at the separation, the main body of our Shawnee membership was carried, *volens volens*, into the Church South. They have a large meeting-house and camp-ground, and exert a powerful influence over the tribe. Our membership is reduced to about twenty—a faithful band. The Baptists, under Dr. Barker, had a flourishing Church. I know not their present condition.

Crossing the Kaw River we enter the lands of the Delawares, another distinguished and well-known tribe, not differing greatly in numbers from the Shawnees. The traces of their footsteps are scarcely yet effaced in Central Indiana, and the echo of their warwhoop has but just died away. Many places bear their names, and many reminiscences of them are yet related by the early settlers. Incidentally I have already referred to their character, and to the great veneration in which they are held by the other Indian tribes.

The lands assigned them by the Government, and of which they have been in possession for a number of years, are regarded as the most valuable of all the territory ceded by the late treaties, and have attracted the greatest attention. They have a good front of some thirty miles upon Missouri River, extending back up the Kaw River, with a large strip known as the Delaware Outlet, reaching far in o

the interior. The tribe is considerably advanced in agriculture, though with little literary culture. The Baptists have here a flourishing mission school, under the care of Elder Pratt, which, from some cause, fared rather better in treaty arrangements than its neighbor among the Shawnees. Possibly a key may be found in the *sliding-scale* of Government favors referred to in a previous chapter.

Our Church had a strong hold among them, but they, like the Shawnees, were mainly carried South at the separation, taking, in this case also, the Church property. Still, they hold not to my knowledge, a single slave in the tribe, and it was understood that great offense was given, some years since, by the return of one of their old missionaries, formerly a pastor greatly beloved, but who, at his second removal into the Nation, from a more southern position, brought with him a lot of slaves.

Honorable mention should be made of CHARLES KETCHAM, among the leading men of the Nation, and of the whole Indian country. He has long been a preacher among us. Ketcham is a large, portly Indian, of manly appearance and address; illiterate, but of good intellect and fluent in speech, possessing a fine voice, and able to make the vigorous intonations of the Delaware language ring with effect upon an audience, even when not understood. Ketcham stood firm in the division, though threatened with the loss of his head; built a church himself, and kept the little remnant of our flock together. He is an Indian in thought and feeling, and may be characterized by some Indian instability, but upon the whole he deserves the respect of his tribe and of the Church. He is settled on a good farm, maintains a place in the Conference, and labors with his people.\*

JOHNNY-CAKE, whom I have previously mentioned as a preacher, is a quiet and apparently pious Baptist man, in good worldly circumstances, and exerting a good influence.

The Wyandotts, though a small remnant, not numbering

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\* Since deceased.—1863.

over five hundred souls, have gained great prominence in our Church history, from being the first Northern tribe among whom our missionaries labored with success. These missionary labors among them are recorded in several books by the late Rev. J. B. Finley, and in one by Dr. Elliott. Well do I remember the visits paid by the energetic Finley, then in his early manhood, to my paternal home with his missionary assistants, on their way to and from Sandusky, then a remote frontier. And well, too, do I remember, on learning that I, in early boyhood, had endeavored to give my heart to God, the kind, warm, fatherly letter he addressed me from the mission station.

Wyandott Methodism early produced some of the finest specimens of Indian piety and thrilling pulpit eloquence. Mo-non-cue and Between-the-logs were most distinguished. None can read, without thrilling emotion, Father Finley's description of the effect produced at a camp meeting near Baltimore, while one of these sons of the forest painted the scene of the Cross. These passed away before the removal West, and others have followed since. They have some noble spirits yet, but few traces of their former greatness remain.

On their removal West, the Wyandotts did not go to the lands which the Government proposed to assign them, but themselves purchased, with their public funds, from the Delawares, a wooded tract of very fertile land, finely undulating and well watered, being the point or delta above the confluence of the Kaw with the Missouri. The site was eligible and healthy. There was but little over one township of land; but this, with agricultural habits already in a good degree formed, was sufficient for the wants of the people. Here they settled, and soon made considerable improvements.

Religious influence, and the influence of our Church, was stronger proportionally among them than any other Northern tribe. At the separation in 1845 an effort was made to bring them, too, under Southern control. But the body of the Church stood firm in their integrity, though it caused

them to endure "a great fight of afflictions." Their good brick church building was wrested from them and retained in the hands of a small minority; and they quietly retired, and erected a log-house of worship. A missionary was asked from the Ohio Conference, and was sent.

The Indians on the frontier never have been left to manage their own affairs. Designing and restless men, near by in the States, have excited and corrupted them, and too often the Government agents and officers have lent their influence to the unholy purpose. The results then have been trumpeted abroad as expressions of Indian feeling and sentiment, when, in fact, it was only white aggression and outrage.

The history of these transactions will be recollected. An excitement was raised and the missionary expelled. The authorities at Washington censured the act and removed the Agent, but still the same influences continued to prevail. The youth of the tribe, especially the half-breeds, were generally dissipated, reckless, and easily led into acts of outrage and riot. The opening of the Kansas struggle increased the flame; parties were arrayed, disorder and lawlessness were excited by outsiders of rank and influence, unprincipled and reckless half-breeds were set on; at length, in the height of the Kansas excitement, both churches were fired and burned to the ground. Could the whole tale be told, and all the movements exposed that led to this state of things, a tinge perhaps might mantle the cheek of professed sanctity.

At the time that my residence among them commenced they were in a state of comparative quiet. The body of the tribe were kind and respectful. None were ever otherwise, except—as I had reason to believe—when they were influenced by designing whites over the line. They were good, obliging neighbors. I spent my intervals at home agreeably, enjoyed many interesting seasons of worship with them and their esteemed missionary, and had personal inclinations been suffered to prevail, myself and family would probably have made a permanent residence among them.

They kindly translated what they conceived to be the adjective signification of my name into their language, calling me "Ta-hush-ta"—"Good."

The Wyandotts at that time still retained their own form of government, chiefs and councilmen being elected by the tribe. The Head-Chief at that time was Ta-roo-me—if my orthography is right—his English name being John Hat. He was rude and uncultivated, but seemingly an honest man. The second Chief was Matthew Mud-Eater, an illiterate, but a mild, intelligent, good Indian. Others, however, exerted greater influence and were more deserving of notice than the Chiefs.

SQUIRE GRAY-EYES, a native preacher, was the model man of the tribe. He was one of the early fruits of Finley's labors, and lived to a good old age. Small in stature, quick and active in his movements, spirited, but mild and gentle in his temper, scrupulously neat in his person, fervent and zealous in his piety, and exemplary in his walk, he was upon the whole one of the noblest specimens of Indian character. There must have been a secret power and pathos in his eloquence, for no white missionary ever could move and melt and sway the Wyandotts as he did, although he had labored with them a lifetime. The missionaries understood this, and when direct effect was intended they placed him in the front. Still he was unassuming, and seemed highly to appreciate and enjoy the labors of the missionaries through the interpreters, as his flowing tears and animated response "Zham-my" would often testify. His wife, considerably his junior, was neat and pious, and his home comfortable. I loved to visit him, though he could converse but little. He rarely attempted English. The only adventure of the kind I now recollect was an encomium upon Father Finley, then living, whose memory was held in great veneration among them. I was seated in his cabin one Sabbath afternoon. He had been sitting some time in silence, as if absorbed in reflection. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Jim Finley—good man—preach—jump!"

He had a joyful meeting with his spiritual father in Indianapolis at the General Conference of 1856. The scene is graphically described by Rev. Mr. Jobson, one of the English delegates, in his interesting book upon "America and American Methodism." A mistake, however, occurs, but one pardonable in an enthusiastic foreigner, who perhaps for the first time looked upon a son of the forest. He speaks of him as having traveled to the seat of the Conference "on foot," "foot-worn and haggard," with "signs on his legs and clothes of his recent struggles over the soil and through the entangled brushwood of the forest." Not so. He had traveled by steamboat and railway, was by arrangement to have accompanied me, but started in advance. And as for tattered and worn garments, no one probably ever saw Gray-Eyes before the public in any other than neat and becoming attire, at least to American eyes. But Finley and Gray-Eyes have since that gone to join Mo-non-cue, Between-the-logs, Sum-mon-de-wat, and John Armstrong, in the land of the pure and the blessed.

GEORGE W. CLARKE, a local preacher, was my near neighbor. He was a half-breed, of good sense, gentle manners, consistent piety, and a caution that approached timidity. He spoke English tolerably well, and was understood to render English correctly into Wyandott. He was our stated interpreter. I have enjoyed many pleasant opportunities of preaching through him. He had a good farm and comfortable residence near where Quindaro now stands. His retiring habits diminished his influence in times of excitement. He was selected, however, as one of the last delegates to Washington, and subsequently, in the time of the troubles, he was called into service as principal Chief of the tribe. It was, if memory serve, while filling that position that he was called from labor to reward.

FRANCIS HICKS, another of the early converts, had in former years been a man of note. He sided with the Southern party, was principal Chief, and took part in the expulsion of our missionary, before stated. His influence waned,



and his health gradually failed. During my residence in the tribe he returned to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and soon after died in peace. He desired that his daughter should be educated at the Cincinnati Female College, and at his request I obtained for her a place there.

BIG-TREE was another fine specimen, an early convert, now advanced in life, a licensed exhorter, faithful, consistent, in declining health, but always cheerful and buoyant, as well as courteous and gentlemanly in his demeanor. A sample of ready wit, coupled with gentlemanly bearing, occurred in my own intercourse with him that would not have disgraced more polished society. Big-Tree understood and spoke English very imperfectly, still, unlike Gray-Eyes, he would make the venture, and with him as with others it sometimes led to amusing mistakes.

He lived on my way to the church, and on one Sabbath I took the liberty, after service, of inviting myself to dine with him, saying to him that he need not wait, as I was on foot, but go on and I would follow. Yielding a ready assent to the proposal, he started, while I in company with a friend followed on. Arrived at his cabin, we were politely invited in by the family and seated, but our intended host himself was not there. Time passed on without explanation, and the family entertained us with talk, but still he did not appear. Wondering at this, and fearing that something was wrong, I ventured to inquire. All was soon explained. He had misunderstood my self-invitation to dine with him for an invitation to himself to dine with me, and in that light had accepted it, and forthwith made his way to my house, a mile distant from his own. The family, on my arrival, seeing the mistake, had privately dispatched a messenger to him. About the time the explanation was over, Big-Tree entered in his usual bland way, and between a smile and a blush addressed me: "Been to your house—see your wife and children—all well." This over, we were entertained with simple but real hospitality. He too has since gone to the society of pure kindred spirits above.

Thus have nearly all the first lights of the Wyandott Church passed away.

Other characters of interest were found among them. LITTLE CHIEF was a mild, placid old man, an example of Christian meekness and gentleness; he was a compeer of Gray-Eyes, and I think still lives. JOHN SOLOMON was a fine, brave fellow, a worthy Church member, of no great mental caliber, but possessing great physical power, with courage enough to use it, when occasion required, in defense of the right. SPLIT-THE-LOGS was an ingenious, public-spirited Indian, erected a mill, and contributed his influence to every good object. He was a firm, decided, sensible man, not a professor of religion, but his strong antislavery feelings led him to take a warm side with our people in all their struggles. R. M. ROBETAILE, partly French, was a native of Canada, where part of the tribe once resided, and had been raised among white relatives in entire ignorance of his Indian extraction. Taking part in one of the insurrections he was compelled to flee the country as a rebel, came to Ohio, mingled with other relatives, and came to a knowledge of his Indian relationship, was recognized by the tribe, joined them, emigrated West, acquired a good property, and served as Secretary of the National Council. He was inclined to Romanism, but was a sensible, kind man, a good musician, and a valued neighbor.

Specimens might be multiplied from personal knowledge, but I desire simply to present enough among the several tribes to do justice to Indian character. I have no sympathy with those, in any department, who can see nothing in Indians but degradation and vileness, and who heap upon them only opprobrious epithets. True, they are in a great degree unenlightened; they have been victims at the hands of the whites to fraud, corruption, and the most debasing examples. Yet in my long and extended intercourse, an intercourse embracing almost every tribe upon our Western frontier, I have found much to admire in the true, genuine, uncorrupted Indian character.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## OTHER NORTHERN TRIBES—TRAITS—INCIDENTS.

PROCEEDING still northward, we enter next the lands of the Kickapoos, whose line strikes the Missouri River immediately above Fort Leavenworth. The numbers of this tribe are considerable; their lands were good. In character and general improvements they are a degree below the tribes just noticed, have no very prominent men, and have attracted less attention. Some missionary effort has been expended among them, the results of which are still seen in the piety of some of the tribe. Among them the prophet Ken-i-kuk appeared, and run his race. His vagaries were a serious drawback to the work; though it is believed that he afterward became a true penitent. A meeting-house was erected, which, in my early wanderings, once afforded me a shelter for the night, when shelters were scarce. The Kickapoo village was finely situated on a bold bluff of the Missouri.

After this came a tract occupied by the Sacs, and another by the Iowas. These are small bands, but little improved. The Old School Presbyterians have a prosperous mission among the Iowas, with a good farm, buildings, and a flourishing school under the superintendence of Rev. Mr. Irwin. These lands reached to the mouth of Great Nemaha, the reputed line of Nebraska Territory.

Several tribes were in the interior. The principal was that of the Pottawatamies, who had been removed from Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan, united with another section of the same tribe near Council Bluffs, and all placed about one hundred miles up the Kaw River, where they have a square of about thirty miles, lying well

on the two sides of the stream. This I have been wont to class among the inferior tribes, but they are, perhaps, improving at this time as fast as any other tribe. Their interior position is favorable, as it removes them from the exciting and corrupting influences of the frontier. Reference has already been made to the beneficial effects of a Catholic mission planted among them.

The Kaws or Kansas Indians are an indigenous tribe, of rude, filthy habits, and seemingly almost untamable character, the lowest class of savages in the Territory. They have thus far resisted all efforts of Church and State for their permanent improvement. A reserve has been assigned them on the head-waters of the Neosho, but much of their time is spent in wandering over the settlements, begging, stealing, living upon entrails, and other tainted or refuse offals, to the great disgust and annoyance of the settlers. Dog meat is held in high estimation by the ruder Indians, and a fat puppy must be well guarded till able to take his own part.

Near to these is a tract of land held by the Sacs and Foxes; and still east of these, upon the Maries Des Cygnes, and adjoining the fragmentary tribes before mentioned, is the little band of Ottawas, among whom has been a Baptist mission. About the time of one of my visits, the missionary, whose name has escaped me, died, and I have not learned that his place has been supplied. Identified with this tribe, though I think not properly belonging to it, is a prominent Indian known as Tawa Jones; educated at the school at the Great Crossings in Kentucky, and noted, in early life, for a chivalrous but unsuccessful attempt to ally himself with the domestic arrangements of the Chieftain who superintended; an incident that caused "no small stir" among the events of that day. Jones I found to be a sedate, sensible man, a Baptist preacher, apparently pious, with an intelligent Eastern lady as his wife, living on a fine farm, with good buildings, and surrounded by the comforts of life. But his antislavery sentiments exposed him to vio-

lence during the "dark years" that followed. He was fired at, barely escaped with life, and his fine residence was burned to the ground.

The vast Territory of Nebraska includes numerous tribes but partially known. I shall now only speak of those on or near the border, leaving the interior and mountain tribes for the subsequent part of this volume.

The fortieth parallel of north latitude divides the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. This, upon actual survey, was found to strike the Missouri River a few miles below the mouth of Great Nemaha. There, upon the bluff, a monument is erected.

Passing the Great Nemaha, we enter the Half-Breed Lands, a tract ten miles in width, and extending to the Little Nemaha north, a out thirty miles, set apart by the Government for the use of certain half-breeds of different tribes. Few of them live upon it; and since the treaty it has afforded a fine field for the rapacity of a few Frenchmen that have taken Indian wives, with a set of heartless, nominal agents. The lands are among the best in Nebraska. Back of these, about the Falls of Nemaha, the whites made early settlements.

Above the Little Nemaha we enter the country of the Otoes, a large tract, extending north to the Great Platte. By the treaty an interior reserve is assigned them, to which they have retired. These have already been noticed in my description of Old Fort Kearney, which occupies a central point on the Missouri. This scope embraces what is now the best-improved portion of the Territory.

North of the Platte were the Omahas, who held all the lands up to nearly opposite the mouth of the Great Sioux. This people are in a rude state, without agricultural habits, but somewhat in advance of the Otoes. Some rather prominent men have appeared among them, and a few have been educated. The Presbyterian mission, at Bellevue, has had an influence in improving and elevating the tribe. Under the late treaty, the Omahas have retired to their reserve in

the north, among the Black-Bird Hills. The site of the mission is removed also. A large, costly, stone edifice has been erected, and the mission school reopened under the superintendency of Rev. Dr. Sturgess, of Long Island, New York. The Omahas live in a village of round, earth-covered lodges, of conical form, and disposed in a circle around a large central area. They have among them a Government agent and farmer; lands have been inclosed and plowed for them, but as yet their farming extends no further than the cultivation of small patches by the squaws. The whole Nation, save a few individuals that have made farms, at a stated season, abandon the village and take their annual hunt. While this practice continues, no tribe makes any considerable progress in civilization.

Strange as it may appear, the Omahas have an excellent temperance law, which is said to be enforced promptly and with great effect. For every act of intoxication the offender is severely whipped by persons appointed for that purpose. An instance of its enforcement was mentioned to me while among them. A leading man, the interpreter of the tribe, was known to have been drunk. A party was dispatched to his house some miles from the village, who took him in hand and executed the sentence of the law without mercy. A cure was effected, and the man had not again offended.

In rear of the two tribes last named, are the Pawnees, quite like the Kaws in character, but much more numerous. Wanderers, filthy, cowardly, thievish, their occasional assaults and depredations serve to call out the military powers of the Nebraska yeomanry and to open the way for an occasional dip into the National treasury. Other interior tribes will have a future notice.

Some traits are common to all the Northern tribes. One is familiarity. They always greet you with a smile and the universal salutation of "howh," which frontier travelers soon learn to reciprocate. They are very fond of shaking hands. In return, however, for all these friendly demonstrations, they expect to receive some gratuity in the shape

of food or otherwise. Indians of the wandering tribes are great beggars.

Another trait of fallen humanity which, in common with their civilized brethren, they exhibit in no small degree, is vanity. An Indian of the ruder tribes loves to impress you with the belief that he is a great man. Nearly all will claim to be Chiefs, and many boast of their visits to the National Capital. "Been to Washington" is a common announcement, and is supposed to give claims to peculiar respect; and one here and there will exhibit a medal with the likeness of one of the Presidents as a proof that he has been honored by his tribe with a place in a delegation.

Great fervor and apparent devotion characterize the religious exercises of converted Indians. Never do I recollect witnessing any thing rude or light, or irreverent in connection with public worship from a professing Indian. At times, though seldom, they were attended with great outward emotion. One season of great interest with them is deeply printed in my recollection. The quarterly meetings for the Delaware and Wyandott missions were held alternately among the two people. On this occasion it was among the Delawares. There was a large attendance and quite a number of visitors present from the neighboring tribes. In our congregation were found represented Delawares, Wyandotts, Shawnees, Kickapoos, and Stockbridges. All participated in the exercises, and each, in his own tongue, spoke "the wonderful works of God." The reader may suppose it to have been a medley of confusion, but to us it seemed a scene of perfect order. The Divine Spirit seemed to convey a deep meaning even when words were not understood, and the power of God was mightily present. Among us was a Stockbridge woman, resident with her husband among the Delawares, of comely person, and interesting appearance, excellent sense, and exemplary piety. In the course of our exercises she was called upon to lead in prayer. She commenced in her own language, which she used for some time with great seeming fervor and im-

portunity ; then, suddenly pausing, she changed to English. The first utterance was "Glory !" Resuming her petitions in English, she poured forth a strain of most impassioned eloquence, pleading the promises of God, and especially that recorded by the prophet : "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I have sent it." Such a scene I have not witnessed elsewhere, among whites or Indians.

The Indian tribes generally pay great attention to the graves of their dead. Rude inclosures are sometimes made by planting poles in the form of pickets. Sometimes little houses are erected, poles are planted, from which little flags are left waving in the air ; bottles or gourds are suspended with coffee or other provisions for the departed, with many other simple demonstrations of regard and affection.

During the year preceding my removal to this frontier, and preparatory to the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, treaties had been made by the United States authorities with all the tribes immediately upon the frontier, except the Wyandotts. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs had visited the country in person, and entered into negotiations that resulted in treaties. The main body of these lands was ceded to the Government for a compensation, each tribe reserving a home to which they should retire. Different agreements were made with the several tribes. In most cases a stipulated price was paid to the tribe per acre. A few of the treaties gave to the Indians the proceeds of the sales, after deducting expenses. The reserves of each tribe were still held by its members in common, except the Shawnees, who availed themselves of that opportunity to obtain a title in *severalty*, making a dividend of two hundred acres *per caput* to men, women, and children. A small recusant band of Shawnees preferred still to retain possession in common, and a clause was inserted to meet their wishes.

These treaty engagements were, so far as I have known, faithfully complied with by the Government, except in the



case of the Delawares. By the terms of their treaty the lands ceded were to be exposed to public sale, and they were to have the proceeds. Under this arrangement, they could not be subject to *claim* and *pre-emption*. But much of this tract was very valuable, and eager eyes were soon fixed upon it. One after another came in and took his claim. In vain did the Attorney-General decide against its legality, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs protest. In vain were threats of military force in their expulsion. The number grew daily, till too large to be controlled. *Might* prevailed against *right*. What in an individual, or a few persons, would have been punished as trespass, when performed by many, was tolerated and sanctioned. The Government made provision for them, and the Delawares were compelled to submit. Still, as a people, they are in possession of great wealth.

As usual, many extraneous influences were brought to bear in making these treaties. Personal and private interests and feelings were consulted, and rewards and punishments meted out. But in no particular was this so manifest as in the provision made for the several mission establishments within the bounds of the ceded Territories, by which gross and palpable injustice was done to faithful and successful laborers, acting under the direction of the largest and most influential Churches of the country, as well as to the tribes, or parts of tribes, who were the recipients of their labors and desirous of their continuance; and all this with an evident design to establish slavery. A fuller notice of this subject has been taken in a previous chapter.

The Wyandotts owned no lands beyond their own immediate wants, and consequently made no treaty at that time. The following Winter, however, a delegation was sent to Washington to effect an arrangement by which their lands, till then held *in common*, should be apportioned out *in severalty*. A treaty was formed by which the Wyandotts ceded all their lands to the Government, and the Government immediately reconveyed them to the tribe, with

conditions and regulations for their distribution as desired. The division was made in due time, allowing about forty acres to each man, woman, and child. The lands were valuable. The towns of Wyandott and Quindaro have since been laid out upon this tract by the white settlers. At the same time the funds held in trust for them by the Government were distributed in like manner; special guardianships being provided for in cases of incompetency.

By the same treaty the Wyandotts were admitted to citizenship, which, for the first time, they exercised by voting at Leavenworth at the memorable election of the 13th of March, 1855. Thus the guardianship of the Government was taken off from this tribe, their disabilities removed, and they left to the common privileges and liabilities of other citizens.

After this, many of them sold their lands. The whites rushed in and occupied them. Some of the tribe went to Canada. A portion joined the Senecas under an old inter-tribal agreement, and a part remain among the white settlers, subject to Territorial jurisdiction. A nominal government of their own is still kept up, but the tribe has nearly reached the period of its final disbandment.

Comparing the Northern tribes with the Southern, on our frontier, the latter will be found to be greatly in advance, not only in numerical strength, but in personal wealth and improvements, education, agriculture, moral and religious influence, the production of men of talent, and in all the elements of civilization.

These Territories were now receiving a large immigration. Settlers were entering, taking claims, erecting cabins, breaking prairie, and preparing for future residence. Many were from the contiguous States of Iowa and Missouri. Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin made large contributions. The East and North furnished their full share, with here and there a Southerner. Many were unmarried men. Many more had left families behind and were living a bachelor life. Some were religious; more

were moral in their lives; while a very large proportion made little pretension either to morals or religion, having never possessed them, or having left them behind.

Upon this vast field, thus heterogeneously filling up, we had entered. Our tent was pitched, as already seen, among the Wyandotts, as a point possessing, at that time, facilities for family comfort and personal convenience, in going out and in to my work, above those afforded in any of the incipient white settlements. Here, for the second time in our itinerancy, we had taken up our abode among the sons of the forest.

## CHAPTER IX.

## DISTRICT LABORS—EARLY SCENES.

ENTERED upon our new home, the first thoughts were necessarily directed to arrangements for “a living” through the Winter. High as prices were, it was deemed prudent to lay in, at once, full supplies for the season, that, while absent from home, I might be free from apprehensions of domestic want. This was done at costly rates; and, before I had gone out upon my work, a sufficiency was provided and mainly stored upon the premises. Indian claimants in several departments had to be “bought out” to insure quiet possession, besides the rent to our Wyandott landlord. Other domestic and personal matters were adjusted; dilapidations repaired, unseemly accumulations removed, Indian arrangements overhauled and remodeled more in accordance with Anglo-Saxon ideas of propriety, and a general change effected in the face of things. Our site was pleasant, and the prospect for a temporary home at least *endurable*. In these labors I necessarily bore a large part, and by exposure on a cold day, in a particular department of unaccustomed labor, my fingers were frozen on both hands, thereby laying the foundation of much future suffering up to this time, and probably to the close of life, should my life of exposure continue.

In the course of about three weeks all was arranged, and I set out upon my regular work. No plan for regular quarterly meetings had been arranged, the condition of things not admitting of such plan. Instead of this, the country was to be traveled over at large, new points sought out and occupied, and the different charges visited and labored with as necessity might require and ability allow. My *plan*

was, as Bishop Roberts once said of his *habits*, "regularly irregular."

All my Winter traveling was performed on horseback. On my first trip I had a young friend as a companion. My first meeting was held upon the Wakarusa, Sabbath, November 26th. Here I found brother Griffing, who had preceded me, and was actively engaged in his work.

Leaving this place, I sought out the residence of the preacher appointed to the Maries Des Cygnes mission. He had not yet visited his charge. I proposed to accompany him on the succeeding day, which he acceded to. Early in the morning we set off for his field of labor, and by noon we found ourselves within its bounds. The next thing was to find a temporary foothold as a starting-point for our work. Providence directed our way. Stopping at a cabin on the Santa Fé road, we found a kind and hospitable family, consisting of the man, his wife, and several small children, lately moved in. We were made welcome. After the customary inquiries as to former residence, history, etc., we approached the subject of their religious state. Their hearts seemed moved; they told their tale, and wept as they told it. Once they had been members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and trying to serve the Lord; changes had come over them, followed by repeated removals; Church membership had been forfeited by neglect, and now for years they had been out upon the wide world destitute of religious restraints, supports, and comforts. This, I may add, was in substance the experience that I subsequently heard from the lips of many. We stated to them our character and objects, and it was immediately arranged that the few neighbors should be collected and we should have religious service that evening. The cabin was small, and a considerable space was occupied by a store of groceries and provisions, laid in for the trade, but it was supposed to be sufficient to hold the few settlers by making close quarters.

In the course of the conversation a fact was elicited which will shed some light upon a particular feature found largely

prevalent in the coming struggle, one which taxed the forbearance of our brethren to its utmost tension. A few days previous, the husband being absent, a man had called at the cabin, representing himself as a Methodist preacher, without adding the peculiar *cognomen* assumed to indicate his "distinct ecclesiastical connection." Without acquaintance or membership, in the absence of the head of the family, he had asked of the lady the privilege of holding a quarterly meeting at her house at a day indicated some weeks ahead. Unsuspecting, and desirous of religious privileges, she had consented, and the arrangement had been made that he should be on hand at the day appointed, bringing with him the presiding elder, thinking doubtless to secure the family and preoccupy the ground. Our friends at once saw that they had been imposed upon, but it was now too late to retract. Their engagement must be complied with.

On hearing this, my plan was soon fixed. Refreshment over, we were all in the saddle, and, our host in one direction and we in another, started to collect a congregation. On that occasion *we* proved unsuccessful, missed our way, and wandered the remainder of the day without finding a single settler. But our host did better, gave the necessary notices, the neighbors gladly crowded in, stowed themselves into the little space, and we had a comfortable season, while I endeavored to speak to them of the "privileges of the sons of God" from the first three verses of the third chapter of John's first Epistle. Then and there I held my first quarterly meeting for the Maries Des Cygnes mission, organized a quarterly conference, as far as then practicable, received the man and his wife into the Church of their early, only choice, and established a point from which the missionary then with me should go in and out as he afterward did. Whatever became of the extra presiding elder and his duplicate quarterly meeting, I did not learn. Not long after husband and wife, the heads of this kind family, both died, and were taken, I trust, to the heavenly home, among the first garnered fruit of early missionary labor in Kansas.

This scene repeated again and again, names, places, and some details being changed, will give a fair idea of the character of our early labors.

Leaving our kind friends, I made my way to the town of Lawrence, which had been laid off since my first visit to the Territory. Here I found a few energetic, intelligent Eastern settlers, with long beards, rough faces, shaggy hair, hard hands, and all the marks of a hardy and vigorous manhood, some burrowing in the earth, and others in tents, or sod-houses covered with cloth, or with a thatch of the long prairie-grass, preparing to spend the Winter as best they might. Little is known in the States of the scenes encountered by these hardy adventurers.

The day of my first visit to Lawrence was memorable, as being the time of the first election held in Kansas under the Territorial Government. Governor Reeder, anticipating from the signs attempts to control the election by illegal and fraudulent voting, had issued his proclamation, guarding strictly the polls, and taking every possible precaution against fraud and riot. But all was disregarded. Large numbers of non-residents poured into the Territory at different points, usurped the polls, and shaped the vote. Lawrence for this time was left unmolested.

Here an incident occurred that caused much excitement, and in its results gave me much personal regret. Here took place the first Kansas *homicide*. I will not say *murder*, though it has been called such. Here indeed opened the great tragedy that for years subsequent has been so sadly and fearfully acted out.

The reader may remember the rough, strong, kind Indian, at whose cabin on Hickory Point I had preached my first sermon, and whose hospitalities I had enjoyed the previous Summer. I met Kibbee at the election. He was a sober, resolute, fearless man. We shook hands cordially and separated. I rode to Wakarusa and spent the night. On my way I passed through a large encampment of the pseudo-voters from Missouri, who had been to the precinct

above Lawrence, and were now on their return with the usual demonstrations. Shortly after stopping, we learned that a man had been killed on the road over which we had just passed, by whom it was not known, but supposed to have been by a man named —. We passed the night at the house of a friend, and were intending to spend the ensuing day. During the forenoon Kibbee entered, accompanied by two other men, all armed. The carrying of arms on the frontier is so common that it excites no attention; they were seated, and conversation commenced. Reference was soon made to the late fatal occurrence, and one of our company related the circumstance as reported, giving the name of the suspected person. Kibbee listened in silence. The statement over, he firmly responded, "No; — did not kill him; Kibbee killed him." We were shocked at his cool candor. "What!" said one of us, "was it you?" "Yes," he replied, "I did it—I killed him with this," exhibiting a long, rough, single-barreled pistol.

The circumstances were then stated by himself, from which, as I afterward learned, the testimony made no material deviation. Some half dozen rude, boisterous fellows from Missouri, who had taken claims upon the Kaw River, a few miles below, had been in Lawrence during the election hours, in a state of intoxication; had taken the pro-slavery side, and spent the day endeavoring to get up a quarrel. The citizens, however, had the good sense and forbearance to disregard them. Failing in their object, they had started for their home on foot, still keeping up their riotous and insulting behavior. Half an hour after I had shaken hands with Kibbee he had started for home in a wagon with two others. In a little time he passed the drunken company, one of them being in the act of destroying a tent or shanty by the road-side. Kibbee spoke to him and inquired what he meant. The man, enraged, flew at him with a knife, making furious passes at him as he sat in the wagon, which was moving at a slow gate. Kibbee warned him to desist, saying, "I'll shoot you, sure." The assailant still per-



sisted, and Kibbee, finding all his remonstrances vain, discharged his pistol, killing him on the spot.

After this he had returned to his home, passed the night, and in the morning started, with his two comrades, for Lawrence, intending to give himself up to the civil authorities. But meeting one who informed him of the large encampment on the way, and fearing to fall into the hands of enemies, he had dispatched a messenger to Lawrence for an attorney to meet him at a point where we then were, and advise him as to his further course. I advised him to go to the Governor and deliver himself up, but he declined, fearing that he might be intercepted by the company then passing out. He declared his entire readiness to surrender himself into the hands of the law, but vowed that he would never be taken alive by a mob. Dinner was served, of which they partook; their horses were put away; additional arms were obtained from one of our company, and the three retired to a wooded ravine near by to await the arrival of the expected lawyer.

After their withdrawal a consultation was held over the state of affairs. The occurrence, we knew, must produce excitement, perhaps violence. A large body of desperate men were at hand, just ready to act. All the elements seemed ripe for an explosion. Upon a little reflection I determined that myself and young companion should start forthwith, and, by riding through the night, reach the quarters of Gov. Reeder, place the facts before him, and leave him to take such measures as he might think necessary to prevent an outbreak and save human life.

In a little time we were under way, expecting to encounter the foreign crowd upon the road, and having our plans pre-arranged for that contingency. In this we were disappointed. Traveling to a late hour of the night, we found the road clear. The gang had been more rapid in their movements than we anticipated, having, as we were told, passed on before and evacuated the Territory, whether with or without a knowledge of the rencounter, I have never

known. All apprehension of immediate difficulty being thus removed, we stopped with an Indian by the wayside, and passed the remainder of the night.

In the morning we rode to "Johnson's Mission," as the Shawnee establishment was then called, where the Governor had his temporary residence. Arriving, we found a man in the act of applying for a warrant for the apprehension of the unknown murderer. Without designating the person, the process could not be issued, and he was about returning. I requested that he should be called back; took the Governor aside and stated to him the facts. One of the Territorial Judges was called, and consultation had. Returning to the office, I gave to the proposed informant the real name, whereupon he filed an affidavit, a warrant was issued, and Kibbee arrested. My motives for having him arrested were the public peace, and his own personal preservation from mob violence. We shall have occasion to speak of him again.

So ended my first trip on the district, during which I had fared, personally, tolerably well, but my animal was upon short allowance, and must have suffered, but for the grain which he had transported upon his back, with myself and baggage. Through much of that year I carried provisions and horse-feed for emergencies.

A single Sabbath was spent at home, and the next week found me on my way up the Missouri, to visit the work in Northern Kansas and Nebraska, still accompanied by my young friend. My first quarterly meeting upon this tour was at Fort Leavenworth mission, held at a settlement upon Independence Creek, a few miles back from where the town of Atchison now stands. On the way we crossed over to Missouri and visited my old friend Rev. T. B. Markham; I tried to induce him to supply Fort Leavenworth mission. He accompanied us to the meeting, but feeling aggrieved by his superannuation and supposed ill treatment from his brethren of the Conference, he declined taking work. There was no preacher on the mission; the family at whose

house the meeting was to be held were afflicted, provisions for man and beast were scarce ; and as a result our meeting was short. We did not literally *starve out*, but, to avoid that catastrophe, we were under the necessity of leaving in the afternoon of the Sabbath and recrossing the river to a place of greater plenty. This brought us into the neighborhood where, the Summer before, the lynching process had been magnanimously proposed, but I met no demonstration.

On Monday morning the journey northward was resumed. Our route in the Territory had been rough and fatiguing ; my horse became lame, and, on the second or third day, failed. Availing myself of my acquaintance with Colonel Archer, already mentioned, I obtained another, and left him. In the afternoon of the first day's travel the new steed became sick, and seemed about to die. Now I was among strangers ; but I found friends ; a farrier of note, in the neighborhood, was sent for, and, after a time, appeared, book in hand, with all the dignity of a veritable M. D. But he was too late. Nature had done her own work ; the patient was convalescing ; and he lost, for that time, the opportunity of exhibiting his skill. A third horse was obtained, upon which, after a laborious week's travel, I succeeded, on Saturday afternoon, in reaching the ferry opposite Old Fort Kearney, *alias* Nebraska City. But the steam ferry-boat was gone, and slender substitutes were left. The ice was running in large quantities, and the prospect gloomy of reaching my intended point for the Sabbath, though now in sight. Ordinary ferrying was suspended. Finding, however, a bold, skillful man—whose kind services I have repeatedly since had in time of need—about to cross, we tied ourselves on to his fortunes, entered the skiff, and made our way through the vast field of floating ice to the opposite shore.

Again in Nebraska City, I called on my friend, Major Downs, who, meantime, had erected a large frame hotel. His house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the

weather severe. He offered to take me in, but the prospect was forbidding. I inquired for the preacher, whom I understood to be on the ground, and was pointed to a cabin on the opposite side of Table Creek, at quite a distance, where he was supposed to be boarding. Dark was about setting in, when, leaving my young companion to the chances of the hotel, and taking my course, I set out on foot for the place. The creek intervened, with a thicket of timber and brushwood, and the cabin was lost from my view. It grew darker and darker as I crossed the creek and ascended the opposite hill, till I found myself entangled in the brushwood, and bewildered in my course. For a time I wandered and called, but met no response. The lights in the city were yet to be seen. Wishing to take an observation while I could, I drew out my pocket-compass, lighted a match, and took the course; then started again, traveling as I could, and calling aloud. At length, through an opening cabin-door, I espied a light, and heard a female voice in response. Seldom has a gentle voice fallen more gratefully upon my ear. I made way to the place, and was invited in. The preacher was not there; the husband was absent, and the lady was alone with her little children. I told her who and what I was. Late and dark as it was, I accepted her kind invitation for the night, was well entertained, and formed an acquaintance with a worthy Christian lady. The husband returned soon, and I made the brushwood cabin my home during my stay.

On the day following, being the Sabbath, Major D. tendered a room of his hotel for public service, and I occupied it for preaching. The day was cold; men kept within doors; some rudely running up and down stairs; a group of shivering Indians stood and looked curiously on; but there was a goodly number of attentive and solemn hearers; and I trust the seed was not sown in vain. The Major would have me dine with him, but, to secure the object, had to take me in privately and seat me before the rush of hungry men in waiting was let in; for frontier's-men are proverbial

for appetite, and not always very deferential to the appetites or the positions of others.

This was all of the first quarterly meeting for Old Fort Kearney mission. We could do no more. Consultation was had as to the means of prosecuting the work in this growing field, and especially the erection of a house of worship on the lots already donated. This done, my further course was to be determined. I had desired to go as far north as Omaha, there being, as yet, no preacher on that work; but my means of conveyance had failed. I had, then, three horses between me and my home, in what condition I knew not. Abandoning, for the present, my design of going further, I determined to set my face homeward. But the ice still filled the river. Finding again my former adventurous friend, I a second time tacked myself to his train, and made the passage in safety back to the Iowa shore. A few hours' brisk ride over the wide bottom prairie brought us to the foot of the bluff, where a day or two were spent with some friends from Indiana.

Returning by the same route, I found my horses successively so far restored as to be able to travel. A third Sabbath on the way was spent in endeavoring to find an entrance into Leavenworth City, which was then beginning to show itself about two miles below the Fort. I attended a burial, uninvited; called on a few families, and spent the day in an unsuccessful effort to gain a foothold; but "the time was not yet." The night was passed in "the hotel," lodging on the floor, tying my horse to a stake, and paying the moderate sum of two dollars. The night previous had been passed in the old Kickapoo meeting-house, with a family that had taken up their abode there. They appeared well disposed while we were with them, but afterward, as I learned, affected great indignation at having "entertained" abolitionists "unawares;" though we had concealed nothing. Threats and ill words followed; but, as in other instances of my history, they came either too early or too late to affect me. My suit of tar-and-feathers was never

ready at the right time. A quarterly meeting among the Delawares, and some labors among the Wyandotts, wound up my first quarter's labors upon the district.

Home was rendered the more inviting by the straitened circumstances of the settlers. Part of the Winter was severe. Prairie winds blew piercingly. Houses were small and open. Frequently there was no warming apparatus but a small cook-stove. Often there were two or three families in a cabin, with boarders and occasional guests besides. But there were warm and hospitable hearts, and this made all cheerful.

## CHAPTER X.

## DISTRICT LABORS—EXPLORING.

EARLY in the Winter responses began to be received to the public calls for ministerial aid, which we had made through the Church papers. These calls were general. No man was individually requested or advised to come into our new and exposed work. All were left to follow the promptings of duty or of inclination. Our tables were loaded with letters of inquiry, expressing good wishes, and making contingent and indefinite proposals for the future. But these did not fill the immediate and urgent demands of our work. Occasionally, however, one was found whose first proposition was, "Here am I; send me." With such our work in the Territories has been supplied. None have been pressed into service.

In a very large majority of instances our supplies were men of the right stamp, volunteers, men of energy, willing to "endure hardness as good soldiers." There were a few instances to the contrary. Attempts were made to foist upon us, from the older Conferences, men who were either too indolent or incompetent to labor acceptably where they were; but who, in the judgment of good brethren, "would do for the frontier." Such efforts were generally detected before consummation; or, if not, soon afterward, in which case they were disposed of in the most summary way practicable. The speculating mania, that has sometimes seized Western recruits, or perhaps even prompted their transfer, has been but little known among the traveling preachers of these Territories. They have been, for the most part, *Homines unius operis*.

Early in the Winter, on my way to Kansas City one

cold bleak day, I met a man on foot seeking my residence. I found him to be a brother from Missouri Conference coming to join our little band. It was REV. A. L. DOWNEY, the first volunteer that came to our aid. He was appointed to Leavenworth mission, and is still in the ranks. The second in order of time who appeared among us, was REV. ISAAC F. COLLINS, a transfer from the Arkansas Conference, and a man of considerable experience in the work of Indian missions, who was assigned to the Omaha City mission.\*

In the Spring of that year, Kansas Territory received a valuable citizen, and the Church an efficient laborer, in the person of REV. JOSEPH DENNISON, a graduate of Middletown University, and a member of New England Conference from 1843. About the same time came REV. CHARLES H. LOVEJOY, for many years a member of one of the Conferences of New England. The two last named came by location, labored as supplies a portion of the year, and at the ensuing Conference were regularly readmitted. Brother Dennison had a severe attack of disease immediately after landing at Kansas City. His health is fully restored, and he has labored faithfully in the circuit or district work ever since. His companion has fallen at his side.

Overtures for a transfer were about this time received from REV. LEVIN B. DENNIS, of Iowa Conference, then filling the station at the seat of Government. Knowing the already established character of brother D., not only as a Christian and minister, but as a bold and unflinching pioneer, his proposals were gladly met; he was, at my request, transferred at once, and soon reported himself on the ground, ready for work. I had, as before stated, met him in the Arkansas field, making his first efforts in itinerancy. Now he had grown prematurely gray; his head like a whitened shock; but with a firm constitution and a soul on fire. With him was transferred his son, REV. BAXTER C. DENNIS, then a youth on trial. The father was associated with the

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\* Since called to his reward.



preacher on Wakarusa mission, including the town of Lawrence, and, being the senior, was placed in charge. The son was sent as junior preacher to the Leavenworth mission.

Some new fields, also, were laid off and supplied. Meeting, providentially, with REV. HIRAM BURCH, a young man from Illinois, who had, in feeble health, been laboring as a supply in Northern Texas, I employed him to take charge of a new field in the northern extreme of Kansas, known as Wolf River mission. His health improved; he was received into the Conference the ensuing session, appointed to Nebraska, and has ever proved a faithful and efficient minister. Upon a steamboat in Missouri River, I met with a young Englishman with credentials and apparent qualifications for the work, and employed him to travel between the Nemahas, and organize the Nemaha mission. This was REV. DAVID HART. A preacher, transferred from Indiana Conference, was sent to supply Fort Scott and surrounding country.

Thus, in the course of the year, our entire work was manned. The order of time has been anticipated in this statement, for the purpose of presenting all the names at one view. My Wyandott home became a place of resort, and an outfitting point for preachers coming into the Territories; a circumstance which probably had much to do in fixing the jealousy and inveterate hate of pro-slavery sentinels, secular and ecclesiastical, posted along the border.

Meanwhile another round upon the district was in progress. Commencing again with Maries Des Cygnes mission, I set off for the appointed place on Black Jack, afterward famous as the retreat of John Brown and his party during their celebrated campaign. My way led me *via* Wakarusa. Failing to find there a certain local brother who was to have accompanied me, I continued the trip alone. The direct road led me to the residence of Kibbee, already spoken of, at Hickory Point. Kibbee, as before stated, had been arrested on my information. A preliminary examination

had been held before one of the judges, bail had been refused, and he had been committed to the guard-house at Fort Leavenworth. This, however unjust, was fortunate for the accused, as it probably saved his life from a mob. On a subsequent investigation, before another of the judges, he was let to bail, and had returned to his home and family. Not knowing what feelings he might entertain toward me for having him arrested, I had no relish for an interview, and sought to take a by-way that would avoid his residence; but his cabin was a concentrating point in those days, and, despite my efforts to the contrary, my trail would lead me there. Ere I was aware, emerging from the grove, I was on the broad prairie in full view of the house.

What was my surprise to find the cabin filled and surrounded by armed men, discharging and reloading their pieces, and evidently making ready for a rencounter, either of attack or defense. I was seen; it was too late to retreat. I advanced to the cabin, wondering what the demonstration might mean. All was soon explained. A man near by had been assaulted in the woods, brought to the ground, and nearly killed. While the perpetrator was yet standing over his prostrate victim, Kibbee had come up and interfered. To escape detection himself, the villain had charged Kibbee—already under bail—with the deed, and had a warrant issued for him. Process was also issued for the real criminal. Both were in the hands of officers from Lawrence, and they were then in the pursuit. Kibbee's friends had come together to defend him, if need required. All were sober and orderly, but determined and resolute.

Taking Kibbee aside, I explained to him my motives for his arrest. He expressed entire satisfaction, treated me cordially, apologized for not entertaining me through the night, under the circumstances, and introduced me to a neighboring settler with whom I might lodge. I was kindly entertained, and, in the morning, I learned that the trick had been detected, the proper person arrested, and, greatly to his mortification, brought to Kibbee's house and there guarded

through the night. But Kibbee was kept in perpetual alarms. Once he came near firing upon a small party of men that unwittingly came to his house, in such a way as to excite his suspicion of a mob, but who really had no such designs. Weary and harassed with perpetual apprehensions for his life, and doubtful as to obtaining a fair trial, he indemnified his bail, fled the country with his family, forfeited his recognizance, and I have not heard of him since. So closed the first scene of the opening Kansas tragedy. Hickory Point, and the surrounding localities, witnessed many subsequent scenes of violence and bloodshed.

With the aid of my kind host, who accompanied me, I succeeded, in the forenoon of the next day, in finding the spot where the quarterly meeting was to be held. It was the cabin of one of the sons of my old Indiana friend, "Uncle Billy Moore," already sketched in a previous chapter. The boys were settled around; all sober, orderly, pious, but well-trained regulars in the free-state ranks. One of them afterward served under John Brown in the desperate battle of Black Jack, resulting in the capture of a force largely superior, and the rescue of the father and other prisoners from death. The sire and sons, with their wives and children, and the few neighbors, composed the congregation. We had a good time together in worship and Christian society. I had the happiness to receive my accompanying friend into the Church. His family followed his example; his house became a preaching-place and a home for preachers.

Leaving these parts I entered the bounds of Wakarusa mission, where it had been concerted that I should make a week's excursion with Rev. J. S. Griffing, who was always ready for that kind of work. Taking the great Santa Fe road, we traveled out into the neighborhood of Council City, stopping upon a stream known as the Hundred and Ten, a place subsequently notorious for its ability, with a small population, to poll a heavy vote. The post became a

prominent one in early Kansas history, and its proprietor acquired quite a name among its first actors. He had some means; had a large number of men in his employ, and his improvements were in advance of most others of that day. Making virtue of necessity, we determined to pass the night with him *incog*. We found good "border ruffian" quarters, and, for our money, were well treated. We were directed first to a separate cabin, where we found a comfortable fire, a large stock of arms, and an imposing array of well-filled bottles, with a *carte blanche* liberty in the use of their contents. A good Kentucky supper was dispatched in one of the neat family cabins, whose female inmates seemed to deserve a better association; after which we returned to our reception-room. Conversation took a very free range, and we were able, unsuspected, to note many items of interest.

An incident was related of a man being eaten by the wolves shortly before, as he returned home from this place, intoxicated, one cold night. Great indignation was expressed at the *lupine* monsters that had savagely devoured him, and vengeance sworn against the race, but no word of disapprobation of the *hyenas* that had furnished the liquor which prepared him to be their victim. At a suitable hour we were invited to comfortable lodgings, while the company entered upon the games and revelry of the night. Weary and worn we slept soundly till the scene closed, were awaked only by the retirement of worn-out gamesters, then slept again till dawn. Breakfast over, we paid our bill, and left our host and his band, little suspecting that he had "entertained —— unawares."

We laid our course for the head-waters of the Wakarusa, passing the grave of the wolf-devoured man, making or finding no stopping-place till we arrived at the site of the old Catholic mission, then abandoned and occupied by settlers, since succeeded, I think, by the town of Brownsville. Here we found friends, had an appointment circulated, and I endeavored to preach the Word to a few "sheep in the

wilderness." On the succeeding day we traveled through the Pottawatamie Reserve, passing the residence of the lordly old polygamist Chief, and toward evening took up at the newly-laid-off town of Topeka, since famous for free-state Constitutions, Conventions, and Legislatures, then consisting of a solitary frame shanty occupied as a hotel, with a cabin dormitory hard by, and a few claim structures in the suburbs. In this vicinity, brother G. had, a short time before, out of his scanty allowance, paid one dollar for "a short-cake and half a dozen ears of corn."

At Topeka we found a company of intelligent, enterprising men, mostly at that time from Pennsylvania, full of hope as to their town; laboring hard, and living on rough fare. We were kindly received, found a place to stake out our animals, and a little prairie hay to place before them. Our plain evening repast over, the men assembled in the cabin room, and I endeavored to present, for their acceptance, the Gospel "treasure" from 2 Cor. iv, 7. They were willing hearers, and enlivened the exercises by excellent singing from a well-trained choir. At bedtime I found that I was to be exempted from a lot in the crowded, floorless, common dormitory, and honored with a *superior* position in the main building. Ascending by the aid of a ladder to a high bunk, I stowed myself away, and slept securely. The main article of diet for our evening and morning meal was "hasty pudding," or, in Western parlance, "corn-mush," without any of the accompaniments usually considered appropriate. But our hosts were kind and generous, and our appetite good; we ate freely, and I trust with grateful hearts. Three years afterward the session of Kansas and Nebraska Conference was held in this place.

Our practice was to converse as far as practicable with all, seek out Church members, encourage them, and, where practicable, form them into classes, leaving appointments for regular preaching. Often we had affecting scenes, when first meeting with those who had long been shut out from the privileges of the Gospel.

Passing through Tecumseh, and visiting Christian families on the way, we stopped at the cabin of a German Methodist, from near Brookville, Indiana. Meeting was agreed upon for the evening, and brother Griffing set out at a rapid gait upon his pony to notify the settlers. Taunts had been thrown out in this neighborhood, our pretensions to influence had been ridiculed by those in a different interest, but the evening brought a goodly number of quiet and willing hearers. I addressed them from Mark xvi, 15, and organized a society of nine members; others having attempted an organization of a different character and failed.

From this place we went to Lawrence, where we held the second quarterly meeting for Wakarusa mission. Our place of service was the hotel, a long sod-building, thatched with prairie-grass, the one great room serving as dining-room, parlor, and dormitory, a table with bench-seats reaching from end to end, and a line of double bunks stretching the same length, with sleeping accommodations. Here also we organized a society with respectable numbers and fair prospects.

In the afternoon of the Sabbath I attended the funeral of one of the prominent citizens, and saw his remains slowly borne away up the winding ascent to their long resting-place in the mound cemetery. The early deaths of newly-arrived settlers are peculiarly affecting, cutting short all their fond plans and expectations, and leaving often a grief-stricken companion and helpless little ones in a rude, wild scene, far from home and friends. Yet this was the fate of not a few.

Brother G. was faithful and diligent for two years upon the Wakarusa work, encountered many hardships, and near the close of the second year was prostrated for months by severe illness. About the same time his faithful pony was lost, probably stolen, but his Indianapolis friends, on hearing his misfortune, generously made up an amount sufficient to buy another, and sent it to him by my hand.

During this entire trip, and indeed much of the Winter, I traveled and preached with my arm in a sling, suffering intensely from a felon on the left hand, aggravated by exposure to cold, from the effects of which the hand has never fully recovered.

## CHAPTER XI.

## DISTRICT LABORS—MEN OF THE TERRITORIES.

HAVING rested a little season at home, I set out early in March upon the northern portion of the work, the preacher assigned to Omaha City having arrived and accompanying me. I was now mounted upon an Indian pony, painful for me to ride, but fully competent, it was supposed, for the fatigue and starvation of the trip.

On this tour, for the first time, I found an open door in Leavenworth, and entered it by preaching in the bar-room of the hotel, on Saturday evening, from "The time is short." 1 Cor. vii, 29. Another presiding elder had preceded me but the evening before in the same place, and in stating his office and mission had particularly emphasized the word "South." This was manly. In making myself known with equal publicity, I pronounced with equal emphasis, "The Methodist Episcopal Church, without any increase or diminution to its name or character." So our stakes were fully set, and standards mutually reared in Leavenworth. Our quarterly meeting services were continued on the Sabbath.

Crossing the Missouri River at Weston, we traveled up on the opposite side, and recrossed at Nebraska City. Considerable part of the way we had the company of a Mormon elder, a large, rough, sensual-looking man, of considerable general intelligence. He was traveling through the country, making arrangements for a large party of Spring emigrants to Salt Lake. We found him communicative and generally ready to give a plain answer to our most pointed questions. He did not hesitate to avow the most shocking and impious



features of their system of doctrine and morals, but affected to throw over all the guise of sanctity.

Reaching Nebraska City, we found that the preacher in charge had already gone forward to the place of the quarterly meeting which was to be held in the northern part of the mission, near the Great Platte. Fearing to lose our way and be too late, I hired a guide who, for a compensation, mounted a horse and piloted us through, arriving just in time to participate in the first services, already begun by the preacher. Our meeting was held at the cabin of a brother Morris, a venerable old pioneer, since removed to California. I preached on Sabbath from Isaiah liii, 1. We had a good meeting, and formed interesting acquaintances.

Leaving early in the week, we pursued our course through stormy weather to Omaha, crossing and recrossing the Missouri to avoid the Great Platte. Omaha had been fixed as the capital of Nebraska Territory, and the Territorial Legislature was now holding its first session. This was a singularly-constituted body. The Territory had been laid off into counties, and an apportionment of Representatives made by the Acting Governor. Some counties nominally represented were said not to have half a dozen settlers, and one or two, I think, not a single white inhabitant. The process was for a few men to go out just far enough to fancy themselves within the bounds of the county to be represented, open the polls, cast their ballots, elect one of their number, make out returns, certify them, and place him in the seat. A large number of the members were not even residents of the Territory, and never became such. My neighboring village of Glenwood, Iowa, furnished, I believe, four or five, and among them the President of the Council. They were a body of respectable appearance and good business capacity.

The first executive officer appointed for Nebraska Territory was GOVERNOR BURT, from South Carolina. He died soon after arriving in the Territory, and the office devolved

upon HON. T. B. CUMING, the Secretary, by whom the organization was made and the Legislature convened. A newly-appointed Executive had just arrived in the person of GOVERNOR IZZARD, from Arkansas, an ex-Baptist preacher, an old State politician, of fine personal appearance, courteous manners, and agreeable social habits, who for years remained in office. The old Governor was, withal, extremely sensitive on one point; he was a decided Union-saver, and quite unwilling that the slavery question should be agitated under his administration. Of this I soon had proof.

Our preaching was held in the State-House. We had a good attendance of willing listeners, and among them the Governor. In the course of my sermon I incidentally referred, among other signs of the times, to the project, just then beginning to be whispered in certain quarters, for the revival of the African slave-trade, characterizing it, as was my wont, with no very gentle epithets. The following morning I was introduced to his Excellency, who forthwith invited me aside for a private interview, and, in his ecclesiastico-political character, tendered a word of personal advice as to the propriety of refraining from exciting topics. The details I need not give. Suffice it that my claims of pulpit rights and duties did not fully accord with his admissions. Nor would he allow that the incipient Southern movement referred to was of sufficient magnitude to demand serious attention, while I held the contrary. Still we parted kindly. As the time of our next quarterly visit approached, a friend mentioned to the Governor that I was expected. "Ah!" said he, "I am afraid he will bring with him seven other devils worse than the first." Still I found him a regular and orderly hearer, and, bating a few slight skirmishes, our relations were agreeable to the expiration of his time.

Some time elapsed before any permanent Church organization was effected in Omaha. Rev. Wm. D. Gage, of the Old Fort Kearney mission, was the first chaplain elected to the Legislature.

A journey home followed, breaking my road, much of the way, through deep snow; then a little season of respite, during which occurred the memorable election of the 30th of March, 1855. The Territory was overrun by non-residents, the polls usurped, and many scenes of riot and violence transpired. I arrived at Leavenworth, our voting-place, some thirty miles distant from my residence, early upon election-day, and found some eight hundred non-resident voters upon the ground, mostly under arms. Threats had been made, accompanied, it was said, by preparations for violence during the night preceding. The free-state men were in a hopeless minority, greatly intimidated. One of them, a lawyer, took me by the arm, and tremblingly related the doings of the past night. They had determined to suppress their ticket, and abandon the field. Unwilling to lose our votes after so long a travel, I, with difficulty, obtained the names of the free-state nominees, and wrote out a supply of tickets for our company. My Wyandott friends desired me to lead them on. A struggle of half an hour was required to force my way through the crowd to the polls, and my vote was given. Close behind me was the persevering Split-the-logs, who deposited the first Wyandott ballot under the new treaty. The crowd continued to occupy the polls for some hours. At length, finding that the free-state party had retired from the field, their opponents affected great magnanimity, inviting the few still remaining up to the polls. But few free-state votes were polled, and among them were some fifteen Wyandotts of our company. On our way home we were notified by a drunken Wyandott, who seemed to be a spokesman for the ruffian gang, that we were to be put out of the Nation in three days; but threats were now becoming familiar.

Early in April I started East to attend the sitting of the Western Book Committee. While in Cincinnati, information reached us of the acting of another scene in the Missouri-Kansas tragedy. The printing-office of Mr. Park, of Parkville, Missouri, just opposite the Wyandott lands, had

been assaulted. He was proprietor of the place, an old, wealthy, and respectable citizen, interested in Kansas, and understood to hold sentiments favorable to freedom in the Territory. His press had been thrown into the river, and himself compelled to flee under threats of personal violence. This was within a few miles of my residence. About this time, also, the famous "Platte County Resolutions" were passed against preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The storm was gathering, but I was kept in peace.

The comfort of our stay among the Wyandotts was greatly enhanced by the society and kind offices of Rev. John H. Dennis and his amiable family. He resided in the Nation by right, and I by courtesy. He lived on the mission farm, secured by treaty provision, and I in "my own hired house," about a mile distant, there being no provision for presiding elders. His health improved somewhat, and he undertook, in my absence, the superintendence of both farms, greatly to my relief. The earth produced plentifully, and our dearth gave way to abundant supplies of all things needful. Our orchard, too, yielded well, and, for the last time in our history, we knew the luxury of plenty of apples and peaches.

Our Wyandott home in its Summer aspects was cheerful and pleasant. A district Indian school, under Government pay, was taught by a member of my own family, to which our juniors had access. True, our quarters were somewhat straitened for a numerous household; and the unplastered brick walls, under Indian neglect, had become tenanted by hosts of unwelcome lodgers; but then our "outdoors" was large, the grass-plot of our yard fine, and we had lost all our civilized horror of "open air."

Our tent, in Summer-time, was stretched upon the blue-grass, forming an appendage to the domicile; beds were spread, and it became, to part of the family, a Summer dormitory. One night, while surrounded by a bevy of juniors, in profound repose, the darkening sky and rising wind gave indications of an approaching storm. A voice at my side

suggested the propriety of looking out at the signs. I arose and stood at the tent-door, rubbing my eyes, and trying to make up an opinion about probabilities. But our climate does not wait to deliberate long in getting up a storm. Just at that moment came a furious gust, with pelting rain; the stakes were uprooted, the tent capsized, and our entire squad routed from their quarters, unclad as they were, to seek a more durable shelter.

I can not pass the name last referred to without further notice. REV. JOHN H. DENNIS was a native of Maryland. He had traveled about eleven years, laboring acceptably and usefully in station, circuit, and district work. He will long be remembered for the great personal courage exhibited in defense of the martyr Kelly from mob violence, and his subsequent efforts to bring the offenders to justice, which, however, failed through the violence of the times, and perverted official action of men in place. His health gave way on the Hannibal district, and relief was sought from change of climate and work, by an appointment to Delaware and Wyandott mission in Kansas. This failing, he resigned his charge, and returned with his family to his friends and former home in Indiana, where, on the 23d of August, 1856, his spirit sweetly passed away to the land of rest. The published memoir says, "Brother Dennis was a man of strong intellect, a sound divine, a bland, courteous, Christian gentleman, and an able minister of the Lord Jesus; in public labors firm, decided, and courageous; in the private relations mild, affectionate, and gentle; persevering and laborious through life, and triumphant over his latest foe."

Kansas Territory had, among her early public functionaries, some men of intellect, courage, patriotism, and high moral worth, while there were others whose characters will not bear a very rigid scrutiny. The career of Gov. REEDER, the first executive officer, was unfortunate, and, by common consent, he is regarded as wanting in the great qualities requisite for emergencies such as surrounded him. A close

observation of his public course from first to last, with a somewhat intimate, though brief, personal intercourse, has led me to a different conclusion. As a man of intellect, calm courage, legal and statesman-like acquirements, as well as moral and political integrity, I doubt if he has been equaled by any of his successors. But he was surrounded by furious and uncontrollable elements, then just bursting into action. He stood single-handed and alone. Scoffs, taunts, calumnies, not to say bullies, bludgeons, and revolvers surrounded him. "I had to arm myself," said he to me, "before delivering my veto message. That is," continued he, "to add to my ordinary preparations for defense." But the violence of the times overcame him. I am yet to see the first public act of his administration to which I could take material exception.

An instance of his calm, dignified courage is recollected. His prudent, impartial course was such that, for a time, he was claimed by both parties, and disputes ran high as to the opinions and influence of the Governor. Though not participating in the noisy strife, still I could not but feel deeply interested in the movements of that critical period. In private conversation with the Governor, one day, in his own office, I expressed frankly our approbation of his course, adding, "We do not ask an expression of your private views on the controverted points; all we expect is an impartial discharge of official duty." Without the least hesitancy, he replied at once: "I have nothing to conceal in the matter; I am a free-state man." This was the first positive declaration of his position that I had known; and it was confirmed by every subsequent act.

DR. CHARLES ROBINSON, better known as "Governor Robinson," was one of the early pioneers. I met him at my first quarterly meeting in Lawrence. He was emphatically a man for the times. His excellent sense, calm courage, and decided advocacy of freedom; with his prudent and timely counsels, always resorted to in a time of trial, made him a common center around whom to rally. His

name was a tower of strength. He has suffered loss of property, "imprisonment and bonds." He deserves well of the people of Kansas. May he yet live to reap, in better days, some of the rewards of his early hardships and sufferings!

GEN. S. C. POMEROY was early in the field. Though mainly employed in business transactions, he always has been prominently identified with leading movements in the cause of freedom. A gentleman of liberal attainments in learning, good address, and excellent moral and religious character, his extensive influence has always been exerted in favor of every measure that looked to the real interests of Kansas, in every department.\*

Any notice of the men of Kansas at that period would be incomplete without the name of JOHN BROWN. His history is widely before the world, and every American reader has already fixed his estimate of the man. I only give the opinion then entertained of him by the people of the Territory, and the impression of my own mind from a very brief personal acquaintance. I may safely say that no man had the confidence of the free-state party in Kansas in a higher degree than John Brown. His integrity and cool bravery were by them favorably contrasted with the instability and recklessness of some of their prominent leaders. The same impression was made on my own mind. A tall, erect, gray-haired man; calm and dignified in his deportment; reserved, yet sufficiently free in conversation, devoid of all boasts or affected airs; inclined to religious conversation, and referring his own preservation to the care of Divine Providence. "They would have given something for your scalp," said I to him on meeting him soon after the affair at Black Jack. "Divine Providence has spared my life," said he. Nothing of the desperado appeared in his character.

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\* Now an active and influential member of the United States Senate.—1863.

As the Summer approached, the mode of travel was changed. Saddle and saddle-bags, the emblems of old itinerancy, to which I still adhere in Winter, were substituted by buggy and harness, and the faithful saddle-steed became equally subservient in the draught. This afforded greater facilities for transportation, and the traveling establishment was enlarged accordingly. Blanket, satchel, small trunk with wardrobe, and books and tracts for distribution, horse-bucket, picket rope, sack of corn for emergencies, monkey-wrench, hatchet, gimlet, nails and pocket compass, with the never-failing coffee-pot and camp cup, and a store of needful provisions, constituted the outfit. A fine melon, in season, for the nooning, was not a rare accompaniment. An occasional fellow-traveler or two were invited guests, who never failed to make ample returns in the shape of commendations of my culinary skill; especially in the article of coffee, the great *sine qua non* of travelers upon the frontier, and the Plains.

At times, my cushions and blanket proved exceedingly convenient in furnishing a bed upon the "individual-responsibility system." One Summer night, driven from my little warm cabin quarters by the hostile demonstrations of officious fellow-lodgers, claiming a joint occupancy, I fled with my personal equipage to the "timber," laid me down at the root of a tree, and, despite the rattlesnakes, slept till early dawn; then returning to the house, the family still in their morning nap, I established a character for early rising; nor to this day do my kind hosts know but that I enjoyed, under their roof, a night of undisturbed repose.



## CHAPTER XII.

## DISTRICT LABORS—INCIDENTS.

RETURNING from my Eastern trip, I was soon out again upon the labors of the district. The third quarterly meeting for Wakarusa mission was held in a grove upon the west side of the stream of the same name. The stream was swollen, and the attendance diminished; still the Sabbath brought a fair congregation. An incident occurred here that might have produced a sensation among a people more nervous or less used to excitements. In the midst of my sermon a rattlesnake made his appearance among the people with his usual demonstrations; a little local flurry was got up in that particular section of the audience; but his snakeship was soon dispatched, and the services proceeded as if nothing had occurred. Nobody fainted.

Leaving Wakarusa, I bent my course up the Kaw or Kansas River, intending, at this time, to visit the extreme of the settlements. Crossing the river above Topeka, and keeping up through the Pottawatamie reserve, I reached the mouth of Big Blue, where a considerable settlement had been made, and a town laid off. In this settlement were several able local preachers from the East, and quite a number of intelligent and educated men. Among them I succeeded in finding a supply for Fort Riley mission, which was to include all the adjacent country; after passing the night, I took him into my buggy, and set off to introduce him to his work.

A few miles below Fort Riley we came to the town of Pawnee, finely situated upon the north bank of the Kaw, surrounded with an abundant supply of the best building-stone that I have ever seen, lying exposed, or easily taken

out from the ledges of the bluff, in blocks and squares of regular shape, and almost ready to be put up into a building without the tool of a mason.

This was the place at which Governor Reeder convened the first session of the Territorial Legislature, wisely judging it best to have them remote from the exciting and corrupting influences of the State border; but from which they adjourned *instantly* to the Shawnee Mission, within two miles of the Missouri line. At the time of my visit, a number of good houses were up, or in process of erection; one large building by the Governor himself, intended to accommodate the members of the Legislature. I preached in the hotel to an attentive and orderly congregation.

But Pawnee was destined to a short existence. Sharing in the odium unjustly excited against its executive patron, it was, by some collusive arrangements, as it is believed, with the authorities at Washington, declared to be within the limits of Fort Riley Military Reservation; the inhabitants were driven off, and the houses demolished or left tenantless.

Traveling on to the Fort, we found it finely improved with large, new, tasteful buildings, erected from the excellent stone in the vicinity, and manned with courteous and gentlemanly officers. We continued our course up to the Forks, where the Republican and Smoky Hill uniting form the Kansas River. Crossing the Republican upon a Government bridge, we passed up into the Forks. Here we found a company mostly of our Church, from Cincinnati, whose acquaintance I had formed in that city on my recent visit. They had purchased a steamboat, shipped a dozen or more frame houses, with other necessary freight, and, with their families, made their way up Kansas River as far as the mouth of the Blue, and were unable, for want of water, to proceed further. The point at which I found them was their previously-selected spot. There they were to build a town, to be called "Manhattan," and to establish a colony; and to this place many of the company, at the stoppage of

the boat, had made their way by land. They were encamped on the bank of the Smoky Hill, and actively engaged in laying off the projected town.

But the fickle river would not afford the desired *transit*. The boat never reached her destination, nor was ever able to retreat. Her race was ended, and with it perished, in a good degree, the delusive hope of Kansas River navigation. An overture for consolidation was made to the Manhattan company by the company at the mouth of the Blue. It was accepted. The frames were taken ashore opposite the stranded steamer, and soon appeared in the form of neat cottages; their former name was abandoned, and that of "Manhattan" assumed; the adventurers from the Forks returned, all efforts were united, and one of the most flourishing towns of interior Kansas sprung up. At this place, through the untiring exertions of Rev. J. Dennison, Professor Goodenow and others, a literary institution has been founded under the name of "Bluemont College," which is likely to prove an honor and a blessing to Central Kansas.

Here I had an amusing illustration, added to many previous and subsequent ones, of the awkward and perplexing circumstances in which men are placed who attempt a sudden transition from habits of study and literary ease, or even from commercial and mechanical pursuits, to the rough and unaccustomed scenes of fitting up a frontier home and turning farmers. Visiting my friend, Rev. — —, I found himself and another making their *debut* in agricultural life in this country, and—if I might so judge—in any country. Both were men of intellect and cultivation, both could conjugate a Greek or Latin verb, or demonstrate a problem in Euclid with facility; one of them could preach to the edification of the dwellers in the good city of B., and the other could conduct New England youth to literary honors. But all this gave them no particular advantage in raising corn and potatoes.

Learning their locality I went out to view the operation, and found them in a bend of Wild Cat Creek. Despairing

of breaking prairie sod without a heavier team, they had betaken themselves to the soft alluvial loam upon the bank of the stream, overgrown with a luxuriant crop of weeds and vines. A pair of long, lank horses were attached to a huge plow. One of the *literati* held the handles, while the other, lines and whip in hand, endeavored to goad and guide the team. But all their literature, science, and theology were insufficient. The propelling power was inadequate, and went by starts and stops. The roots resisted, and the rank vines wound round the monster implement and threw it out. In vain did the scholar at the handles labor to hold her to her course. I took hold myself and endeavored to give them the benefit of my superior skill, but soon retired from the field. The immediate sequel I do not know, but the *finale* was that my friends both concluded to return to the department of life for which God and education had fitted them, and from their labors lasting and beneficial results have been reaped. The reader may take the foregoing as a fair sample of the perplexities of untaught frontier adventurers. There was good sense in the reply of the sainted and eloquent John Strange when, having lost his horse upon his district, one asked him, "Are you not going to look for your horse?" "No," said he, in his usual blunt but pleasant way, "there are plenty of men here that can hunt a horse as well as I can, that can't preach a bit."

The quarterly meeting for Fort Riley mission was held at the house of Mr. D. on the bank of Big Blue. As this family has already gained some celebrity by a book notice, I may speak somewhat particularly of them. They had been visited by Rev. Mr. —, pastor of the — Church in the city of —, while out on his early tour through this Territory. On his return the Rev. gentleman wrote a book of travels in Kansas, which gained large circulation. The family had a conspicuous notice in his book. Their residence is the place described as a cabin "one story high, and three stories long." The author was kindly and hospitably

entertained as a clergyman. His character gave access, his devotional exercises interested them, and some very frank confessions were made of departures from previous habits of piety. In making up the book, these were published, and, with some peculiar exhibitions of simple and confiding candor, were held up to ridicule. The book found its way into the Territory. The picture was recognized. It came to the eyes and ears of the simple-hearted family. They were stung bitterly, and doubtless, afterward, were more careful how they "entertained strangers unawares."

The patriarch of this large household had long been resident there; first employed by the Government to keep a ferry for military uses, over the Big Blue; then concerned in the building of the Government bridge; eventually, a regular "squatter," under the organizing act. The family were cheerful, industrious, and thrifty, with no peculiarities not familiar to the frontier traveler. We were generously entertained, and upon our organizing a society at the quarterly meeting, the parents became united with us in Church membership.

Barely touching at home on my return, I passed on to the northern section of the work. The third quarterly meeting for Leavenworth mission was held in a grove in the edge of the town, now a dense part of the city. This was a good season. We organized a society of considerable numbers and promising character. Some of the meetings were seasons of great spiritual refreshing. All hearts seemed encouraged to wage the battle anew.

Here the young preacher, who was to have accompanied me northward, had the misfortune to lose his horse for a time by straying. The never-failing picket rope, or halter, always secured mine. I could not delay, so I journeyed on alone, leaving him to follow. It was my purpose to make the present trip mainly upon the Nebraska side, through some new settlements which I had not yet visited. Accordingly, leaving the Missouri River at a point opposite St. Joseph, I traveled out in the direction of Wolf River, pass-

ing through the section proposed to be organized into a new mission field. Passed a night at the Iowa Mission, a Presbyterian establishment already referred to, and received the accustomed missionary welcome and good cheer from the Superintendent, Rev. Mr. Irwin. Here I met with Hon. Walter Lowry, once a member of the United States Senate, but in later life devoting all his time and influence to the work of missions, as Secretary of the Board.

Leaving the mission, I took my course for the mouth of Great Nemaha, which I succeeded in crossing at an Indian ferry. Passing up through the uninhabited tract known as Half-Breed Lands, I visited the settlements then forming in the rear, near where the town of Archer was subsequently located. Failing to find the preacher who had been employed upon this mission, I again turned northward, purposing to cross the Little Nemaha at a ford upon an old Government trail. Advancing, I found this impracticable, and no course remained but to cross the Missouri, pass around the mouth, and then recross.

Arrived at the river, I found a company of men on its bank engaged in laying off a town. Quite a surprise was manifested at seeing one, equipped as I was, come in from the rear, with some curiosity as to my real character. At first I was conjectured to be the Government Agent, whom they expected. Corrected in this they supposed me to be a land adventurer, and I was belabored with highly-wrought statements of the prospects of the intended town at that point.

A singular instance was presented here of the passion of European Catholics for canonization. The projected town was to receive a name, for what is a Western town without a name? One of the leaders in the enterprise was a Frenchman, who kept a trading shanty near the spot. The devout trader, at once, tacked the appellation of "*Saint*" to his own *cognomen*, and thenceforward, to this day, the little town has borne the euphonious name of "St. —," leaving all to wonder where and how he was canonized.

The wind was high. After some detention, I was taken over at "my own risk."

Reaching Nebraska City, our quarterly meeting exercises were again held in a contiguous grove, near the spot of their present beautiful park ground. At Omaha we still occupied the State-House. Here a man, under charge of murder, and in custody of the sheriff, for want of a jail, was brought by the officer to preaching on the Sabbath. He seemed deeply affected. I returned through Bellevue, and again had the privilege of preaching among my Presbyterian friends at the mission. I extract from my published letter dated Bellevue, N. T., June 25, 1855:

"At this mission I again find the indefatigable agent, Mr. Lowry, who, with Rev. Mr. Hamilton, has just returned from a visit to the Omahas upon their present reservation. On leaving, they withdrew nearly all their children from the school. The object of the visit was to consult them in relation to the removal of the school and the erection of buildings upon the reserve. Their men had started upon a hunting excursion to the buffalo grounds. The agent and missionary followed and overtook them. Evil influences had been at work among them. Logan, the principal Chief, refused to be seen. White Cow, another Chief, with the principal men, had an interview, and responded about as follows: 'We want our children educated, but are unwilling to send them so far away as to the old school. We do n't know where to tell you to build. We are children. We have been promised protection by the Government and have not obtained it. We are here exposed. One of our men has been killed by our enemies, the Sioux. We know not what to do till the Great Father will do something for us.'"

It was arranged during this trip that I should not visit the Nebraska portion of the work again that Fall, but that the several preachers should hold their own quarterly meetings at the times appointed. This was rendered necessary by the near approach of the Annual Conference, and the

necessity of my being present at the sessions of two different Conferences, with some extra traveling meanwhile in Kansas.

About this time the first session of the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, known as the "Bogus Legislature," was held at the Shawnee Mission. The place was within a few miles of my residence, and I was an occasional looker-on. Its wild and reckless course of legislation is matter of history. The state of morals at "the Mission" was little better. An incident will illustrate. A juvenile of my own household was employed there during the session, in the execution of the public printing. A lame limb rendered it necessary to call surgical aid, which he obtained from one of the members. After the prescription, the doctor gravely added, "And you must not drink any liquor till it gets well," seeming to take for granted the universal use of "liquor" by all about the premises.

The check given to Kansas at this early day, in her morals, education, agriculture, legislation, and every material interest, has not yet been recovered from. Time only, by the blessing of God and the efforts of good men, can give stability and healthful life to a community, torn and distracted by years of anarchy and outrage unparalleled in the history of a free and enlightened people.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## DISTRICT LABORS—BORDER EXCITEMENTS.

PREVIOUS to commencing the regular labors of the fourth quarter, a tour was to be made to Southern Kansas. Accordingly, in the last days of July, I set out. The weather was intensely warm, and the flies, in day-time, almost beyond endurance.

Desirous of knowing the state of things below the line, I determined to cross into the State and take my route down South through the border counties, visiting our Missouri brethren by the way, recross into the Territory near Fort Scott, and then return by the military road. My first point was Independence. Here I found our little band free from positive violence, but greatly intimidated, and under continual apprehensions of an outbreak.

Passing on down through Cass county, I spent a little time at Harrisonville. The mob spirit here had broken forth; the circuit preacher had been expelled, and efforts had been made to fix the usual charges of abolitionism and incendiary purposes upon a venerable superannuated minister of our Church, resident in the vicinity, Rev. William Ferri1, who had spent most of his life in Missouri. His house was visited by the gang; but his venerable years and high standing in the community, with his own personal courage, saved him from actual violence.

Thence I traveled to West Point, near the Territorial line, visiting the brethren there; then recrossed into the Territory and took the old military road south. In the vicinity of Jeru's old French trading post, mentioned in the previous part of this volume, I found, during this visit, an interesting field hitherto unoccupied by our preachers. I

tarried, visited the sick, preached, organized a society, and left them encouraged. Here, however, I submitted to a tax, to me more annoying than any thing else encountered in frontier travel, involving, as it did, loss of rest, and subsequent debility and unfitness for encountering the heat and fatigue. On retiring at bedtime, I observed that the family eschewed the beds and took lodgings on the floor. A pallet was offered me, but I took a bed. The secret, however, was soon explained by the depleting process to which I was subjected during the night. On my return, I had resolved to profit by the experience of the past and share in the floor accommodations. But, on arriving, I was pleased to find that, in the *interim*, the cabin had undergone a thorough renovation; the intruders had suffered summary vengeance, and all was prepared for a due reception. So the point was practically gained without resorting to a homily, as our fathers sometimes did, on "cleanliness next to godliness."

Crossing the Maries Des Cygnes, or Osage River as it is here called, at Jeru's, I made my way to Fort Scott, since so noted in the border struggle. Twelve years before I had, as the reader has seen, visited this place under circumstances of difficulty, when occupied by a garrison, and been subjected to the exercise of a little "brief authority." Now it had been evacuated, the costly buildings had, for a trifling consideration, been sold to a few border men, and a stronghold established where scenes of violence and blood have been plotted and executed, keeping the adjacent country in excitement and terror.

A preacher from one of the Conferences, such as brethren probably thought "would do for the frontier," had been recommended, transferred, and sent to this place. Here I found him enjoying the cool shades of one of the Fort buildings, inefficient, unemployed, uninfluential; just the man to bring our cause and work into disrepute. Finding, at the Fort, no resting-place for the soles of my feet, I left an appointment for the next day—Sabbath—to be arranged by our nominal representative, and, driving to some dis-

tance, I found a temporary home at the cabin of Mr. Griffith, a former acquaintance and graduate of Asbury University, since prominent in the history of the Territory.

Returning to the Fort at the time appointed, I had the mortification to find that the hands to which my appointment was committed, had proved too timid, or too inefficient, for the accomplishment even of that task. No arrangement was made, and I was doomed, after listening *incog.* to an illiterate and bitter tirade against "Northern Methodism," from a herald of the "Gospel of peace," to retire from this place without a hearing; the first and only time that I submitted to that mortification; and then only because I had for once consented to act through another. I met no personal insult, but my buggy, standing on the square, received an assault, intended or unintended, from the effects of which it never recovered.

Before the ensuing session of our Conference, the doughty transfer had left for his trans-Mississippi home, and the Conference, in due appreciation of his labors, generously discontinued him, leaving his valuable services to those who had so disinterestedly recommended him. If the older Conferences find themselves in possession of drones, let them not send them to the frontier. There is no place where both their nerve and caliber will be more promptly tested. It may well be supposed that the associated recollections of my two visits to this spot were not the most agreeable. I hope for it a better future. Some further glances over the line were made on my way home.

Conference was now approaching, and the 1st of September found me again on the Maries Des Cygnes, commencing the brief and partial labors of the fourth quarter. Here I met with a preacher from just across the line, who desired a place in the Territory. At the subsequent Conference I applied for him; but, in the judgment of brethren, "he could not be spared." Another was kindly offered as "suitable for our work," whom, on my declining, they found reason to honor with a location, unsought. Such is

the dependent condition of frontier work ; and such it must remain, while a mere appendage of other Conferences. Their "tender mercies are cruel."

From this place I visited Ossawatamie, so named from its beautiful situation at the junction of the Osage River and Pottawatamie Creek ; a place destined to a subsequent historical fame in the after struggles of the country. To this place I had been repeatedly invited by O. P. Brown, Esq., an early settler and proprietor, known in Kansas as the real "Ossawatamie Brown," but whose *cognomen* was subsequently transferred by the Eastern press to John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety. Here I preached and formed some pleasant acquaintances.

Another Sabbath found me on Independence Creek, holding the quarterly meeting for Fort Leavenworth mission, in the vicinity of Atchison, famous for floating "abolitionists" down the river on logs. Threats had been made that our quarterly meeting should not be suffered to be held. Our brethren in the neighborhood had been so intimidated as to omit all preparation. The day came. Our Saturday exercises were duly attended to ; our presence became known, and on Sabbath we had a respectable congregation. I tried to preach a faithful sermon from 2 Peter iii, 14. Some of the gang were in attendance, but "not a dog moved his tongue." After service, they were invited to remain and dine, which they did, demeaning themselves well and retiring peaceably. At this meeting, among others, was Judge Collins, who soon after met a violent death at Doniphan ; a man to be remembered.

Passing through the Delaware lands on my return, I met Rev. J. H. Dennis and lady on their way to Leavenworth, where, by special arrangement, he was to preach the ensuing Sabbath. From him I learned that, during my absence, quite an excitement had broken out among the Wyandotts ; or rather among the reckless half-breeds, urged on by unprincipled white men. A transient man, a hanger-on of our Church, charged with tampering with slaves, had been

seized, abused, and driven off by a mob ; and a committee had been appointed, who only waited my return, to "warn me out" of the Nation. Quite a consternation had spread, especially in the female department of some of the families associated with us, and my return was looked to as a *crisis*. Upon learning from me that arrangements for his labor at Leavenworth were not as contemplated, brother D. and wife accompanied me back.

On reaching home, I found that my excellent brother Dennis had communicated to my eldest son, then for a time with us, the state of things, taking the kind precaution of admonishing him "not to tell his mother." But he, knowing her temperament better than his adviser, went home and deliberately informed her of all. I found her perfectly cool and self-possessed as to herself and family, though not without apprehensions on my behalf. "It is you they are after;" said she, "I have no fears whatever in your absence." A call had actually been made by unwonted visitors, supposed to have been the appointed committee of notification, but not finding me, they had, after being politely treated, retired without making known their errand.

My course was soon fixed. I thought I knew where the mainspring among the Wyandotts was; and I determined to confront the matter at once. The Council was to sit in a few days, and I resolved to bring the subject before them. Meanwhile Mud-Eater, one of the Chiefs on whose integrity and friendship I relied, called at my house. I consulted with him, and he approved the course.

All English communications were made to the Council through —, the United States interpreter, a name well known, and one who has since acted a part in Kansas affairs; the very man whom I suspected, and whom, above all others, I wished to confront. I suggested to my friend, the Chief, that — might not interpret faithfully, and thus defeat my object by misrepresenting my statements. "No," said he, "he dares not do that; there are too many of us that understand English."

The day came; the Council convened, and my talk was heard. I said to them in substance as follows: "When I came into your country, I asked your permission to reside for a time among your people. I told you then that I should endeavor to conduct myself well, and to 'do you good, and not harm.' You granted me the leave, and received me kindly. Your people have treated me well. My home among you has been pleasant; I have nothing to complain of. I, too, on my part, have tried to demean myself properly. I have not interfered in the affairs of the Nation, nor in any way sought to produce excitement. I have tried, as I promised, to do you 'good, and not harm.' I have learned, however, that, during my late absence, a very great excitement has prevailed in the Nation, attended with some violence. I am also informed that one of the causes of this excitement is my residence among you. Now, if my residence here is likely to produce disturbances among the Wyandott people, I will at once remove out of the Nation, inconvenient as it would be at present to do so. Understand me. I am not asking the Council to protect me; that I will attend to myself. All I want is a frank expression from the Council. Should you now, or at any subsequent time, think my removal necessary to the peace of the Nation, I wish you to say so, and I will at once retire without its limits."

The speech was interpreted, sentence by sentence, and was heard respectfully. A long period of silence followed. I almost began to think I should get no reply. At length the old Head-Chief, Ta-roo-me, signified his readiness to announce the decision. But the interpreter, meanwhile, had retired, having a seeming disrelish for the business. Another was called to act *pro tem.*, and, through him, I was addressed about as follows: "We gave you leave to come among us. You have behaved yourself well, and done us 'good, and not harm.' We have nothing against you. There is no cause for your leaving our Nation. You need not mind the threats of these lawless fellows. They

are not sustained by our people. Should we at any time think it necessary for you to leave the Nation, we will let you know."

Making, in turn, my best acknowledgments, I retired. Here this bit of diplomacy ended. On leaving the Council-House, I found my *quondam* friend, the interpreter, solitarily musing outdoors. I approached him, and entered into conversation. He disclaimed all participation in the late movements, and all hostile purposes toward myself, but significantly added, "I have heard the Parkville men making inquiry into the complexion of your political sentiments." The implied threat contained in this *innuendo* was understood. I only replied, "I do not know that the Parkville men have any thing to do with 'the complexion' of my political sentiments," and we parted. Returning home, I loaded a revolver, and laid it in a conspicuous place upon my writing-table, where all who entered might see it; leaving it to speak for itself, and giving no explanations as to its intended use.

I received no further molestation. Threats, however, were made to a small lad of our household, and we were compelled to keep him near home, or with a protector. My premises, too, were said to have been searched for a runaway slave; but, if done at all, it was a mere ruse, and carefully kept from my knowledge.

The season for camp meetings had now arrived. One was held in Nebraska, in my absence; but, glad as we were to avail ourselves of this powerful frontier agency, I had thought it best to discourage, for this year, the holding of camp meetings in Kansas, near the border, lest thereby we should afford the enemy too good an opportunity to muster his forces. In lieu of these a general district camp meeting had been appointed in the interior, to which all were invited. The time arrived for my starting. I set off with a chill upon me, but succeeded in reaching the place. The camp-ground was located on the Wakarusa, near Scranton's Bridge, the scene of some subsequent thrilling adven-

tures. Arriving at the place, I was taken ill. The next day I was moved away in a wagon, and placed under the medical care of my friend, Dr. Still, by whose kind attention I was so far restored as to spend an hour on the ground just at the close of the meeting. But other ministerial brethren were present in full force; the congregations were large; the Word of Life was faithfully proclaimed; and an impetus was given to the general work at this beginning of camp meetings among the white settlers in Kansas.

The regular annual camp meeting was held, as usual, among the Wyandotts. They had a good ground, well improved, within a short distance of their meeting-house. They love camp meetings, sustain them well, and enter into the exercises with zeal and fervor. The season was one of interest for several days. On Sunday night Satan let loose his emissaries. A troop of lawless fellows, mounted upon their ponies, rushed furiously into the encampment, spreading terror and consternation for the moment. But they were firmly met by our brethren, one or two of them were knocked down and roughly handled; whereupon they unceremoniously beat a retreat. The next day a written complaint was made to the authorities of the Nation, who thereupon dispatched a body of men to protect the encampment, among whom, in his official capacity as sheriff, was one of the assailing party of the previous evening.

Meanwhile the excitement in the Territory had risen to a high pitch. My friend Barber, from New Paris, Ohio, had been inhumanly assassinated, and other acts of outrage perpetrated. I was constantly hearing of threats toward myself, but never came in near contact at the proper time for their execution. Yet I never made a single appointment less, nor evaded one already made.

Owing to a difference of opinion existing as to the boundary between the territorial dependencies of Iowa and Missouri Conferences, and to dissatisfaction expressed, the Bishops determined that, for the year yet intervening be-



fore the session of the General Conference, Kansas should be supplied from Missouri Conference, and Nebraska from Iowa Conference; and that the necessary transfers should be made to carry out this plan. Of this I received a written notification. The arrangement rendered it necessary for me to attend the sessions of both Conferences.

Independence had been appointed as the place of holding the session of Missouri Conference. A public meeting of the citizens had been convened, and resolutions adopted warning them not to assemble there, and impliedly threatening violence if they did. The little handful of our people there, unable of themselves to support the Conference, and fearing results, wrote letters to St. Louis, advising a change. It was accordingly made; and notice was published that the Conference would convene at St. Louis. So closed the labors of this eventful year.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## CONFERENCE SESSIONS—INCIDENTS.

ABOUT the middle of September, 1855, I set out for the session of the Iowa Conference at Keokuk, taking the Missouri River to St. Louis, and thence up the Mississippi. Our passage down was upon the Polar Star, a first-class boat, with all desirable accommodations. But mob law then prevailed upon the Missouri River. All the leading packets were under the dominant influence. Boats were stopped at different points on the river by bodies of armed men, examined, and large companies of passengers compelled to take a down boat and return. When permitted to proceed, a strict scrutiny was made into the position and sentiments of every passenger; men entertaining antislavery sentiments, however inoffensive, were hunted out, insulted, and subjected to the most gross maltreatment, to which—being comparatively few in number on the packets—they were compelled to submit, especially as the officers and crews were always on the side of the aggressors. On our way down, an affair occurred which attracted considerable public notice at the time, but which I have seen very erroneously stated in the public prints.

The boat was crowded with passengers, among whom were not over five or six known as free-state men. Of this number was a Rev. Mr. Clark, of the denomination styling themselves True Wesleyans, a New England man of middle years, manly appearance, good address, considerable general intelligence, and particularly well posted in the facts of our National history and movements upon the question of slavery. Though gentlemanly and courteous in his deportment, yet he had a manifest *penchant* for debate upon his

favorite subject, and his controversial powers and knowledge of facts made him quite an overmatch for his antagonists. This, so far as I saw, was the sum of his offending. But this was too much to be borne, and the man who could not be met in argument must be silenced by brute force. He was attacked and beaten by a furious young Missourian. This occurred at an early hour upon the lower deck. I did not witness that scene, but learned that he had been attacked without provocation, further than a simple expression of private opinion. Soon after, the large crowd were seated at the breakfast table, and the two antagonists side by side. No sooner did the young ruffian discover this, than, without a word, he rose from his seat, seized a chair, and violently renewed the attack, beating Mr. C. on the head, breaking the chair to pieces, and mangling him in a most shocking manner, while the crowd, springing to their feet and surrounding them, with oaths cried out, "Kill him ! kill him !" Resistance on his own part, or aid from his few friends, was vain with the fearful odds against him. The boat officers sustained the assault, stopped the boat, put him out, and left him bleeding and mangled on the shore, in the heart of the State, to make his way down as he could. How, in his plight, he accounted for his condition and escaped further vengeance on land, I never learned, but subsequent notices announced his arrival at his home in Maine. The young *furioso* remained on board and was honored as a hero.

Subsequently, while ascending the Mississippi, I found on board a gentleman who had witnessed the scene on the Polar Star. He stated that a regular vote had been taken and carried to put all the free-state men ashore, myself, of course, among them. Among the ruffian gang was a certain Kansas official, sometimes very turbulent, but with whom personally I was on friendly terms. I had promised to "take him down sober," if he would put himself under my charge. But the ingrate turned against his *pro tem.* guardian and gave his vote for the measure. Of all these preparations I knew nothing at the time, but moved among them

as before, and, though well known in my position and sentiments, suffered no personal interruption. The threat was unexecuted.

During this excitement I made repeated trips up and down the Missouri; at times I met with slights and innuendos which I might have resented, but chose to pass unnoticed. No direct insult or violence was ever offered me.

The Conference session at Keokuk passed agreeably with the brethren of Iowa Conference. My year's residence in Kansas had been attended with great domestic inconvenience and heavy pecuniary expenditures, growing out of our disappointment in not finding a home on mission premises, as already referred to. I had, in mind, fallen back on my original purpose of making a home further north. Arrangements were already out contemplating this change, and some of the older members of my household preceded me in a removal. The enlargement of our work had been such that it was found necessary to divide my district into three, two in Kansas and one in Nebraska. With my own concurrence, I was appointed to Nebraska district, and, to meet the supposed requirement of the boundary clause of Discipline and satisfy the minds of brethren, I received a temporary transfer to Iowa Conference, and, with the other Nebraska preachers, took my appointment from that Conference. But three names appear upon the Minutes of that year as connected with the work in Nebraska Territory. The remainder, for the want of men, were left "to be supplied."

An interval followed before the session of the Missouri Conference at St. Louis. This was improved by Bishop Simpson and myself in visiting that old site of Mormon superstition, the city of Nauvoo. The ruins of their magnificent temple, and the large number of once tasteful but now dilapidated buildings, spread out with regularity over the vast area of the city, bore witness to the powerful energy of fanatical and misguided minds under the direction of unprincipled and designing leaders. Homes had been forsaken, domestic comfort surrendered, personal virtue sacri-

ficed, and worldly treasure poured out at the shrine of impiety. Private ambition had triumphed over a credulous, unthinking multitude, and lawless libertinism had reigned rampant. Still this people remain, an unsolved enigma in the history of man. A pleasant visit also was made to Quincy, Illinois.

Some time before the session we reached St. Louis, where we found Bishop Janes awaiting Bishop S., and a personal consultation was had upon border matters. My home in the city was with my friend REV. JOHN L. CONKLIN, for several years editor of the Central Christian Advocate, and subsequently in the work of regular itinerancy. Brother C. was born and raised in the city of New York, a pure-minded, honorable Christian man, a close thinker and vigorous writer, deeply devoted to the cause of religion, and especially the work of border Methodism, but of frail physical constitution. He fell at life's meridian, "finishing his course with joy."

Owing to the change made in the place of our Conference session, the attendance at St. Louis was small. But a single preacher besides myself was present from the Territories. Two districts were formed in Kansas. L. B. Dennis was appointed presiding elder of North Kansas district, and Abraham Still of South Kansas. Our ministerial force in Nebraska was strengthened by one transfer and one received on trial. The Missouri Conference concurred with Iowa in resolutions requesting the General Conference to form a new Annual Conference comprising the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. The town of Lawrence, in Kansas, was fixed as the place of the first session.

Conference over, I set out for the Territories, being still favored with the company of Bishop Simpson, on his way to the session of Arkansas Conference in Northern Texas. The Missouri River being low, we took the Pacific Railroad to Herman, and thence traveled by stage to Jefferson City. Our company was cheerful and agreeable. The moonlight nights were enlivened by walks for recreation and an occa-

sional foot-race of the passengers. To the Bishop's pedestrianism I was compelled to "knock under." At Jefferson City we separated, and the Bishop took his course south, being fully posted, according to my ability, in "Arkansas traveling," and furnished with an outfit laid in under my inspection before leaving St. Louis. Solitarily, I made my way homeward by stage *via* Booneville, Lexington, and Independence.

Another removal was now to be made. Two wagons and teams were rigged, which, with my buggy, afforded the needed facilities for transportation. The old "moving tent" was overhauled and refitted. Surplus or untransportable property accumulated during the year was sold or given away, the establishment at Wyandott was broken up, and late in October found us again on the road.

Our journey afforded little of incident beyond the upsetting of a wagon and rolling out a load of movables and sundry juveniles into a muddy branch, with divers other casualties such as a novice might call "adventures," but an old frontier's-man has learned to regard as every-day occurrences. There being no leading road up the Missouri on the Territorial side, we crossed at Weston as usual, and traveled up through St. Joseph and the border counties till we entered the south-western corner of Iowa.

The time had now arrived when I deemed that duty required me to provide a more permanent home for my large household, after the many thousands of miles of itinerant removals, where declining years and growing infirmities might find some relief, and where youth and tender age might enjoy the benefit of maternal care. The Territorial settlements as yet afforded none of the desired facilities. The lands were not in market, all the settlers holding by the precarious "claim" title, and the entire aspect was unfriendly to the settlement of a household composed as mine was. The opposite section in Iowa, known as the "Western Slope," had been settled some years, and was thought to possess some advantages.

Here I determined to pitch my tent, and from this point to go in and out to my Territorial work, encountering, myself, whatever might follow of absence, exposure, and privation, but intending, by the permission of Providence, thenceforth to exempt my less competent and dependent ones from further participation in my itinerant wanderings. A retired spot of grove and prairie was selected and obtained upon the bold bluffs of Missouri River, near the village of Glenwood, twenty miles south of Council Bluffs, and ten miles east of the mouth of the Great Platte. Lumber and other building materials were shipped from Cincinnati, a distance of two thousand miles. Intervals at home were employed in superintending improvements, and, according to ability, arrangements were made for domestic comfort. That spot is still occupied, though with a diminished household, and from an apartment there, after the vicissitudes of added years, I look back and pen the footprints of the past, so deeply written upon the pages of memory.

## CHAPTER XV.

## FIRST YEAR IN NEBRASKA.

THE ides of December, 1855, found my family at their Glenwood home, on the Western slope of Iowa, with temporary adjustments for approaching Winter, and myself in the Territory, just entering upon the labors of Nebraska district.

Henceforward these chapters will assume a different form. The history of Kansas Territory will be pursued no further, except in incidental references. It is already before the world in all its bloody atrocity; but there is an unwritten history which will not be fully revealed till God shall right up the nations of earth. Nor will the details of travel and labor, even in my own field, be further presented. Enough has been given to furnish an idea of missionary life and incident on the frontier; and the details of the past may be taken as samples of the events of succeeding years.

The settlements in Nebraska Territory were sparse and remote from each other, forming an extended line upon Missouri River, reaching, excepting intervals of Indian reservation, from the Kansas line to the region opposite the mouth of the Great Sioux, with some settlers as far up as the Niobrarah or Running Water, a distance of some three hundred miles, by the course of the river, facing against a large section of the State of Missouri, all the western front of Iowa, and a portion of Western Minnesota, known as Dacotah Territory. Added to these were strings of settlements upon the tributary streams. Great and Little Nemaha, Weeping Water, Great Platte, Elkhorn, and soon after Loup Fork and Wood River, each having its line of cabins and squatters extending back from fifty to one hund-



red and fifty miles interior. These were to be visited and cared for, not always in regular quarterly rotation, but as ability and circumstances allowed.

The Winter was one of intense severity. The winds that sweep with such fury over those vast plains, unbroken by a single forest from the Rocky Mountains, passed, much of that season, over fields of ice and snow, and reached the ill-provided settlers chilled by an atmosphere twenty degrees, or more, below zero. Labor was suspended. Traveling was attended, not merely with intense suffering, but with positive hazard of life. Cattle were frozen to death in large numbers, and not a few human lives were sacrificed, sometimes in the effort to procure from the river settlements food for the suffering families in the interior.

Intervals at home were seasons of labor and exposure. A large proportion of the fuel consumed in my own house was cut by myself, and hauled a distance of three miles over a bleak prairie, from a fear that my sons would perish in the attempt, actual trial having demonstrated that my own system resisted the effects of cold better than those of persons who were younger and less used to exposure. The ensuing Winter was much of the same character.

Some affecting instances of the loss of life by freezing occurred. A man and his son, who had forced their way, with a load of provisions, for thirty miles through cold and snow, perished within one mile of home. I often visited the bereaved and helpless widow and orphans. Another case, not less sad, I personally witnessed. A father and son, named Poe, set out on foot from the neighborhood of Nebraska City in search of "claims;" the father aged but robust, the son a lad of fifteen. Some days were spent in the pursuit, and they were overtaken in a snow-storm. Days and nights were spent without fire. Refuge was taken in a vacated cabin, where some abandoned bedding was found. Boots were cut from the frozen limbs, and bandages of strips torn from the bed-clothing were applied. Unable to walk, an attempt was made to crawl away, but

strength failed, and they returned to the cabin. The father folded the son in his arms, wrapped the scanty clothing around them, and lay down to die. At that moment a man appeared, attracted by the noise; help was obtained, and they were removed. The son soon died. I saw the father in extreme agony, with some of his limbs amputated, and expecting still further dismemberment. But death came to his relief. The morning following my visit I was sent for to preach his funeral. In all his suffering he expressed Christian peace and confidence in God.

In the Spring of 1856 I made a trip East, as far as Cincinnati; attended, for a few days, the General Conference then sitting at Indianapolis; had an interview with the Bishops in relation to frontier interests; gave the needful attention to the subject of erecting our Territorial Conference, and returned home. Our return passage was fortunate and pleasant. Our steamer was making her first trip from Cincinnati, and had not been brought under "ruffian rule." Her passengers were "all right." Religious services were held; social intercourse enjoyed; and a valuable accession was made to the moral and religious society of Nebraska Territory.

Not long after Conference I was notified of the erection of Kansas and Nebraska Conference; also of my own appointment as a member of the General Mission Committee for the ensuing four years, to represent all the Conferences west of the Mississippi, except those on the Pacific. Two years had not passed, since, single-handed and alone, I had entered this field. Now there were three districts, and some twenty fields of labor. There were then within our bounds twelve members of Conference, all ordained elders. The remaining preachers were on trial.

Much of the emigration to Kansas during this year passed through Iowa and Nebraska, entering Kansas on the North, the passage up the Missouri being still obstructed. Several large bodies passed through, known as "Lane's men," and encamped a longer or shorter time in Nebraska.

I generally visited their camps, preaching and distributing books and tracts as opportunity served. In one of these companies was the ill-fated Captain Chambray, a young attorney, my personal acquaintance, from Richmond, Indiana, who fell soon after entering Kansas. The mass of these emigrants seemed to be men of the right stamp, moral, brave, and lovers of freedom. Time, however, soon proved that among these were some who were mere marauders; entering under the flag of freedom, but for purposes of rapine and plunder.

During the course of the year, we were enabled to fill nearly or quite all the vacancies in our work. Two camp meetings were held; one in the vicinity of Rock Bluff, which was largely attended, and resulted in good; another near Nebraska City, with smaller attendance, but also a season of interest. At the latter were present several Kansas refugees, driven away by the violence of the times.

The time drew near for the first assembling of our new Conference. It was to convene in Kansas. Great excitement prevailed there. Many apprehensions were entertained by friends as to the safety of a journey through that agitated Territory, in those perilous times. One preacher, from Nebraska district, went down by water; none by land except myself. It had been in my mind to go down with a company of emigrants; but not being ready, I was disappointed. Obtaining a volunteer traveling companion by furnishing him a seat and paying his expenses, I set out fully equipped, passing down through Nebraska and entering Kansas by "Lane's route." I soon learned that the large company to which I had thought of attaching myself had been captured by the United States troops on the line, and carried down as prisoners to Topeka. Finding another company encamped near the line, I made arrangements to join them, but, on further observation of their habits, preferred to travel without them.

Entering Kansas Territory with my single escort, we soon came to the place where the United States troops were

stationed. We approached the line not knowing whether we should be arrested or suffered to proceed. We were hailed by the sentry, and came to a halt. The officer of the guard was called; but he returned no answer, whether drunk or asleep I know not. The guard cursed him and bade us go on.

As we traveled South we passed several temporary fortifications, thrown up for defense by emigrant parties. By noon, on Saturday, we reached the Pottawatamie Reserve, but could proceed no further, my horse having been badly injured in leaping a ravine. On Sabbath morning we arrived at Topeka, and found a quarterly meeting in progress.

Resting for a day or two among friends, in the neighborhood of Tecumseh, we pursued our way. Learning that the trial of the "free-state prisoners," about one hundred in number, was in progress at Lecompton, the appointed seat of government, we resolved to visit the place and see something of the proceedings. Accordingly, we turned aside from our direct route, and made our way down to the far-famed capital; a little, ill-situated, out-of-the-way place, with a group of unsightly, temporary buildings, and a floating, street population, with all the indications of dissipation and vice.

Quarters being taken at the hotel, I started out to see the "lions" of the place. Some distance below, upon the street, I saw a house surrounded by men, and, apparently, a common center of attraction. Supposing this to be the place of holding the court, I bent my steps thither. Advancing toward the door, I was abruptly stopped by an armed man, and forbidden to enter. I persisted, claiming the right, as an American citizen, to enter the halls of justice, but was still firmly repelled. The guard, at length, pointed me to Col. Titus, the officer in charge, by whose leave I might enter. Approaching the gallant Colonel, with his hand yet in a sling from a wound received in the recent fight, I inquired if I could not enter. "No," said he, "not unless you are counsel for some of the prisoners

or a relative." What was my surprise, in explanation, to find that I had mistaken the prison for the court-room! Here were near one hundred American citizens, confined in a foul hole, surrounded by armed men, awaiting the "glorious uncertainty" of Kansas law. The Colonel courteously pointed me to the court-room, and I turned my steps in that direction.

Arrived at the place, I found a filthy little shanty, entered it and seated myself. Here, in grave dignity, sat the august representative of the Federal power, whose name gained a brief immortality by its connection with this place, and its far-famed Constitution. A haggard-looking specimen of humanity was thumbing the volumes of a law library, perched upon some rude shelves. A few rugged lookers-on occupied the seats, whether as jurors or spectators I could not determine. His honor, now and then, passed a familiar word with them, and at length lit his pipe and deliberately walked out, leaving the court to take care of itself. Not a word did I hear that savored of legal proceeding.

Satisfied with this exhibition of my country's glory, I again started. The remains of houses, in some of which I had, in former times, been a guest, now burned to the ground, met my eye; the late inhabitants being in tents near the site of their consumed dwellings; sad exemplification of the ruthless spirit of violence that had run riot in the land.

Arriving at Lawrence, I sought the residence of my former friend, Rev. L. B. Dennis, the presiding elder of the district, passed the night with himself and family, and talked over the strange scenes of the past. I had the pleasure to present to him the handsome donation of fifty dollars, contributed by a few friends about me, as a testimonial of their regard for his faithful and fearless services in the late trying emergency. It was gratefully accepted, but afterward generously thrown into a common fund, contributed elsewhere, for the relief of suffering members of the Conference.

Lawrence still presented the aspect of war. Demolished buildings, fortifications, the United States troops on the one hand, and the Territorial militia on the other, were the surroundings of the scene. The Conference sessions were to be held in a large cloth tent, which had been occupied for the purpose of religious worship. Bishop Baker was to preside, and in due time arrived, having been conducted by land across the State of Missouri by a competent escort. The preachers, too, were on hand in proper season. But when, before, did a Methodist Conference assemble, bearing arms! I can not say to what extent. But that *some* were armed *I do know*.

At the proper hour, on the 23d day of October, 1856, the first session of the Kansas and Nebraska Conference was opened. The number of members of Conference was found to be increased, by transfers, to fifteen. Bishop Baker presided with his usual self-possession. The session was harmonious and pleasant. Brethren felt themselves cemented together by common sufferings and common perils, and rejoiced, after a year of unparalleled conflict, to meet again. The religious exercises were attended with Divine unction; and weepings and rejoicings were mingled together.

At this session it was resolved to request the Bishops to change the time of our annual session from Fall to Spring. Nebraska City was fixed as the place of the next session; and on Saturday evening, after a session of three days, the appointments were read out, and final adjournment had. The preachers remained for the Sabbath services; and I had the melancholy pleasure of preaching the funeral of my former friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. John H. Dennis, who, during the year, had triumphantly passed to his reward.

Twenty-five mission-fields, including the districts, appear upon the Minutes of this year; and twenty-three preachers received appointments from the Conference. The number of white members, including probationers, was one thousand, one hundred and thirty-eight; Indians, one hundred and forty-four.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## SECOND YEAR IN NEBRASKA—ADVENTURES.

THE Conference session over, we took our course for the Missouri River at Leavenworth. On the way I had the pleasure of making quite a number of the preachers my guests\* at the noon hour. They, of course, were liberal in their praises of my hot coffee and other camp fare.

Passing the scenes of some of the late horrid murders, and the graves of the victims, we had from brethren of the company thrilling statements of the details.

My attendance being required in the city of New York, at the session of the General Mission Committee, I accordingly, on reaching Leavenworth, sent my horse and buggy home by my traveling companion, and took a steamer for St. Louis; thence by railroad to Cincinnati, where, falling in with Bishop Morris, we made the trip together, spending a Sabbath pleasantly in Cleveland, and laboring in the churches. On the adjournment of the Committee, I hastened home *via* Chicago, taking stage at Iowa City, traveling night and day, and suffering much from the severe cold.

The Bishops, upon consultation, determined to comply with the request of our Conference for a Spring session, and accordingly arranged for a tour of Conferences in the Spring, embracing Arkansas and Missouri also; a change that practically has been matter of sore experience both to the Bishops and the Conference. The time fixed for our session was April 16, 1857, thus reducing our first Conference year to six months.

Another Winter not less severe than the preceding followed; the traveling being even more difficult, from the

large amount of snow lying in deep drifts, and with successive layers of incrustation, so as, in many places, to render traveling absolutely impracticable, except upon roads that were kept constantly beaten. My appointments were attended with regularity ; but the severity of the season, want of suitable places of worship, and difficulty of traveling, greatly hindered the preachers in the labors of this short Winter year. As in the Winter previous, many persons perished by freezing. My journeying at this season of the year was on horseback. Once, with my faithful animal, I was near being cast away in a snow-drift. With great difficulty and labor we extricated ourselves. One of the preachers, on hearing it, wrote me, advising me not to venture thus ; saying that, much as they desired my presence and aid, they did not wish it at the hazard of life.

The Spring of 1857 was memorable for an extraordinary freshet upon the Upper Missouri. The immense mass of snow suddenly gave way, and the river overspread its banks for miles, filling the roads, stopping ferries, and, to a great extent, arresting travel and communication. This prepared the way for a personal adventure never to be forgotten. Spending a little season with my family, just before our Conference session, the Missouri River rose rapidly, and, ere I was aware, was near its highest stage. It was between me and the place of Conference. My Conference session had never passed without my attendance ; and the distance must be overcome, if human exertion could accomplish it.

With this purpose I set out, intending to try to reach an elevated point on the river, then surrounded by water for miles, but from which it was known that a ferry-flat was employed in transporting some live stock. The effort was made on Friday. The regular hack from Glenwood not running that day, I took a place in a wagon that on the previous day had passed out from the point referred to, and made my way about a mile through the water. The inhabitants were vacating their houses and fleeing to higher positions. Our progress was arrested, the waters had so risen



that the teamster could proceed no further. We retraced our steps and I returned to my home, brooding over the painful thought of absence from a Conference session. On Saturday I made another effort, hopeless as it seemed. Two hacks set out from Glenwood filled with passengers eager to cross. So soon as we reached the bluff and saw the vast expanse of water spread out before us, the old hackman said, "It is useless to go further." We urged him on down to the water's brink, but when there, all saw that further progress was impracticable. It was proposed to construct a raft of logs and endeavor to make our way down the current of a bayou which put in near the ferry. Of the ten anxious passengers all declined the hazard save three, two stalwart six-footers and myself.

Dismissing our hackman and comrades, we took a wagon through the water to a cabin occupying an elevated spot on the brink of the bayou. Here we purchased two logs and sufficient plank, pinned the logs together at a distance of some four feet, nailed on a deck of plank, and launched our craft; took dinner, placed ourselves and baggage on board, and deliberately committed all to the current. It was a distance of about three miles to our desired landing, and all the way a world of water. The two juniors undertook to manage our float, while I was honored with the post of baggage-master. "Do n't drown the old pioneer," shouted a voice to the boys as we passed.

The first half of our voyage was through open prairie. Here we were able to keep our course tolerably well, but on entering the timber we soon encountered logs and heaps of drift-wood. Attempting to pass a huge drift that presented itself broadside in the current, the treacherous craft careened, slid under the mass of logs and disappeared, leaving us afloat and "no bottom." The boys sprang upon the drift, I remained in the water till the last article of baggage was handed out, and then they drew me up.

But now what was to be done? To retreat was impossible, and half the distance was yet before us. So on we

went, bearing our baggage, now wading, swimming, plunging in the cold water, the ice girdling the trees, through fallen timber or long, entangled grass; then, for a time, on a dry elevated spot, where the keen wind pierced through our saturated clothing, and chilled us even more than when in the water. Thus passed about two hours, sometimes consulting about trying to return, and then again urging onward. By this time I began to find it difficult to speak, from a cramp approaching, I suppose, to lock-jaw. Mentioning it to one of the young men, I found him affected in the same way. At length, when almost exhausted, we espied through the forest the buildings at the ferry. My young companions now left me, and urging their way, sent a man to my assistance, who met me just as I emerged for the last time from the waters, so enfeebled that in ascending a gentle slope of some ten feet I fell twice to the ground.

O, how marvelous is the loving kindness of the Almighty! "His tender mercies are over all his works." Often I look back upon the perils of the past and wonder that I still live. Deeply have I felt in my own case the force of the remark of Mr. Wesley, "A special Providence has been over my life, or I should not have been alive to this day." We were taken to the cabin, supplied with dry clothing, warm drinks, and a good fire, and kindly cared for in all respects. Our clothing, books, papers, bank-bills, etc., were dried. The night passed comfortably. In the morning I felt refreshed, crossed the river, hired a conveyance, rode down to Nebraska City, and preached that night, my quarterly meeting being in progress, and never felt any inconvenience. Word went back that I was drowned, but when it was ascertained that I was actually alive and on the other shore, the statement was changed, and it was currently reported that I had "waded Missouri River."

A few days were spent in preparatory arrangements for the reception and entertainment of our brethren of the Conference. As the day approached, they began to arrive in groups from remote fields and by different routes from both

Territories, each company with their tale of adventure. The weather was cold and stormy, and one party from Kansas had laid out all the previous night in the piercing wind upon the bank of the Nemaha, unable to procure a passage. But all were in fine spirits ; no murmuring or complaining word was heard. The attendance was full, the reception cordial, and the mutual perils and escapes of the past but rendered the fraternal greeting the more joyous. Grateful prayers and praises went up to God, and with feeling personal application could all unite in the sentiment of our excellent Conference hymn :

“ And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face ? ”

Our intractable river disappointed us. On the morning of opening the session, Bishop Ames was on board a Missouri steamer, hundreds of miles below, endeavoring to make his way up against the mighty current. The hour arrived, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, the Conference was called to order, a president elected, and business proceeded in the usual order. The work of arranging the plan and appointing the preachers, as usual, went on at the same time ; the session was pleasant, and by Saturday evening all the important business of the Conference was through, and the appointments were ready for announcement. It was thought advisable, however, to defer this till after the Sabbath, with the hope of the arrival of the Bishop. In the afternoon of the Sabbath he arrived, preached in the evening, reviewed and approved the Conference action and appointments, presided in a morning session, read the appointments, and the Conference adjourned.

At this session Nebraska district was divided into two, Omaha district above the Great Platte, and Nebraska City district below. John M. Chivington was appointed to the former, myself to the latter. A new district also was formed in Kansas, making five in the Conference. Forty-eight mission-fields were constituted, including the districts,

and thirty-one preachers received appointments from the Conference. The remainder were left "to be supplied." Total of members and probationers, one thousand, two hundred and thirty-one. From this time forward the Indian membership ceases to be reported separately. Topeka, Kansas, was fixed as the place of the ensuing session.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THIRD YEAR IN NEBRASKA—CONDITION OF TERRITORY.

As the country filled up and our work enlarged, my geographical limits diminished. First, I had all of Kansas and Nebraska Territories; then Nebraska alone; now I found myself reduced to one-half of that Territory. The field began to look contracted; albeit to some, unused to long prairie distances, it might still have seemed to possess ample dimensions.

Every year witnessed a steady though not rapid growth of population in Nebraska, and, with this, a corresponding improvement of the country. Fine farms began to be seen, especially in the region of the Platte and Nemahas. The cabin was, in some instances, giving way to a more commodious residence, and a general aspect of comfort began to appear. Roads were established, and in most of my ordinary travel I was enabled to dispense with my pocket compass. Nor were the sack of corn, the lunch, and the coffee-pot so indispensable as formerly. Remunerative crops had been raised, and the settlers were beginning to shake off their dependence upon the States over the river for supplies. Good brick church edifices had been erected in Omaha and Nebraska City, and comfortable houses of worship were this year put up at several other points. School-houses began to appear, with all the usual appliances of improved society.

A very great drawback, however, was imposed upon the actual growth and improvement of the country by the wild and reckless spirit of speculation that spread like a contagion all over the West; a *mania*, knowing no legitimate

bounds, disdaining all the restraints of prudence and discretion, overleaping all considerations of morals and integrity, and outraging every sentiment of honor and conscience. It spread into all ranks from the highest to the lowest. With, or without capital, men plunged into the vortex. Even day-laborers, after a short time of successful employment, caught the *animus*, disdained their vocation, doffed the character of "workies," and stuck out from some shanty a shingle as "Land Agent, etc." And the further we proceed from the heart toward the extremities of the country, the more did this disease seem to prevail. Nebraska, perhaps, was unexcelled in speculations of this kind. Men could be bought and sold for a consideration. Even Legislative influence and votes, it was boldly affirmed, had their price; and public and private integrity were madly sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon; and that a false, unpaying Mammon.

Land-claims opened up a large field for the exercise of this talent. But the great game of the time was *town-building*. A few men associated; laid a claim upon a plat of vacant prairie; had a load of stakes hauled from some grove near or remote; employed a surveyor, and run off streets and lots, with park, public square, college or seminary lots, grounds for railroad depot and other public uses; set the stakes, gave sounding titles to the streets, and still more so to the city itself; had the plat lithographed; and forthwith dispatched a competent agent in the direction of sunrise to gull the orientals with "corner lots." Speaking with a sharp operator, whose guest I was for the time, about a particular branch of domestic economy essential to comfort, which seemed generally neglected, he said, "We have not time to attend to it—too busy making money." "How do you make it?" said I. "Dealing in lots," he replied. "With whom do you deal?" I asked. "With one another," was his answer. "But," I inquired, "upon whose hands do the lots finally settle down?" "Those of Eastern purchasers," was the *ultimatum*. Large amounts, too, were

actually invested in building hotels, store-houses, and private residences by those who were credulous enough to believe that veritable cities were to spring up all over the country. Capital and enterprise were diverted from their proper and useful channels, and the actual improvement of the country retarded.

Quite a *furor* also prevailed on the subject of banking. An individual or a company, frequently non-resident, applied to the Territorial Legislature, and, by some means, fair or foul, obtained a charter; erected a shanty in some obscure place; put out the sign of "BANK;" flooded the country with their circulation; stopped payment; retired into dignified bankruptcy, and left the bill-holders to "pocket the loss." Such establishments were found all over the Territory. Of all the banking concerns in Nebraska, but a single one is now standing.

The result of all was not merely public and private pecuniary wreck, but a deeply detrimental influence upon the integrity and moral principle of the community. The obligation of a contract was lost sight of, the standard of moral honesty lowered, fraudulent bankruptcies became common, oaths were trifled with, and the principles of conscience and of right ignored. I will not say that this was universal. Honorable exceptions were found; examples of probity and integrity. But the prevailing influence was of a contrary character; and a shock was sustained from which it will take a generation fully to recover.

Another unfavorable influence ruinously affecting the morals, the growth, and the general prosperity of the country, was found in the character of the men appointed to Federal offices in the Territory. Among them were men of ability and moral worth; men who would have done honor to their positions in any country. But too large a share, as is usual in Territorial appointments, were cast-off politicians, reckless in principles and in habits, sent out merely to be provided for; men whose example and personal influence were most destructive, but whose position gave them weight

in community. Of this the better class of citizens felt that they had cause to complain; but complaints were unheeded.

In the midst, however, of all these opposing influences, there was still a leavening principle at work. There was among the hardy settlers enough of intelligence, enough of virtue and moral integrity, enough of genuine piety, to prevent a decline in the general prosperity and welfare. Improvement was staid and hindered, but not abandoned. Morals and religion had a struggle with vice; but still they advanced. Each succeeding year made its addition to the members of our own religious communion; other denominations entered the field and labored with success; and in the midst of opposing influences, the work went steadily on.

Two good camp meetings were held this year in the bounds of Nebraska City district. The first was in the rear of the Half-Breed Reservation, on the Great Nemaha, near to where Falls City is now located. The rain fell copiously and continuously. The tents had no sufficient covers. I was thoroughly drenched in my bed, having no alternative. I bore it patiently. But there were showers of grace too. On Sabbath the sun shone forth; the Word was preached; the power of the Lord attended, and, before the close of the meeting, a large number, old and young, were brought into the fold of Christ. The second was held, as the year previous, near to Rock Bluffs. This is one of the most populous and best-improved sections of the Territory. The attendance was large, and the meeting profitable.

November of this year found me again in the city of New York, at the session of the General Mission Committee. Returning again by the Northern route, I made what I trust may be my last stage trip through the State of Iowa, in the Winter season, suffering greatly again from cold and exposure in traveling by night and by day.

The Winter of 1857-8 was mild and pleasant, in beautiful contrast with the two preceding. Traveling was comfortable, with few exceptions, all the season, and outdoor



labor could be performed without inconvenience. The preachers were able to pursue the work with greater regularity. Again I was enabled to meet punctually my quarterly appointments, besides doing a large amount of extra service.

Early in April we were on our way to the session of our Annual Conference at Topeka, Kansas. The distance from my residence was about one hundred and sixty miles. Our company from Nebraska, numbering about fifteen, concentrated on Saturday, the 10th, at Falls City, near the Kansas line, where I was holding a quarterly meeting. The two days of religious service passed with much interest. The weather was stormy; and the Great Nemaha was swollen beyond crossing. We had intended to take the "Lane route" directly through, but were forced into another course. Fearing a confusion of counsels, it was proposed, at our Sabbath afternoon meeting, to appoint competent conductors, who should make all arrangements, select a route, give directions, and pilot the company through. Two seniors, acquainted with the country, were selected. Orders were immediately given to all to appear early on Monday morning at a designated point, furnished, each, with one day's provisions.

The morning came, cold, snowy, and forbidding; but all were on hand. My buggy was left behind, and my faithful steed again converted into a saddle-horse, in common with my brethren. Passing down the Nemaha to near its mouth, we crossed at Roy's Ferry. Thence angling across the country, we, on the second day, entered the Lane road.

The appearance of such a company of "mounted rangers," in this land of excitements, often led to the question, "What's up?" To all we were able to return "an answer of peace." Rain, high waters, and rough fare, did not depress the spirits nor lessen the appetite. At nightfall, we distributed ourselves over sufficient space to find shelter and edibles, and in the morning reassembled. The afternoon of the 14th found us on the bank of Kansas River,

opposite Topeka. But the river was from bank to bank, the ferry-boat gone, and the bridge was not finished. Putting our horses temporarily into the care of some Indians, by the help of a skiff, and the part-way bridge, we reached the other shore, and delivered our company safely into the hands of the committee of reception.

On arriving, we found that instead of Bishop Simpson, who was confined by illness, Bishop Janes was in attendance, with whom I was to have a home at the house of Rev. Mr. —, the Episcopal minister. In this place, it may be remembered I had preached for the first time, three years before, and lodged in a lone shanty.

The session was opened by Bishop Janes, on Thursday the 15th. With increasing numbers, there was found to be an increased amount of business. The session occupied four days, and was characterized by real earnestness and close application to business. Omaha, Nebraska, was fixed as the place of the next annual session.

A large number of transfers was received and a class of sixteen was admitted on trial. A fourth district was formed in Kansas, making six in the Conference. Fifty-seven fields of labor appear upon the Minutes with forty-seven preachers appointed from the Conference. Number in society, including probationers, two thousand, six hundred and sixty nine, being more than double the number reported the year previous. Kansas had enjoyed a year of peace; and both Territories were advancing in population. A change was made in the district appointments by which I was removed to Omaha district, the country below the Platte having been embraced in my charge for four years.

It might earlier have been stated, that the Conference had, at a previous session, adopted Baker University, at Baldwin, Kansas, and Bluemont College, at Manhattan, in the same Territory, as institutions of learning, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Both institutions have opened their doors with flattering prospects of success.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## FOURTH YEAR IN NEBRASKA.

THE closing year of my district labors in Nebraska was now entered upon. My field, for this year, embraced a greater extent of territory, and was more laborious than that of the preceding. The settlements were newer and more sparse; the settlers more ill provided for, and the roads in worse condition. In addition to this, the difference in latitude added not a little to the frequency and severity of the Winter storms.

Omaha district embraced all the settlements north of the Great Platte River, extending in a line up the Missouri River, near two hundred miles, to the mouth of Running Water; and up the Platte and its tributaries, Elkhorn and Loup Fork, a distance of one hundred miles. Within the district were eight mission-fields, to five of which preachers were appointed from the Conference, leaving three "to be supplied." One supply only was obtained; two missions were consolidated under the charge of one man; and one field, upon the extreme north, remained unfilled during the year.

The Spring and early Summer of 1858 were characterized by extraordinary rains in this locality, not materially affecting Missouri River, but swelling the smaller tributaries, time after time, to an unprecedented height, sweeping away bridges, and rendering traveling almost impracticable. A Government thoroughfare, under the name of a military road, had been constructed up the Missouri for some hundreds of miles. Near a score of bridges had been erected over the small but deep-channeled streams. Nearly every one, in the course of the season, was carried away, leaving

streams almost, or quite, impassable—a way embarrassing state of affairs.

My first trip to this upper region occupied a portion of May and June. Most of the bridges had already gone; the direct road had to be abandoned, and a way sought over the bluffs. About one hundred miles up, among the Black-Bird Hills, is the Omaha Reserve, fronting some thirty miles upon the river, through which we must pass to the upper settlements. In the forks of Black-Bird Creek is the Omaha village, heretofore described. The two bridges were gone, and both streams were swollen, steep-banked, miry, and dangerous to pass. Arrived at the first, I found a group of lazy, lounging Indians, sunning themselves on the opposite shore, and awaiting the approach of some luckless traveler. By signs and words I inquired where I should cross. The wily savages pointed me to a place into which they tried to induce me to drive; expecting, probably, to see some sport, and to realize a fee for helping me out of my difficulty. Being a little suspicious, I waited for a time. At length an honest-looking fellow came along, and pointed me the way to a place of less difficulty, thereby depriving them of the sport and profits, and saving me from difficulty and danger.

It being late in the afternoon when I got over these streams, I sought a lodging at the Government Farm and Agency, but was denied. In vain did I present my vocation and object; I could not obtain the privilege even of sleeping upon the floor, and finding my own provisions, but was directed to an Indian tavern some miles off. Not relishing this, I drove on, planning for a night in the woods by my own camp-fire. Soon I found that my trail entered a vast tract covered with water of unknown depth, perhaps for miles. I endeavored to pass around, but was hemmed in and had to "take water." In I drove, committing myself to the floods. It proved of fordable depth, though of long and tedious continuance. Emerging from the floods, I espied through the forest the stately stone mis-

sion house of the Presbyterian Station. Approaching and giving my name and position, I was kindly met by the Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Sturgess, and his excellent lady, recognized as a missionary and a brother, formed an interesting acquaintance, and ever after had a welcome and pleasant home among them. Thanks to the churl that had turned me off an hour before.

The trip embraced more or less stay in Florence, Fort Calhoun, De Soto, Cuming City, Tekama, and Decatur below the Reserve, and Omadi and Dakotah above. I also crossed the Missouri into Northern Iowa, visited Sioux City, and looked in upon Dakotah Territory. It had been my purpose to travel up the Missouri as far as I could, but I found further progress for the present impracticable, and turned my face homeward. At Omaha Creek the bridge had fallen in during my stay. Returning, I was compelled to procure aid, take my buggy apart, and carry it piece by piece over the wreck of the bridge, then uniting the length of two picket-ropes—nearly one hundred feet—fastening one end around the neck of my faithful horse, and throwing the other over the stream, with two men on one side to put him in, and three on the other to pull at the rope, the noble animal was drawn through the mire and current by main force. At other points I had great difficulty. Our quarterly meetings were seasons of interest and profit.

A second trip was made over the same ground in August, with scenes almost similar, and the addition of flies by day and musketoes by night. My buggy gave way under the hard service, and, for a time, with these surroundings, I was forced to "lay up for repairs."

Repeated trips, also, were made to the portion of the district up the Platte, and upon the Elkhorn, or, as familiarly termed, "The Horn." In the first of these, having the misfortune to tear off a wheel from my vehicle upon a ferry-boat, I was compelled to make a long horseback ride in mi summer. The traveling in this section was less difficult, but the musketoes were next to unendurable. The

luxury of a musketo-bar was rarely known, and the practice was to resort to a "smudge." As evening approached, a fire was kindled near the dwelling, upon which green grass was thrown, producing a dense smoke, and partially driving them away, so as to afford some relief at the expense of a suffocating process. I have known a family to sit up with their horses, and "smudge" them all night.

The annual trip to the Atlantic seaboard was made in the Fall, as usual, the session of the General Mission Committee attended, and a little season spent with friends in New York, Baltimore, Washington, and other places. Having had so bitter an experience of Winter-staging in Iowa, I determined, this time, to risk a passage, late as it was, up the Missouri. The ice met us about one hundred miles below St. Joseph, and, after some days' hard battling, we succeeded in making that point, whence I took land conveyance home. The quarterly meetings for the third quarter had been mainly held during my absence.

The labors of the fourth quarter were entered upon and prosecuted as usual. The Winter was generally mild. The crossing of streams upon the ice was, much of the time, precarious and insecure. Hazards were encountered, perhaps beyond the bounds of strict propriety. At one time my horse broke through the ice in attempting to cross Missouri River. When I saw my long-tried and faithful servant contending with the ice and the current, and in momentary danger of being swept under, my feelings of self-reproach for his exposure became very strong. I could not bear the thought of his perishing thus by my rashness. By a desperate effort, with some assistance, he extricated himself. I sent him back home, inwardly promising never thus to expose him again. Crossing myself, I started off upon the district on foot, bearing my baggage till relieved, which was not till well-nigh wearied down with my unwonted mode of travel.

We now approach a scene of deep and painful interest; one which in its results was greatly to affect my future

life and labors. Hitherto, in all my wanderings and toils, I had always had a devoted and willing participant. Home had been cheered and made a resting-place, with a society and companionship all that I desired. Absence had been relieved by the reflection that the family altar was kept up, the morning and evening sacrifice offered, the interests and comfort of dependent ones provided for, and all the details of secular business and domestic care guided by a competent and faithful hand. A counselor, too, and friend, had been near me in every hour of impetuosity or of discouragement; diffident, unobtrusive, but judicious, constant, gentle, faithful.

The opinion had seemed to be mutually, though rather silently, entertained that I, though possessing more firmness of physical constitution, should first be called away; and all the arrangements of later years had contemplated this event. For this I had endeavored to have my "house in order." But how vain are all our plans founded upon mere presentiment. "God's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts." A cup was prepared for me of which I had never expected to drink.

Upon the morning of the 3d of February, 1859, I started upon the northern portion of my fourth round of quarterly meetings. The trip would take me to the extreme of the district and occupy several weeks. All at home were well and cheerful. My meeting at De Soto was attended. The ensuing Sabbath was the time fixed for the quarterly meeting at Dakotah, above the Omaha Reserve, and the intervening week was to be spent in visiting the towns upon the way. On Monday I rode to Cuming City and preached. On Wednesday I was in Tekama and preached again, intending to proceed the next day. A deep fall of snow arrested my progress; traveling was suspended; the way up through the Indian lands being unbroken and without white inhabitants, it was deemed unsafe to attempt the journey. For the first time in my itinerant life I turned my back upon a storm. Starting homeward on Friday

morning, I reached Fort Calhoun on Saturday. Finding my excellent friend, Rev. H. Burch, engaged in a series of meetings in that place, and knowing that my family were not yet expecting me, I remained and preached three times, both of the evening sermons being founded upon Hosea x, 12, "It is time to seek the Lord." Little did I imagine the scenes then transpiring at my own dwelling. Early on Monday, the 14th, I again set my face homeward.

On the morning of Thursday, the 9th, my last day in Tekama, the family scene at home had been as usual. My wife, according to her uniform custom in my absence, had assembled the household at an early hour, read the Holy Scriptures, the portion for that morning being Psalm cxlvi, bowed with her children, and commended them to God in prayer. A few hours passed in household avocations, when, while seated at her needle, she was suddenly attacked with violent illness. Medical aid was immediately called, but in vain. The disease baffled medicine, and almost from the first precluded hope. Three days of most excruciating suffering followed. On the morning of the 14th, God released her sanctified spirit and took her to himself.

My supposed great distance, and the want of knowledge of my route, prevented my being sent for, though in reality I had passed most of the time of her illness within one day's ride of home. Reaching Omaha in the afternoon, where I had expected to pass the night, I heard of her illness, and in ten minutes after of her death. A solitary but hasty night-ride of twenty-five miles brought me to my home at a late hour. Unknowingly, I passed into a room where my eyes rested upon the precious remains, before I had seen a living being about the house.

Reason remained unimpaired to the last. Under the most racking torture, perfect patience and resignation were exercised. Not a murmur escaped. Eight children were at her bedside. During the illness she had all objects removed out of sight which reminded her of unfinished plans and contemplated domestic arrangements, saying, "I shall work



no more," calmly gave directions about her household affairs, even the most minute, inquired kindly after the health of some that were indisposed, thanked attending friends for their good offices, and expressed a fear that she should be troublesome or grow impatient, gave instructions for preparations for her funeral, addressed personally each of her children present, sent her last words to the absent one, and charged all to meet her in heaven, enjoined them to be "kind to their father," left a most tender and consoling message for myself, referring to my expectation that she would survive me, "Tell him not to grieve—we shall meet soon," exclaiming near the last, "O that I could see Mr. G. once more!" From the first, her confidence was firm and repeatedly expressed. Almost the last words uttered were two lines of a hymn often sung in our family worship :

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!"

A spot was selected upon my own farm, in the border of a grove, at the distance of a few hundred yards, and in view of our residence, the deep snow was cleared away, the compass was set by my own hand, the lines marked, and the last earthly resting-place prepared. Sympathizing neighbors and friends crowded the rooms of our dwelling, while a funeral sermon, from 2 Kings xx, 1, 2, 3, was preached by my friend, Rev. John Guylee, of Council Bluffs district. The gentle and practiced hands of his excellent wife prepared the remains for interment. The last kiss was imprinted upon the "beautiful clay," and the lid was closed. A procession was formed of rude sleds, on one of which the mortal remains were borne away to the spot, the funeral service was read, and all that was mortal was deposited in the tomb to await "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God."

So passed away the thirty years' companion of my life. "I was dumb with silence; I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it."

A plain slab of Italian marble marks the last resting-place with the simple inscription :

“ A CHRISTIAN WIFE,  
AND MOTHER, AND FRIEND.”

Evergreens and roses, planted by affectionate hands, surround the spot. Adieu ! sainted one, till the resurrection morn. “ Rest, weary dust, rest !— Rest, weary spirit, with the Father of Spirits,” till his own voice shall call thee forth !

## CHAPTER XIX.

## AFTER SCENES—REVIEW.

THE scenes of the preceding chapter were followed by two months of loneliness and feeble personal health, with my motherless ones at home, and attending the bedside of one nearly related and sinking under the wastings of consumption. Only a single visit was made to my Territorial work, holding quarterly meetings at the principal points, and arranging for the approaching Conference at Omaha.

On the morning of April 14, 1859, the Conference assembled. Bishop Scott not having arrived, a president *pro tem.* was elected, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, and the Conference proceeded to business. On the morning of the second day, the Bishop appeared and took the chair. The session lasted four days. Attendance was full; reports were favorable, and all seemed full of life and vigor. On Monday afternoon the appointments were read, and Conference adjourned.

The aggregate membership this year, including probationers, was found to be three thousand, six hundred and twenty-six, an increase of more than one thousand over the previous year. The number of districts was continued as the year preceding. Sixty-nine fields of labor, inclusive of districts, appear upon the Minutes; and sixty-one preachers received appointments from the Conference.

In addition to these, the Missionary Board at New York, had, in view of the large emigration to the mining region at the base of the Rocky Mountains, appropriated from the contingent fund a sum sufficient to send laborers into that section. A separate field was constituted, under the name of Pike's Peak and Cherry Creek mission. Owing, how-

ever, to the demand for home laborers, and the domestic circumstances of the preachers, no men were found for this work, and it was left "to be supplied."

At this session resolutions were introduced requesting the General Conference to divide the Kansas and Nebraska Conference, by the Territorial line, making one Conference in Kansas and another in Nebraska. To this measure I stood in opposition alone; and, of course, yielded to the overwhelming odds against me. Time will test its wisdom. Another session of the Annual Conference was to intervene before the General Conference; but it remained unaltered, and was considered as silently reaffirmed. All my experience is against very small Conferences, except where there is reason to expect a speedy and rapid growth.

Proposals, also, were received from two different places for the establishment of an institution of learning of high grade in Nebraska Territory, and asking the fostering care of the Conference. After due consideration, the proposal from Oreapolis was accepted by the vote of a large majority.

Domestic cares, in the providential circumstances of my family, imperatively demanding for a season my personal attention, I was forced to decline further district-work; or, indeed, any appointment that should take me from home. I was, accordingly, favored with an appointment to the pastoral charge at Oreapolis, the site of our contemplated literary institution, a town then newly laid off at the mouth of the Great Platte, and contiguous to my family residence. Leavenworth, Kansas, was selected as the place of the next Conference session.

Five years had now elapsed since my first appointment to the work in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. They had been, for the most part, especially in the first-named Territory, years of struggle and sanguinary conflict, unprecedented in the history of the settlement of any previous portion of the United States. In the history of these times is manifested the wisdom of the steps taken by our Episcopal Board, sustained by the liberal policy of the

Missionary Society, and guided by the hand of Providence for the early and effective occupancy of this field. Our ministry were first on the ground in labors among the white settlers. In their feelings and sympathies they were hand in hand with the great majority of the people in all their struggles. This gave them access to the people, and an influence which was always wielded for the preservation of order, peace, and subjection to law. Decided as they were in their sentiments on the great pending issue, and fearless as they were in their avowal, still their influence was strictly conservative. A powerful religious element was thus thrown into the struggle, which had no small weight in shaping the final destiny of the country, and, meantime, holding in check the feelings of exasperation which were almost beyond control. But for this influence, the violence of the scene had doubtless been greatly increased. It was a season of imminent peril, and to some of the preachers one of personal loss and suffering; but it was borne by them with an integrity and firmness worthy of the primitive days of Methodism.

The increase of population and improvement in Nebraska, though at no time rapid, had been steady and gradual. Kansas had received a rapid influx at an early time; but it was checked by the violence of the time. No sooner, however, was there a little respite, than signs of recuperation began to appear. The wooden buildings, consumed by fire, were replaced by stone; dilapidations were repaired; a tide of population again poured in, and a general appearance of energy and activity prevailed. At the period of which I write, I suppose that the aggregate white population of the two Territories exceeded one hundred thousand souls, where five years before I had reported less than five hundred families. Thrifty and populous towns had grown up where, a few years previous, I had traveled over the smooth, unbroken surface of the prairies; and a busy population was found where all had been solitude and silence.

A Territorial Conference had been formed, and held its

first session within the limits, in little over two years from the time the first missionary was appointed to the field. The published Minutes exhibit annually a large ratio of increase in membership, save one year of trial and excitement. From a single preacher appointed to this vast field, the number had now increased to threescore effective men, scattered up and down, and laboring faithfully to plant the Church in the wilderness.

Nor had the literary culture of this growing community been left out of sight. Acting under the conviction, so clearly wrought out in the experience of the older States, that healthful education, in our country, can only succeed by the fostering aids of religion, attention was early directed to laying the foundation of future institutions of learning; while the first efforts should be wisely and vigorously put forth to secure an efficient system of common school education as the basis of all sound instruction. Sabbath schools were in successful operation all over the land; tract publications were distributed; Bible societies were established, and pursuing their beneficent and glorious work; and all the machinery of moral, social, and intellectual improvement peculiar to the day was in full, complete, and successful operation.

Thus had God placed the seal of his approbation upon the labors of his servants, crowning their efforts with present success, and placing before them the prospect of future and still increasing good, through their instrumentality, to coming generations.

Conference over, I retired to my home to await the issue of affliction then pending with threatening aspect in a department of my family near at hand, intending, meanwhile, as best I could, to serve the little flock committed to my charge. But God had other designs. A few brief weeks closed the eyes of the suffering one in the peaceful slumbers of the grave. A young and widowed one returned to the paternal home to supply, as best she might, the newly-created vacancy in the domestic household, and the family

organization was reconstructed in accordance with Providential circumstances.

Thus, in the providence of God, painful as were its steps, the way opened for a change of my field of labor, and for far more active scenes than had been contemplated. Truly, "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts." But this is reserved for a following department of this volume.





PART III.



EXPLORING TOUR

TO THE

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

## NOTE.

THE matter of the third part is made up from a series of letters written from the Mining region, while on a tour planned by the appointing power of the Church, for the purpose of exploring and temporary organization, preparatory to sending a regular supply of ministers. They appeared in one of the weekly journals of the Church. Subjoined is the second quarterly report, presenting, in part, the results of the exploration.

## EXPLORING TOUR TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

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### LETTER I.

#### THE START.

APRIL of the present year, 1859, found the members of Kansas and Nebraska Conference assembled at the capital of the latter Territory, attending upon the labors of an Annual Conference session. Bishop Scott was in his place in the Conference-room and in his council, performing the duties of his office with his wonted urbanity and cheerfulness. The body of preachers present from both Territories composed a Conference respectable for numbers and strength, who had been gathered together in the brief space of five years with unit as a beginning; courteous, active, harmonious; cheered with the success of the past, and vigorously preparing for another campaign. A new, and hitherto unanticipated class of circumstances surrounded me. "The hand of God had touched me." Two lonely months of solitude and partial suspension of accustomed labor had intervened. Dependent and helpless ones at home were the objects of deep solicitude. Further district labors were declined as impracticable; and the gloomy thought of temporary retirement from the active field was haunting me as a dire necessity; unspoken as yet, awaiting Providential indications.

A new subject of interest was engaging the attention of the Bishop and his Council, as well as of the members of the Conference generally. The golden treasures beginning to be revealed in the region of the Rocky Mountains, were

inviting large numbers of our citizens and many of our Church members to these inhospitable and hitherto unfrequented parts. The Church, faithful to her pioneer calling, had already, through the proper authorities, said, "The Gospel must be sent there, our brethren must have the Word of life, the new community must be evangelized." A new and vast enlargement was thus to be made to our already-extended field of labor, and the cry was sounded, "Who will go for us?" but, amid the home demands for laborers and the numerous and pressing engagements of the ministers, official and private, sounded in vain, and in that silence the writer participated, little dreaming of the real future. The subject at length came up for definite action in the council; still no response. The Bishop, as if by sudden impulse, made a personal appeal to him who now occupies his camp at the base of these Alpine heights. The thought flashed over my mind, "I should like to go." The recollection of past frontier scenes was called up, and the blessing of God that had followed a faith weak, though adventurous, with a desire to strike one more blow for God and the Church in the "regions beyond," ere the weapons of itinerancy were laid down. The suggestion was strongly seconded by brethren present. Strangely, it might seem, it was entertained by myself. Time was asked for reflection during the Sabbath then at hand. Some preliminaries were contingently arranged. The first hour of retirement was devoted to the subject. Conflicting claims, and calls, and ties were brought together; an effort was made to balance them; the domestic preponderated; "I can't go," was the prompt decision. Monday morning came; this decision was communicated; "Pike's Peak and Cherry Creek mission" was set down "to be supplied" from some other Conference, and its proposed incumbent received by the kindness of the appointing power a small station—rather the privilege of forming one—leaving him at liberty to conform his labors to his circumstances.

Conference adjourned. Brethren shook hands, breathed

a prayer for each other, and separated for their distant fields of labor. Home was visited, bereft as it was of what mainly constitutes a *home*. Other Providential changes followed in rapid succession, which, painful as they were in themselves, nevertheless opened the way to an acceptance of the proposed work. The stream of emigration was rolling by me daily, and the desire revived to go, to spend a season on the Plains, in the mountain solitudes, and the camps of the miners. The seat of Missouri Conference, then in session, was visited, and the place was found yet unfilled by the Bishop. A proposal was made, time again taken for consideration several days, and after final adjournment, about the hour of midnight, the appointment was made out, and the requisite papers placed in my hands. The instructions of a former tour of exploration were, *mutato nomine*, renewed.

At early dawn of the succeeding morning, the good Bishop took the train East. The day, with a judicious friend, was spent in the busy streets of St. Joe, examining wagons, mules, harness, etc., and nightfall found the new appointee possessed of a substantial vehicle adapted to the Plains, and four sturdy animals with suitable equipage. The next morning the whip was cracked, a clerical friend, better skilled in that species of engineering than myself, kindly taking the lines for the first hundred miles; in which time, by his careful lessons, I was so far initiated as to venture to steer the remaining twenty to my Glenwood home.

A trip to the Territory followed. Rev. J. Adriance, junior preacher upon Rock Bluff mission, had been granted me as an associate. He was sought for and found in place on his work, and readily assented. A brief space was employed in "setting the house in order," and the almost inconceivable details, purchases, fittings up, etc., that go to make up a complete outfit for the Plains, embracing the entire trip, stay, and return. A day was fixed for starting.

Meanwhile the great *stampede* was taking place. Multitudes in "the States," allured by the reports, had resolved

to visit the place where gold could be gathered from the brooks and the sands without measure, enrich themselves at once, and through the remainder of life enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*. The golden vision flitted before their eyes, and obscured all else. Money was borrowed; lands were sold or mortgaged; other property sacrificed; wife and children placed upon a scanty allowance, to live upon the hope of future abundance; and fathers, brothers, and sons were *en route* for Pike's Peak. Banners floated, revolvers were flourished; the pick and pan were ostentatiously displayed as emblems of future and certain acquisition; and light and merry hearts sang or whistled along the westward roads.

I will not say that the entire emigration was of this cast. Some were thoughtful, considerate, prudent men—men who, under other circumstances, might have succeeded; but the great mass were inconsiderate, rash, and reckless, with indifferent teams, poor, crazy wagons, and almost without harness. A large number of men actually harnessed themselves to hand-carts, as beasts of burden, to draw their tools, provisions, and equipage, almost a thousand miles over an uninhabited plain; some undertook the journey with wheelbarrows, while not a few hazarded the entire trip, from some of the more remote States, on foot, lugging their tent-poles and scanty supplies upon their shoulders. Such a scene is not witnessed once in a century. Ill-provided, only intent on reaching the El Dorado, and little thinking how life was to be sustained there! Add to this, that one of the articles most uniformly thought of and carefully provided was a supply of the “ardent,” to serve as a substitute in all other deficiencies, and frequently gaming apparatus with which to sport over their golden acquisitions.

It is computed that, during the months of April and May, one hundred thousand persons crossed the Missouri River. Some went nearly through, others half-way, but by far the larger number only a short distance into the Territory, encountering severe rains, snow-storms, and other

hardships and exposures. Enough, however, reached Cherry Creek to produce a heavy pressure upon the few inhabitants there. Provisions were scarce. No employment for hire. The Cherry Creek diggings were yielding unsatisfactory returns. The mountain treasures, as yet covered with snow and undiscovered—though some hardy adventurers were even then prospecting in the mountains—the great mass were indisposed to “prospect,” or to labor in any way. They became restless and disorderly; accused those who had preceded them of having humbugged and deceived them by false publications and representations, and threatened violence upon all the settlers. This state of excitement was carried to its *acme* by the arrival of a man brought in upon one of the southern routes, in a state of insanity, who had actually eaten, in part, the carcasses of two of his own brothers, one of whom, it was supposed, he had killed for the purpose. Spaniards, Mexicans, and all were commingled. The citizens were alarmed. In the extremity Indian aid was resorted to, and made ready to be used for protection, should the emergency require it. This came to the knowledge of the lawless throng. All in a little time was quieted; the excitement subsided; the malcontents started for home, many of them begging their way, and all carrying the most doleful reports of “no gold,” “humbug,” famine, murder, etc. Men were met with reports of their own death by those who averred that they themselves had done the deed, or participated in it. One saw his own grave and epitaph in several different places. Pike’s Peak banners were exchanged for pictures of “the elephant,” and other emblems and mottoes of defeat equally significant. Party after party was turned back in succession, till eventually almost the whole mass had set their faces toward the rising sun; and even the few who had the fortitude to persevere had to haul down the Pike’s Peak flag, and hang out for “California,” to protect them from insult and injury. The vast crowd passed on, lingering awhile in groups about the crossing of the Missouri River, drinking, carousing, threatening to

burn the border towns, where they had obtained their supplies, and actually intimidating the inhabitants, till, the gas being expended, they recrossed the river and quietly returned to their homes.

Such was the state of things intervening between my appointment and start. The *stampede* was then passing by me. An entire stop was put to the spirit of emigration. I even failed, by one, to make up my own intended company. Of course, the anxiety of friends was aroused with reference to our enterprise. "Will he go?" was the inquiry made of others, and occasionally of myself. The reply was, "I shall start, the Lord willing, and not turn back till I see and know a cause." Little opposition or remonstrance was directly made to myself, but now and then I could hear it indirectly. And even when silent, I thought I could see written in the expression of countenance, "folly," "rashness," "utterly useless." A half-way trip and early return were predicted. And even some of my ministerial brethren, I believe, joined in the sentiment, "Better give it up."

Meanwhile silently went on our preparation. The day came; all were ready; my young colleague, the teamster, and myself. The load was adjusted, team harnessed; a few neighbors came together to see us off. All were assembled; "Rock of Ages" sung with an accompaniment; prayer offered; leave taken; the driver's box mounted; and night-fall found us over the Missouri River, encamped in the outskirts of the village of Plattesmouth; banner out "For the Mines."



## LETTER II.

## MISSOURI RIVER TO FORT KEARNEY.

THE second morning was bright and cheerful. An early breakfast was taken under the roof of a clerical friend, and a little further time spent in preparation before leaving "the settlements." In due time we were off, all in good condition, bade adieu to civilization, and fairly committed ourselves to the "Plains." Plattsmouth, the point at which we crossed, is some two miles below the mouth of the Great Platte, or Nebraska River.

The road, for the first hundred miles, bears off from the river, making a tortuous course in compliance with the "divides" or separating ridges, and avoiding the gulches and ravines. Thirty miles of travel brings us to Salt Creek, a stream of perhaps one hundred feet wide, crossed upon a toll bridge, the largest stream on this route from the Missouri to the mines, and the only toll or ferriage. A few miles east of this point we intersect the road from Nebraska City, and fall into the great line of travel. Thus far are scattering settlements on the banks of small streams, some fine-looking lands, and in some places a tolerable supply of timber. Salt Creek is the terminus of white settlement. Upon the banks of this stream, it is said, gold has been found; but probably more reliance is to be placed upon the salt springs found higher up, which will, it is supposed, one day be worked with profit, and supply the country with that indispensable. The water of the creek is so strongly impregnated as to be unfit for drinking when low. On the bank of this stream, during the excitement of last Spring, was found the body of Mr. Carpenter, from our neighboring town of Tabor, Iowa, and his mule, both

shot and thrown into a slough. Here we learned that the Pawnee Indians were attempting to stampede teams at night, with a view to stealing them. From this point we guarded our team, under arms, all through every night of our outward trip, less, however, from apprehension of Indian depredations than of white. Here, for the first, we take in water and fuel, the latter for sixty miles, and pass through a timberless region to Elm Creek, a small stream, noted only as the great rendezvous of the malcontent emigrants, and the point from which many reversed their course. Here it was that they held their tumultuous meetings and concocted their plans of threatened vengeance upon the border towns. It is familiarly known as "the Turn Table," or "Elephant City." A few have remained, done some breaking, and are making efforts at a permanent settlement. It is a fine spot, *minus* timber. We are now in the valley of the Great Platte; about ten miles further on, our road strikes the river, and never leaves it again more than a few miles, till we reach Cherry Creek. About forty miles further, brings us to the site of an old Pawnee village. Nothing of interest remains to be seen except a lone grave, probably of some chief or noted brave, surrounded by pony-skulls, placed circularly with great precision. These seem to have been sacredly regarded by travelers, and left uninterruptedly in their position. Passed, near this place, two companies of United States Artillery from Fort Kearney, bound for Minnesota, and subsequently a detachment of Cavalry, *en route* for Nebraska City, to guard Government teams out. Why the necessity of a military escort, we did not learn. From this point to Fort Kearney, the road continues in the bottom, now touching the river and then winding off to the bluffs, a distance of from three to five miles. At a few points the bluffs touch the river.

Up to Fort Kearney the soil of the valley is good, and nothing to prevent a profitable settlement save the want of timber. Platte River is spread out over a space of about a mile in width, shallow and rapid, wholly unfit for naviga-

tion, except as it has afforded to some of the Pike's Peakers a transit, at its present high stage, in light-made crafts, hastily constructed, frequently requiring to be hauled off from the shoals, and occasionally drowning a luckless passenger in some unexpected depth, washed out by its rapid current. But let none henceforth pronounce the Great Platte a "worthless stream," as many have done, and the writer among them; but he takes it all back and would fain apologize to the noble river. God has made nothing in vain. No man who has once followed up its windings, traversed the beautiful natural highway opened up its valley, equal to one of our Eastern turnpikes, linking together the two halves of our continent, and drank of its sweet and wholesome waters, a constant supply for the whole route, can call it *useless*. This river, with its two branches, probably affords on its banks more continuous miles of good natural highway than any other stream in the known world, thus indicating, from the hand of Providence, a route for the great railroad connection with the Pacific, whenever our National Legislature shall find time to attend to a matter of *so small concern*. The monotony of the scenery for some hundreds of miles is greatly relieved by the thousands of beautiful islands that crowd its bosom, covered with timber varying in size and character, but generally small. Considerable cedar is found, but neither in dimensions nor quantity for railroad construction, as has been alleged. From these islands fuel is obtained by emigrants, scarcely any being found upon the mainland. Occasionally a good spring of water is met with, and still more rarely a small running brook. Water is easily obtained by digging a few feet, and in many places it abounds in sloughs. But this is said to be strongly impregnated with *alkali*, productive of sickness, and often fatal to stock: hence the more prudent and cautious confine themselves to the waters of the Platte, keeping the water cask well filled for an emergency. The water is palatable, increasing in coldness as you approach the mountains. It contains glittering particles, said

to be *mica* or isinglass stone, but which my unpracticed eye would not distinguish from gold dust, thus alluring on the future miner with golden hopes.

Fort Kearney is situated in the open plain, a short distance from the Platte River, about two hundred miles from its junction with the Missouri. There is nothing bold or commanding in its position, as with our military posts generally. Such sites are not to be found on the Plains, the bald bluffs being unsightly and ill-adapted. The buildings are inferior to those at most of our posts on the Western frontier, though no doubt erected at great expense, from the great cost of transporting materials. Uncle Sam's operations are all expensive, and none perhaps more so than in the military department.

We still meet from ten to twenty wagons per day of returning miners, looking sadly cowed, and seeming almost offended when they learn our destination. They appear to regard it as a virtual impeachment of their judgment or fortitude, if not indeed of their veracity, supposing us, too, to be in search of gold. Some sigh, and wish us "better luck" than they had. Others pass with a slight contemptuous remark or a significant curl of the lip, which seems to say, "What simpletons!" To those "heading for the mines" we generally explain our object and seek to pave our way; to the retreating body we make few explanations. For some days past we have seen antelopes in considerable numbers, but their wariness renders it difficult to get a shot.

A little incident occurred at Fort Kearney illustrative of the doggedly-obstinate manner in which some seem disposed to resist all evidence of Western discoveries, however well attested, equal at least to the antipodal credulity of the worst humbugged Pike's Peakers. Desirous of obtaining in my progress every possible item of reliable information, I have taken occasion to converse with intelligent men, as I have met them. In conversation with some army officers, as I took them to be, on the way, I was advised to call on Major —, commanding officer at the Fort. Finding my-

self accidentally near the Major, I introduced myself, stated my objects, and inquired for the latest items of information from the mining district. A pompous, military swell was put on, and the Major, instead of answering my question, commenced giving his "opinions from the first"—"A grand humbug"—"An *extenuation* [pardon his English, he came up from the ranks] of the Kansas swindle"—"Designed to act upon the Presidential election of 1860"—with more of the same sort. I inquired if Mr. Greeley had passed on by that route. "Did n't know; probably he had; Greeley was one of the movers in the Kansas swindle; likely to be out on that business." Politely dissenting from some of the Major's opinions, and questioning some of his geographical *facts*, I bade him "good-by." Let not this be taken as a specimen of the intelligence and urbanity of our military men. It has been my lot to visit nearly all of the military posts upon our Western frontier, and no where have I met a more bland, gentlemanly, and courteous class of men than our army officers. But there are exceptions.

## LETTER III.

## FORT KEARNEY TO GREAT CROSSING.

FORT KEARNEY is passed. We are now about two hundred miles out upon the Plains, still wending our way up the Great Platte. Twelve miles east of the Fort we intersected the military road from Leavenworth and St. Joe; and from that point to the crossing, about a hundred miles, we are upon the Great Salt Lake thoroughfare, crowded with Government teams, emigrants to California, Oregon—few to this place this year—Salt Lake, the mines and other parts, frequently with large herds of cattle. It is difficult for one who has not witnessed it, to conceive the bustle and excitement now found upon the Plains. One of the most imposing spectacles is a Government train, composed of twenty-six large, heavy-freighted wagons, with six yokes of oxen each, and attendant conductors, extra hands, loose oxen, mules, etc. Seen at a distance on the Plains it presents the appearance of a village and line of houses. Two or three times in twenty-four hours they go into *coralle*, a circle formed by the wagons, turn the teams loose to graze, under the care of a herdsman, while the men prepare and take their meals. Into this circle the cattle are driven to receive the yokes again. A train in motion will usually occupy half a mile of road, and they are almost constantly in sight. It is something of a feat to pass one when traveling in the same direction, and requires considerable time, from our being thrown out of the beaten road. This immense business is principally in the hands of Majors & Russell, the one of Nebraska City, the other of Leavenworth, the two great depots of Government stores.

The buffalo range is now fairly entered. Carcasses were

occasionally seen below the Fort ; now the road is literally lined with them, producing a disagreeable stench, and frightening our team. They are seen in herds of thousands. Now they are crossing the river in crowds from north to south, and are easily killed, as they come fatigued out of the water. I know not why they should have disappeared at our approach, unless it be that a large train of emigrant wagons—Mormons I suppose—has been passing up on the other side of the river opposite us, and has probably intercepted them. So it is, we have made the entire trip without seeing one live buffalo. A party just in advance of us killed nine one morning, and we came up in time to share the flesh. On this part of the route the “buffalo chips” are largely used for fuel in preparing food ; but *not by us*.\*

Along here we first meet with that singular institution, known as “dog towns,” which continue to be found all the way up. I had read Mr. Gregg’s description of them in his lively work on the “Commerce of the Prairies,” but always made some allowance for his imagination. I found his picture not overdrawn. The town covers a space of some acres, more or less. The habitations are prepared by burrowing holes in the earth, with a little hillock thrown up at the entrance of each, upon which the diminutive quadruped seats himself near the entrance of his domicile, and barks most fiercely at the passing intruder, taking care to retreat speedily into his burrow if hostile demonstrations are made. Their habits are gregarious ; but what is most singular is, that they have associates quite different from themselves in character. A small species of owl is an almost uniform companion and fellow-lodger. Rattlesnakes, too, abound among them, whether tolerated in their communities as friends, or mere loafers, forcibly quartering

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\* More successful on our return. Had a fine buffalo hunt. We—that is, my gun, and my powder and balls, in the hands of another—brought down several. We witnessed the whole scene, and obtained a *quantum sufficit* of the flesh.

themselves for predatory purposes, I have not been able to learn. So it is, we were cautioned on this account against camping in their vicinity, but generally forgot the admonition. A lady in a train we met with, was induced by some men to try the experiment of making broth of one they had killed, but described it as rather a repulsive offering to the palate. Rattlesnakes are found all the way. Our men often leaped from the wagon, and gave evidence of the inveterate enmity of the races by summary destruction, but I believe I have myself deprived nothing of life on the way, save an occasional musketo.

About eighty miles from the Fort is Cottonwood Springs, a trading-post and notable watering-place, with cedar wood in the bluffs. Forty miles further is O'Fallon's Bluff, a mail station and trading-post. There the supply of timber, even from the islands, fails, and we laid in wood, with the cedar obtained below, for one hundred and fifty miles, part of which we hauled three hundred, a small amount sufficing for our excellent stove. Some distance below this is the junction of North and South Platte, and we begin to ascend the latter. From an elevated point near, I am told that the timber upon the head waters of the Kansas River may be seen. As we advance, the quality of the soil deteriorates rapidly. Some lands about Kearney are being broken, and may produce tolerably, but in a little way they become sandy and sterile, timberless, and unfit for cultivation, adapted apparently to a great highway, connecting the two disjointed sections of a mighty continent, and to nothing else. Grass for teams is had in the low grounds upon the river.

About O'Fallon's Bluff, we exchanged our Pawnees for Sioux, whose lands we had now entered. They are the deadly enemies of the Pawnees, and are more manly and warlike in appearance, and better equipped. The Pawnees dread the Sioux; their very name is a terror to them. One morning two fine-looking Sioux, well mounted and equipped, rode up to our camp, and accused, as far as we



could understand, the Pawnees with having stolen sixteen of their ponies. We learn that a party of them have lately killed some ten or twelve Pawnees. They seem to be tending toward the Pawnee lands in considerable numbers, and probably are for war. When not engaged in war or hunting, they are like other Indians, lazy and lounging. Two lusty fellows of them at one time were disposed to take liberties of this kind about our camp to rather a disagreeable extent. I bore with them for a time, and at length summarily checked them up, upon which they soon disappeared. They can only be managed by promptness and decision.

About forty miles more brings us to the point where the great Salt Lake road crosses the South Platte. Arrived here, we found a vast throng of wagons, tents, and herds of cattle, men, women, and children, lining the banks of the river for miles on either side, while the volume of dust arising on the opposite side marked the onward course of the crowd that had already made the passage. The river being still swollen, and here, perhaps, one-third of a mile in width, we witnessed a motley scene of fording, wading, swimming, hauling out backward, etc. Wagon beds were propped up by blocks, to keep them above water, and many other expedients resorted to, often in vain; the drenching process had to be endured. A party of Pike's Peakers, coming down in a little craft, have, we learn, stopped and hired out their boat to the restless emigrants at the moderate rate of thirty dollars per day, for ferrying purposes; rather better than digging gold had proved to be to them. At the crossing are several cabins, a trading-house, etc., with good well water. Whisky abundant; terms generally posted up. Here it is "from five to eight dollars per gallon, according to quality"—that is, I suppose, with more or less strychnine—"twenty-five cents a drink." Much liquor is carried out in the form of alcohol or "high wines," as they call it, and diluted for sale.

Our team has performed well; passing every train on the road. A single wagon only has left us behind. The team

consisted of six noble mules. The loading was in barrels, for the mountain trade about Fort Laramie, and we may guess the contents. The proprietor seemed to keep pretty well under the influence of his staple; and inwardly and outwardly there was a propelling power with which we could not compete. We are frequently applied to for liquor, and now and then for cards. My two juniors say that they are occasionally invited to drink; but this act of hospitality has not yet been tendered to me.

Emigrants on this route, to their praise be it said, generally stop on the Sabbath. We had an interesting opportunity of preaching on the Sabbath that occurred upon this section of our journey—brother A. at one point, and myself at another. My congregation was made up from several encampments and a *coralle* of Government teams. One of the regulations of Majors & Russell is that their teams lie by on the Sabbath. Profanity and drunkenness are also interdicted among their employés, on pain of dismissal. They have an excellent moral code for the government of their men—one that, no doubt, contributes greatly to their pecuniary safety and success in managing so extended a concern. In this valley, also, I enjoyed an interesting season of devotion, one week-day morning, with a company of our own Church from Tennessee and Missouri, *en route* for Oregon. Such seasons are refreshing so far from home and social privileges. Here we take leave of the great Salt Lake road, and still keep up on the south side of the South Platte. We are now out some three hundred and fifty miles.

## LETTER IV.

## GREAT CROSSING TO CHERRY CREEK.

WE have now left the great thoroughfare, and with it all that pertains to California, Oregon, Salt Lake, Laramie, Government trains, and all. We are wending our way up the valley on the south side of South Platte, over a less frequented but still plain and well-beaten track, pointing direct to Cherry Creek. All we now hear of is Pike's Peak, the mines, the mountains, the diggings; all we see are bound thither, or returning, for still the backward march is kept up at the rate of ten, twenty, thirty, forty wagons per day. The news still brightens. Gregory's diggings have been discovered; it is said they "pay." Others are prospecting in the mountains in great numbers; some claims are sold high; provisions are plenty, order good. Horace Greeley has been at the mines, and made them an encouraging speech. The homeward-bound no longer insult you, but answer all questions with civility. Still, they are desponding. They doubt, after all, whether it is not a trick of speculation; they have not been to the mountains themselves, but discredit the statements; the grounds have been "salted"—gold dust scattered to deceive; a few are making money, but it is "no place for a poor man." At all events, they have bid adieu to the miner's life and prospects, and are "bound for America," home, wife, and children. All well; better have staid there.

I have already described the country upon our last section of road as poor, unfit for cultivation or residence. It now becomes absolutely worthless, and even repulsive in its features. It is true the road is fine, except in intervals of deep sand; the South Platte rolls majestically along with its

sweet supply, becoming daily cooler and more refreshing as we approach its sources in the mountain snows; vast plains spread out before the eye; the atmosphere is salubrious, and the sun shines brightly; but it shines upon an arid, sterile desert, producing no sustenance for man, and scarcely any for beast, save in small, isolated spots, upon the low banks of the river, approached only at the hazard of a battle with the musketoos; for we have not yet passed the boundaries of musketodom. The surface, though sandy, is hard and crusted; so rough and uneven with small tufts and protuberances as to make it difficult to drive a wagon over it till broken by travel, and absolutely impossible to find a spot on which the human frame may rest with comfort. There is a slight show of vegetation, but in kind and quantity only a mockery, except the low spots referred to. Thousands upon thousands of acres are covered with the loathsome prickly-pear; no green tree, and scarcely a shrub to relieve the eye; and, to complete the picture, the bed of every stream, save one or two, dry; a ford of deep sand, taxing the poor mules to their utmost with the draught.

In the midst of these scenes I passed my fifty-second birthday. It was a Sabbath. I remained in camp; read, thought, prayed. My library for the Plains is not large, but select. The catalogue is as follows: Bible, Hymn-Book, Discipline, Wesley's Sermons, Mason's Self-Knowledge, my faithful companions at home and abroad. Near by was a camp of jolly Missourians, and others, keeping the Sabbath also. They had a fiddle, banjo, rattle-bones, guns, revolvers, whisky, and other requisites for "a good time, generally." In all my frontier work and intercourse, I have endeavored to keep to the maxim quoted with approbation by Mr. Wesley, and long ago copied by me among the mottoes that daily meet my eye in the old portfolio in which I now write: "*Homo sum—humanum nihil a me alienum puto.*"

Acting upon this principle I visited their encampment, conversed freely a few moments, passed no direct censure,

found two sick men, tendered them aid and medicine, and returned to camp. In the afternoon they sent a deputation to invite me to preach to them. I readily consented, and an hour after had—to myself at least—a comfortable season in inviting the “laboring and heavy laden” to come to Christ, felt my heart strongly drawn out in my work, found the children of pious parents, spent considerable part of the afternoon with them, they cheerfully uniting in singing the “songs of Zion in that strange land.” All was orderly and quiet. We parted. I met them afterward at the mines, and they seemed to feel that they had found a friend.

On this stretch of road we met Russell & Jones’s Express, with fourteen wagons and about one hundred mules, being part of the stock which they are moving from the Smoky Hill route to this, for a supply of water, after a vain effort to establish that route.

We were favored with cool weather in the first half of our travel, but upon this part of the way it has been oppressively hot. The reflection upon the sands increases the intensity. I had not reposed under the shade of a single tree since I entered the Plains. While vainly trying to screen myself under the shade of the wagon, as I watched the grazing mules at noonday, I thought of Virgil’s

“*Tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi ;*”

and then again :

“*Nos patriam fugimus ; nos dulcia linquimus arva.*”

For a moment I almost envied my brethren in their shady retreats ; but, thought I, they too have their peculiar trials, from which in these solitudes I am exempted. I was content and thankful.

We are now among another tribe of Indians, the Cheyennes. They are passing down in great numbers, as if making some general removal, with women, children, and effects. Their mode of traveling was somewhat novel to me. Instead of packing all upon the backs of their ponies, they use the draft. The tent poles, ten or twenty in number,

and about fifteen feet long, neatly trimmed, are fastened near one end to the back of a pony, the other ends carefully adjusted and spread out at different angles, so as to cover considerable space as they rest upon the ground. About midway of these the baggage is placed, and the pony trails the load along, not unfrequently displaying considerable freaks in his course, driven without bridle or halter, by a squaw or boy on another pony. Sometimes, instead of baggage, a mat bed is placed on the poles, a kind of palanquin is constructed over it, and a person aged or infirm, I suppose, or a squad of papooses, ride with all the grace and spring of one of our own elliptics. They are great beggars, especially for something to eat. Unable to make themselves understood by words, they open their mouths and make signs indicative of filling them. The men, in most instances, we do not encourage, but the women and children, who stood modest and silent, and only *looked* their wants, we could not pass by.

Antelopes here are abundant; their flesh affords a grateful change from the monotony of camp diet. Wolves pay us an occasional nightly visit, but a shot from the revolver, always at hand, disperses them. About one hundred miles from the Crossing brings us to Beaver Creek, a small, fresh-looking stream. On an island in the river near stands a lone tree, in the top of which is said to be placed the body of an Indian, distinguished by this mode of sepulchral honor. I approached as near as I could for the stream, but the branches intercepted my view. In thirty miles more we reach Fremont's Orchard, a beautiful spot, noted as a camping-ground. Its name is indicative of the size and shape of the trees and the appearance of the grove from a distance. Many places on the route bear the name of the distinguished mountaineer. For the last two hundred and fifty miles, I suppose all the timber in sight on the mainland would not cover one section. From this point the supply upon the river improves, though still scanty.

A reach of forty miles brings us to old St. Vrain's Fort,

near which we spent a quiet Sabbath. I inquired its history from a white man, whom I found seated in his lodge with his two squaws and a lot of papooses. He says it was built by Colonel Bent, for trading purposes. St. Vrain became his partner, and it took his name, thus distinguishing it from two forts on the Arkansas that bear the same name of Bent, "Old" and "New." On Monday morning we examined it. It covers an area of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet square, walls and buildings of *adobe*, walls from ten to fifteen feet high, sufficient to garrison two hundred men. Projections at the corners—I forget the military name—with port-holes to rake the walls with a shot. Has been a place of considerable strength, now abandoned and in decay. Adobe formed from this soil resists the weather better than any I have seen elsewhere. Seven miles further is Fort Lancaster, a similar structure, but smaller and more decayed. In another seven miles is Lupin's Fort, of the same kind; this is occupied by a ranche. A few miles further up passed a cabin, saw a man plowing and some poultry feeding, reminding us that we were not quite "out of humanity's reach." We are now among the Arapahoe Indians.

For several days we have been in sight of the Rocky Mountains, with their snow-clad summits. The first seen is Long's Peak, seventy miles distant. The view is grand and majestic. Another stretch and "Pike's Peak" is gained—rather, Cherry Creek. We are in Denver and Auraria. The *cognomen* of Pike's Peak is lost.

## LETTER V.

DENVER—AURARIA—OTHER TOWNS—MINING  
REGION—INDIANS.

DENVER CITY and Auraria are situated, the former below and the latter above the mouth of Cherry Creek, which is here only a dry, sandy channel all this season, though it affords running water further up.\* They are, of course, rival cities. Each has about one hundred and fifty houses and shanties of different grade; generally of pine or cottonwood logs, earth-covered, and floorless, with a few respectable frame buildings. Denver is now taking the lead in improvements. A number of good buildings is being erected. Each has its hotel, store, groceries, mechanic shops, and liquor stands in abundance. The Pollock House, in Auraria, is kept in a comfortable and orderly manner by a gentlemanly proprietor. He has opened a large upper room for public worship. Each has its post-office, claiming to be the only authorized United States post-office in the country, while some deny the legality of both. Each does an immense business in receiving and forwarding letters, making its own extra charges for express carriage, posting written lists of letters, etc.

Gambling is carried on on a large scale, and in various forms, in Denver, perhaps in Auraria also, though less openly. The towns constitute the places of arrival and departure, and consequently congregate the unemployed and vicious. There are many worthy and reliable residents, but the better part of the population is in the mines. Still,

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\* The entire channel of Cherry Creek is now built over, and the two rival places are united as one city, under the common name of Denver. 1863.



the general state of society is orderly and quiet; no civil man need fear interruption. These places will probably continue to constitute the head-quarters for the mining region, though efforts are being made to draw emigration immediately to the base of the mountains, by the establishment of a free ferry below. Lots in Denver sell at from thirty to four hundred dollars.

Montania, about six miles above Cherry Creek, consists of about twenty vacated cabins. This was the seat of some early mining operations, and considerable time and labor have been expended in prospecting, ditching, etc.; but the diggings upon the Platte and Cherry Creek are now almost entirely abandoned for those in the mountains. Douglas City is placed by the maps below some distance; but we have to return it *non est inventus*. Golden City, Arapahoe, and Rocky Mountain City, *alias* Golden Gate, are at the foot of the mountain, and consist mainly, as yet, of assemblages of booths, tents, and wagons, used indiscriminately for purposes of residence or of business. Boulder City is at the base, some twenty miles lower down. Mountain City is at Gregory's diggings, with about one hundred cabins and innumerable structures of the lighter kind. The South Platte here does not exceed one hundred yards in width, and is easily fordable at low water. There are a good bridge and a good ferry, each with moderate charges. The first aspect of Denver and Auraria is unexpectedly pleasant to the weary Pike's Peaker, and the accommodations quite beyond expectation. Some six or eight small steam saw-mills are at work at various points; hitherto, the lumber for building sluices, etc., has mostly been prepared by the whip-saw and broad-ax.

The Fourth of July was an interesting day in Denver, the first Rocky Mountain celebration of our National Independence. A few days previous I was invited by my friend, Gen. Larimer, formerly of Pittsburg, and late of Nebraska Territory, to attend and participate. The exercises were opened with prayer; the Declaration was read, followed by

a chaste and appropriate oration; intervals were enlivened by music from a band; and all closed with the benediction. No drinking, swearing, carousing—all orderly and quiet.

The mountain range here presents two separate and parallel ridges, say forty or fifty miles distant from each other; encircled between is what is called the "Middle Park," or "Old Park," in the form of a hollow square. Here is the source of Grand River, or Rio Colorado, which forms at its mouth the Gulf of California. Above and below are "South Park" and "North Park," similarly environed by the mountains. The summit of the eastern ridge is the recognized line between Utah on the west and Kansas and Nebraska east. These summits are regions of perpetual snow. The course of the Platte here is a little east of north, and that of the mountains bears slightly west of north; thus deviating somewhat from a parallel, and widening the intervening space as you go north. Taking Denver and Auraria as the starting-point, it is about fifteen miles to the mountain base. From this to the eastern summit is about forty miles. About half-way up are the principal mountain diggings now worked, ranging through a space of about forty miles from north to south; so that they are about twenty miles from the Utah line. The latitude of Cherry Creek—Denver and Auraria—is thirty-nine degrees, forty-three minutes, fifty-three seconds. The line dividing Kansas and Nebraska is the fortieth parallel. This would fix Denver and Auraria a little over one-fourth of a degree south of the Nebraska line, and embrace nearly or quite all the present diggings in Kansas. Boulder diggings must be near the line. Some of the recent alleged discoveries are in Nebraska, and a vast field to be explored. The elevation at the base of the mountains is from six to seven thousand feet above tide water, or about five thousand above the country upon the more contiguous points of Missouri River, making an average descent of nearly nine feet per mile. The mining region is mainly watered by Vasquer's Fork, or

Clear Creek, with its small tributaries. It is a rocky, rapid, and almost unfordable mountain current of sixty to one hundred feet wide. It is bridged at several points. The country upon the Platte, for miles up and down, as well as at the base of the mountains, is literally lined with ranches, tents, and wagons, and peopled with human beings.

Soon after our arrival, news was received of the murder of two men in the mountains by the Utah Indians—Mr. Kennedy, of our neighboring town of Plattsmouth, N. T., and Dr. Shank, late of Council Bluffs. I have since, in the mountains, had a detail of the circumstances from Mr. Slaughter, who was with them, and himself narrowly escaped with life. His statement is before the public. An expedition was hastily gotten up of miners, with the aid of a band of Arapahoes, to go out and chastise them; but it was ill-planned, ill-provisioned, ill-manned, and ended in a general carousal on or near the Snowy Ridge. Several explanations are given. Some say that the Utes are armed and instigated by the Mormons. Others believe that the whole thing was a mere *ruse* of the Arapahoes, to embroil the whites with the Utes, and thereby secure aid against their deadly enemies; that the offending Indians were really Arapahoes and not Utes. Certain it is, that the two tribes are exceedingly hostile to each other. The Utes—a mean and treacherous tribe—are the superiors in numbers, horsemanship, and knowledge of the mountain passes, where all the fighting is done, and always come off best. Efforts have been made before to enlist the whites against them. But all this is a conjecture.\* The Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes are decidedly a better class of Indians, and exhibit more of competence and comfort than the indigenous tribes nearer the State lines. From long intercourse with most of our Western tribes, I am able to communicate by words and signs with an Indian of almost any tribe.

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\* P. S. *at home*. A mountaineer of a party that went out to bury the bodies, has, I see, pronounced the scalping "Arapahoe work."

## LETTER VI.

STAY UPON SOUTH PLATTE—REMOVAL TO THE  
BASE—MULE RIDE UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

ARRIVED at Denver and Auraria, we soon found ourselves recognized and surrounded by acquaintances, with eager inquiries for friends at home, and on the way; ours being the latest and speediest arrival from the States. And, indeed, these scenes of recognition have been repeated every-where, by friends and not friends; those of good and of evil report, whom we had known elsewhere. But it has long been a settled rule with me to regard and treat every man in the character he bears in the community where he now resides, and not in that previously borne. Let by-gones be by-gones. If a man is trying to assume a better character, encourage him, unless in the few cases where duty requires an exposure. I must in justice say, however, that the great body of Rocky Mountain miners and settlers are intelligent and worthy men.

Our first object was to find sustenance for our jaded animals. For this we were compelled to go some four miles up the Platte. Here we encamped with the design of resting. But our resting spell was taken up in repairs, overhauling baggage, attention to team, and sundry camp duties, correspondence, etc.; at intervals, spending what time we could in the towns, gathering items, forming acquaintances, and preparations for our further work. The first Sabbath after our arrival we had notices out for preaching in the towns, morning and afternoon, and an interest seemed to be felt in the matter. But no one was sufficiently interested to make a business of circulating them; and our exceeding modesty, as strangers, had led us, for this time, to commit the arrangement to others.

As the hour approached, finding our congregation likely to be rather slim, I went around to the crowds, however engaged, personally invited them in, and at length succeeded in obtaining a tolerable assemblage. Allen Wiley once said in my hearing, "Methodist preachers are in a pushing world, and they must push too." This applies peculiarly to frontier work, and ever after I practiced upon it. Whenever necessary—for at some points, even here, it is not—I have posted written notices, then mounted a mule and rode around the evening previous to ranches, houses, booths, tents, wagons, liquor stands, and card-tables, and from all these places have invited them out. But one of the most effectual means, after all, is to *sing them up*; and in this I have a most efficient aid in the fine musical powers of brother Adriance. There is a power in song; and perhaps nowhere else more felt and seen than here among those so long absent from religious associations. We never failed to collect a group in a short time. At G—— I preached in a large cloth pavilion, called "the round tent," known as a leading gambling establishment. One inquired of me, while I was employed circulating notices, "Will they stop gaming long enough?" They did, but claimed the hour succeeding for their own purposes. I treated them kindly, and they, in return, listened respectfully, and allowed me, without offense, to preach home truths to them in all plainness and fidelity. Right here I made a partial organization of a society. They treated me courteously, and agreed to let me preach there again. Thus, I still keep to the motto, "*Homo sum*," etc. By the way, I have preached in nearly all the early hotels in Kansas and Nebraska, and not unfrequently in the bar-rooms.

Time came at length for the removal of our head-quarters; we pulled up stakes and were off for the mountains. A day's drive brought us to the base. Grass was scarce, wood entirely wanting. Withal, we wished to locate our camp as near the diggings, the principal scene of action, as practicable; so we resolved to enter the gulch, or canon, which

constitutes the inlet, and proceed as far as we could, knowing that wood and water would be abundant, and hoping to find pasture on the mountain sides. Boldly we advanced, but a very little experience convinced us that courage would avail us nothing; a few jolts and tumbles with our load over the crags and cliffs, a sudden stand-still of our donkey team upon a rocky ascent, simply because they could n't get up, with a few hundred yards of "prospecting" at the advance scenery, soon convinced us that it was "no go." So, making a virtue of necessity, we summarily backed down, and, with considerable ado, got our wagon headed round, got a drink of water from a clear spring, took in wood for the night, passed out of the gulch at the same door by which we had entered, as bravely as "the King of France with forty thousand men," and sought a spot for repose at the base, putting our animals upon short allowance after a hard day's travel. Since that, we have not undertaken to make our team haul a loaded wagon up the steep of the Rocky Mountains. Many lessons in mountain traveling have been taken since. On the next day a convenient spot was sought for forage, and found a few miles distant, just at the entrance of a beautiful valley which leads up into the main gulches. There we planted ourselves as our head-quarters during our mountain explorations. The site was selected, the wagon drawn up in proper direction, the tent pitched, the mules picketed out, and all arrangements made for a home to which we might go in and out till time should come to strike tent and return to the banks of the Platte. There, *patriarchally*, I "dugged a well," as in primitive nomadic times, yea, several of them, as my weary limbs would now testify. From this spot, still occupied, the present sketch is penned.

Our temporary residence adjusted, our ranche man left in charge, we—brother A. and myself—the succeeding morning set off for the mountain diggings, he upon his saddle horse, I upon the back of my faithful mule, Bob, a noble steed, over fifteen hands high, safe and sure, but, like others

of his species, somewhat self-willed ; each packed to the full measure of comfort, and a little beyond, with provisions, blankets, light camp utensils, and sundry *et cætera* requisite for the trip. At an early hour in the day we re-entered the gulch, memorable as the scene of our former defeat, but in better plight to meet its obstacles, brother A., as is his wont, patiently taking a steady, uniform gait, and I, according to my impulses, rather urging on, and unconsciously—I had almost said instinctively—bringing the spur to bear upon the side of my steed, as crag after crag presented itself and was overcome. Pope's line came forcibly up—

“Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.”

The first ten miles of the road is up the gulch, crossing and recrossing a little mountain stream perhaps one hundred times, with its rough, steep acclivities and declivities. The mountain spurs on either hand are always “rocky,” sometimes bare, generally thinly clad with a growth of small pine, rarely reaching eighteen inches in diameter. Balsam fir is abundant. The timbered lands all the way are said to be already “claimed up.” Extensive fires in the mountains have been lately destructive of timber and grass, and several human lives have fallen victims. Here, also, *mica* or isinglass-stone is found in great quantities, glistening in the dust of the road, and giving it a glossy, velvet-like appearance. Every thing here smacks of gold. Even the bottom of my well “raised the color” to my unpracticed eye. Leaving the gulch, we cross several high spurs difficult in ascent and descent. Here I fell in with a *traveling* preacher from one of our Conferences, on foot, bearing his pack of some forty or fifty pounds weight heroically and uncomplainingly up the mountain steeps—a new phase of *itinerancy*. Kindly remembering the injunction, “Bear ye one another's burdens,” I took his pack for a time, and added it to my already unwieldy load.

Soon after, we entered a small, narrow valley, affording for a time an easier ascent and freer breathing. Here the

scenery became magnificent. Masses of rock on either hand rise to an almost bewildering height, now in naked grandeur, then crowned with lofty evergreens. I have traversed and admired the Ozarks and the Alleghanies, but never before have I seen any thing to compare with this truly-Alpine scenery. Silently I recurred to the exclamation of the departed Bascom, on taking his first view of the Niagara cataract, "God of grandeur, what a scene!"

The road presents one continued stream of travel; wagons, carts, footmen, going, returning; horses, mules, oxen, cows, men, packed to the utmost stretch of capacity; breeching to the body of every animal capable of wearing such harness, even sometimes to the riding saddles; the road filled with dust, coal-blackened by the late mountain fires, and visages so begrimed that every downward passenger might well be taken for a collier just emerging from his subterranean cavern. It is computed that five hundred persons pass over this road daily. And this is the "new road," the improved road, the older being almost entirely abandoned because of its still greater difficulty. So passed our first day in the mountains. Weary and jaded, we sought a small secluded vale, picketed our animals, built our fire, took our frugal meal, joined in praise and prayer, and laid ourselves down to rest, our pedestrian itinerant and his comrades being now of our company.

The night passed well but for the extreme cold, for which our packed bed-robe was insufficient. Aroused by its severity, we would rise, pile on fresh fuel from the fallen pines, light up the whole glen with the blaze, warm ourselves, and lie down again till compelled to repeat the operation; the same scene had to be repeated again and again during our mountain stay. With such "surroundings," a morning lounge has nothing very inviting. It is no boast of superior industry to say that coffee was taken early—this morning I made it myself—and we were again packed and in the saddle—I will not say with the sun, for "sunrise" is a vague term in these mountain recesses. And now again



up and down, over high, rugged spurs for miles. By and by we came to a descent of greater length and difficulty. Slowly and cautiously A. leads his steady horse, while I, less careful or less competent, pertinaciously adhere to the saddle, from a conviction that a *mule* is not altogether "a vain thing for safety." The descent made, we are at Gregory Diggings.

## LETTER VII.

DISCOVERIES—STAY IN THE MINES—SABBATH  
AT GREGORY'S.

NOT contemplating a personal connection with the mining region, my attention had not been particularly turned to its history; and since entering upon the miner's life—for, while here, I claim to be a miner, too, in my department—time has not allowed me. The first knowledge I have of operations is the arrival of the Messrs. Russel and their company, from Georgia, with others from different sections, at Cherry Creek, in June of last year, 1858. Altogether, the number then here was over one hundred; but the number was soon greatly reduced by the return of a large majority. Those who remained, however, were energetic, persevering men, who understood their business. They "prospected" the country bordering on the South Platte, and still on southward, till they reached the borders of New Mexico. Gold was found in various places, especially along the Platte and in the region of Cherry Creek; and this, though in few instances remunerative in amount, sufficed as the foundation of the exaggerated statements that had gained credence in the States, and allured such vast multitudes away from their homes and industrial pursuits. But the problem in the minds of thinking men and experienced miners still remained unsolved: "Whence has this gold drifted?" To them it was evident that richer deposits were somewhere imbedded in more elevated positions. They had prospected in vain southwardly; and now Winter set in and closed their operations. The little band, nothing daunted, spent the Winter at the mouth of Cherry Creek and vicinity. The snows had not fully passed off from the mountain

slopes till these hardy adventurers were again out prospecting. Mr. Gregory, also of Georgia, and others, had been added to their number. And, by the way, the Georgians are decidedly the most successful prospecters and miners in the country. The mines here are said in character very closely to resemble those of Georgia, while they are wholly unlike those of California; and hence a Georgia schooling is of immense advantage, while California experience is of little value, and often positively misleads. In May last Gregory discovered the diggings that bear his name, and have so well remunerated his personal enterprise and perseverance. But these facts are already spread before the public in the report of Mr. Greeley. About the same time, or soon after, the Russels made their discoveries in what is now called Russel's Gulch; the most uniformly remunerative, I think, of any yet found; owing, in part, doubtless, to the fact that they are the best worked. Since that, discovery after discovery has been made; diggings after diggings, bearing different names, and many without name.

Immediately in the diggings, the whole space is taken up for miles in "claims" of one hundred feet by fifty, these are duly recorded by an appointed officer; while on every gulch, and ravine, and branch are seen tents, mines, sluices, at greater or smaller intervals, and the mountain sides literally dug into holes, searching for quartz leads. Sluices, long-toms, and rockers are well manned, and along the brooks are seen prospecters with their single panfuls of gravel, or decomposed quartz, washing, sifting, examining for the precious metal. I was forcibly reminded of Dr. Clarke's comment upon "*Ερευνᾶτε τὰς γράφας.*" John v, 39. Machinery is greatly needed and will soon be supplied. A large number of quartz-mills have been sent for. Then the material and the water have to be brought together. Slides bring the quartz down the mountain sides to the water; it is hauled in wagons and carts; it is packed on mules, oxen, and the shoulders of men. Ditches, often of considerable length, depth, and cost, convey the water to the sluices.

dams are constructed, and the channels of streams turned; water-wheels are used where there is a sufficient stream, and the water elevated in buckets; blasting is required in the leads; tunneling under rocks is sometimes necessary in ditching. The labor is immense and of the severest character; it is one continued scene of bustle and activity. Miners complain that they easily "get out of breath" in walking or laboring; they can not perform as much labor as elsewhere. This is easily accounted for by the rarefied condition of the atmosphere at this elevation. I thought I experienced the same thing in speaking, but I do not learn that it has any bad influence upon health.

It is difficult to be secreted, and almost absolutely impossible to be lost long, even in the mountain recesses, till some one will find you. Of this we had proof. Endeavoring to follow directions one day to a point we wished to reach, some eight or ten miles distant, we missed our way; ascended with great difficulty, through a thick undergrowth of pine, an elevated mountain summit. The prospect was grand. Hard by, and almost upon an apparent level with our own position, were seen the "eternal snows;" while below yawned immense labyrinths, revealing, here and there, the smoke of some miner's tent, miles in the distance beneath. Surely, thought we, here is a spot where "our right there is none to dispute;" we shall not see the face of man here. I had almost involuntarily imitated the soldier who, having strayed from camp, and gained a commanding eminence, transported with the prospect cried out: "ATTENTION THE UNIVERSE—BY KINGDOMS ON THE RIGHT WHEEL—MARCH." Bewildered as we were, and unknowing when or where we should find ourselves, we deliberately loosed our fatigued and almost famished animals, and turned them out to graze upon a rich spot of food, while we enjoyed the prospect. Soon our reverie was broken by a noise. "What's that?" said A. "A fellow whistling," I replied. "O, no," said he, "it is some animal!" Just then a company of prospecters came up, and the point was settled.

The roads and trails around the mountains are deceptive in course and distance, as we more than once found to our cost; not unlike the streets of the good city of Boston. Take one that seems to lead in the right direction, and it is very uncertain when or where you will come out.

Some days were agreeably spent here and in the vicinity, visiting different localities, and enjoying the camp hospitality of friends known and cherished elsewhere. Some abatement, however, was found in the unpleasant necessity of retiring at night some miles to find a scanty subsistence for our animals, and lying by them in the cold mountain air, fresh from regions of snow. Severe as it was, it did not affect our health.

Of our Sabbath services I have already spoken, through another channel. Our arrival, just when we did, seemed to be Heaven-directed. Here is the great mining center, and by far the largest population. Among them are many Church members; Methodists of all types known in the country; Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, with a number of preachers—miners—of the different persuasions, serving them alternately. Preachers were expected from our Conference, but as yet in vain. The people were clamorous for organization, but no one felt authorized to go forward, at least as far as Methodism was concerned. A day was at length announced for organizing “a Church;” but there seemed no definite understanding as to what denominational form it should assume, and all appeared diffident in taking the lead. On the Friday preceding the appointed Sabbath we arrived. Almost my first step was to wait upon several of the ministers. Rev. Mr. P., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, a Georgian, highly esteemed here as a minister, was to preach in the morning. He courteously invited me to take his place. All welcomed us cordially. No question was raised as to the character of the organization. All assented, the very large majority being members of our Church. We went forward in the duties of the day. The morning preaching was in the

crowded, dusty street, to a large and orderly congregation ; the afternoon experience meeting in a retired spot upon the rocky seats of a mountain spur ; the vows of reconsecration, the weepings, the rejoicings, will not be forgotten in time. There are probably one hundred members of our Church at this point. Of this number nearly one half united at once, with some probationers. The organization is imperfect, and is left in charge of the preacher having charge of the "Rocky Mountain mission," the name assigned to that part of the work. I carefully took down the names and late residences of all the applicants for membership, and left a copy for record. In taking the name and residence of an interesting young man, I was deeply affected to find the son of one of my best and dearest friends of by-gone years, brother B. T., of Jefferson county, Indiana, a devoted man of God, who passed from earth to heaven during the past year, while a number of others had been in my charges in various places, some in official standing. But for the arrival of an authorized person there would, perhaps, have been a temporary fusion of the different shades of Methodism, as has since been the case with some other Churches there. On Monday morning a quarterly meeting conference was organized. Truly "the fields are white unto harvest."

By common consent the question of slavery is not raised ; the antislavery position of the population being taken *pro confesso*.

## LETTER VIII.

OTHER DIGGINGS—YANKEE ENTERPRISE—  
CHARACTER OF POPULATION.

Our time allotted for stay at the Gregory Diggings being expired, we took up the line of march for the more southerly portions of the mining district—those more recently discovered. First came the Central Diggings; next we entered Russel's, of which I have before spoken. Here I found another member of an Annual Conference, a stout Hibernian, in a pit, wielding the shovel most manfully—since gone to California. At this place I spent some time; purchased some dust and a small nugget as specimens; procured a specimen of lead quartz, also of burnt quartz, and of rose or blossom quartz; the last two being mere surface indications by which prospecters are guided in their researches. Passing these, we laid our course for the diggings on Clear Creek, which we had failed to reach the week previous, by missing our way, as stated before. This time we took the beaten trail down a gulch, over almost impracticable spurs and crags, so steep that, when we stopped to *coralle* at noon, we could scarcely find a spot where our baggage would lie without rolling to the bottom. The practice is to take the wagon or cart in with the team as far as possible, then unload, and pack through on the backs of beasts, or the shoulders of men, to the places otherwise inaccessible, leaving the wagon, if need be, cabled to a pine-tree by a log-chain, lest it should incontinently rush to the bottom by the power of gravitation. While *coralling* in this narrow defile we were passed by a large train of Mexicans, packing flour from New Mexico. Large quantities are brought in by them. The flour is coarse, but

sound and sweet, and sells several dollars lower per hundred than that from the States. It is packed mostly upon very small jacks, each bearing a sack of about two hundred pounds, with one driver to every five or six animals. My mule was so taken up with his relatives on the long-eared side, that he lost his appetite for dinner. He evinces great affection for his kindred of the full blood on either side, but very little regard for his own class, the hybrid race. In this, perhaps, he is not peculiar.

While passing down the tedious, winding way, we encountered a thunder-storm, with a brisk shower of rain, lasting about an hour. Rain seldom falls in or near these mountains, though the clouds gather almost daily, with frequent thunder and lightning. From our position at the base, since our return, we have seen the rain falling in the mountains almost daily. It was unexpected, and found the miners in a very exposed condition. For a few days severe disease—flux—prevailed with considerable fatality, but soon abated. We had light showers at the base.

I have mentioned Clear Creek as a rapid mountain stream, carrying a large body of water, but rolling it off so impetuously over the rocks and bowlders, that it is compressed to a width of some sixty feet—a dangerous stream to ford. On its banks and its smaller tributaries, for many miles up and down, the miners are thickly strewed. Most of these works are in an incipient stage, not fully tested. The uppermost are Spanish Diggings, with a line extending some six miles up, on both sides of the stream. Here are some Spaniards at work—from whom the name—with many Americans. Here I found a court in session, and a trial going on. Below this, crossing to the south side, we come to Jackson's Diggings, at the mouth of Chicago Creek; these also extending quite a distance up the latter stream. Crossing Chicago Creek, we ascend a high mountain, and take our course down into the Clear Creek gulch again, passing for miles through a succession of new diggings without name; over almost impracticable trails on



the mountain sides, but still clinging closely to the back of my donkey, rather than trust myself to pedestrian safety. In this deep ravine we spent one night, within striking distance of the claim of some friends whom we were seeking; but night closing in, and the way, as we learned, precipitous and dangerous, we were forced to halt; brother A. kindling a fire and lying by the animals, and myself seeking a shelter in the camp of a hospitable Missourian. Off early in the morning, we found the way as described. A short, rough ride brought us to Buckeye Diggings, a name significant of the occupants, where we found our friends, with whom we rested a season. This is a new place; miners just getting to work.

Great differences exist in the *modus operandi* of the miners. Our Missouri host of last night was discouraged, doing little; water in his pit, and tools lying neglected in the water. Soon after leaving him my attention was arrested by superior-looking machinery. A wheel was revolving in the rapid current; a shaft extending to the pit; another wheel attached with band and buckets, upon the principle of the chain-pump, bailing the water out, and a *lone Yankee* seated hard by, and watching the process with all imaginable *sang froid*. Other fixtures about the sluices gave evidence of genius and of enterprise. Approaching and saluting him, I inquired: "From what point do the miners in these diggings hail?" "Different States," was the brisk reply; "some from Wisconsin, some from Missouri; I am from Connecticut." I could but stop and relate to him the anecdote of M. De Tocqueville, winding up with his remark: "Dat Con-nec-ti-coot von great place." Others picking, panning, pumping, spading, bailing; losing half of their time, and much of their dust; he makes the current and his machinery do a large proportion of his labor.

Passing on further, saw a man, apparently seventy or eighty years of age, leaning upon his staff. Strange! "What," thought I, "has brought him here?" Who knows? Perhaps the strong workings of parental affec-

tion. Now and then a tent or booth is passed, where superior order and neatness reign. A cow-bell tinkles; the crow and cackle of Shanghais are heard. Soon all is explained. A neatly-attired lady appears as the presiding genius of the institution, moving gracefully about her domestic avocations; a more comfortable phase of mining life. And this is right. If men will go, their wives should accompany them. Left by themselves, men degenerate rapidly; become rough, harsh, slovenly—almost brutish. Every frontier-man knows this. Society of this kind is next to intolerable. Men need the restraining, elevating influence of female society. Women bear up under the hardships of frontier life as well or better than men. There are more females here than I should have supposed, especially in the towns.

I have already spoken of the large number of intelligent, well-informed men in the country. Whoever comes here expecting to find an ignorant community in which to play his part, will be sadly mistaken. A spirit of active enterprise and adventure is a leading characteristic. Some, doubtless, were happy and prosperous at home; but, could the secret promptings of each heart be read, there would probably be revealed, in a large number of cases, as the moving cause of the separation from home and friends, disappointments, embarrassments, domestic griefs, and unhappiness in various forms; many are, doubtless, the sons of misfortune. Often I think I read it in the countenance. But this fact, if known to be true, would only increase the interest felt in their behalf by a benevolent and sympathizing heart; and I feel assured that it renders them more accessible to kind and well-directed religious appeals.

The legal profession is largely represented, with quite a respectable proportion of the clergy of different Churches, who, though engaged in secular pursuits, are generally respected as ministers. But the doctors beat them all. Signs of "Dr." stick out from cabins, shanties, tents, and wagons, and the title is heard in almost every company in

the diggings. A wag at Cherry Creek said that he called out "Doc." in the street, and eighteen men turned round in response.

In the published report of Mr. Greeley, Indianians figure largely among the successful early adventurers. While at Gregory's, and elsewhere, I sought and found many fellow-Hoosiers, but could not find the lucky ones. I suppose they had "made their pile," and left. Illinois leads in numbers, Missouri in stampedeers, Georgia in successful prospectors and miners; Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Kansas, and Nebraska are fairly represented, with a "smart sprinkling" from other States, Middle, North, and East. There are a great many Mexicans coming and going, generally quiet and well-behaved. A very large proportion of the population are men in middle life, with quite a number of men of fifty and sixty years of age. Gray hairs and furrowed cheeks are common. No schools are established yet; but they are contemplated soon.

## LETTER IX.

RESULTS AND PROSPECTS—THE CHURCH'S  
WORK—DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

From isolated facts it is sometimes hazardous to draw general conclusions. So from the known and signal success of a few miners, it will not do to infer positively the future fate of the vast multitudes who may hereafter be allured from their homes, to engage in the doubtful enterprise. Doubtful and precarious it always is. The history of the mining enterprise, so far as I have studied it, has been any thing else but gratifying in its results to the great mass of those personally engaged in it; especially in the incipient stages of an undertaking. Mr. Greeley, in his very impartial and cautious report given to the public, has presented some instances of early, marked success. I might add others of more recent occurrence; but I shall not. For, to balance these, I know not how many hundreds or thousands of cases of disappointment and loss, of personal and domestic suffering, and even desperation, there are that will never meet the public eye. What further and richer fields yet remain unrevealed, or when the enterprise may be checked up by sudden and unexpected failures, I can not divine. Miners and others will form their judgments. The problem will be solved. The exploration will be made, at whatever expense of money, or labor, or life; embracing probably hundreds of miles of the mountain range, and occupying years to come. Should the stores of hidden ore be found extensive and permanently productive, a mighty tide of emigration will set in; these mountain ranges, hitherto dreaded and shunned, as only a barrier to social and commercial intercourse, will teem with hardy and enter-

prising inhabitants; a State Government, and perhaps several, will be found midway the Mississippi and the Pacific; railway facilities will be demanded with an urgency that will compel their construction, despite the tardiness of mercenary legislation; and the great break between the now disjointed portions of our continent be filled up; not with an agricultural people, for the country will not admit of this, but with capitalists, who will draw their needed supplies from the agricultural regions most contiguous, creating a counter-market, enhancing the value of lands, and thus contributing to advance the general prosperity. The proceeds of the sales of public lands, hitherto deemed worthless, will pay again and again for constructing all the railroads needed. The mining business will assume a more regular, systematic form, and be attended with more uniform if with less brilliant results. If, on the contrary, the golden deposits should prove limited and unremunerative, or to be lodged at such depths and screened by such obstructions as to elude the keen search of the gold-hunter, the enterprise must in process of time be given over, and these Alpine wastes be again consigned to the roving savage and the beast of prey.

As yet, a very large share of those in the mines have realized nothing. The work is in its incipiency. Nine-tenths of the miners are just commencing, and have not yet tested the fruitfulness of their claims nor their own capacity to manage them. The many are stimulated by the success of the few; and so long as they can "raise the color" they do not despond. "The gold is here," say they, and each one sees no reason why himself should not be the lucky finder. With few exceptions, all seem in good spirits; all speak hopefully of their claims. Meanwhile their private stocks of provision are growing less and less daily. Many have no money; and upon their success it depends, whether they shall have means to return home or to Winter here, or whether they shall be unable to do the one or the other.

Not every man—not every industrious, enterprising

man—I might as well say at once, not one man in twenty is fit to be a miner; for to all the qualities of mind and body requisite for success in other business pursuits must be added the invincible perseverance, the almost reckless spirit of adventure, the desperate, hang-on determination to hazard the last die and strain his luck to the utmost—I had almost said, of the gamester; not, however, confounding moral aspects. Were I a miner, I would stay and *work for life*. Were I in the enjoyment of a peaceful and quiet home, or in the road to its attainment, I would *stay there* and take the surer, safer road to competence. Not a few have fallen. A grave, now and then, by the way-side, with simple stake and pencil inscription, marks the last resting-place of some departed husband, father, brother, friend.

A tribute is especially due the morals of the Rocky Mountain miners in one particular. “Our ‘Creek’ runs ‘Clear’ on the Sabbath,” said one to me, alluding to Clear Creek, which, with its tributaries, supplies the sluices and washes the products of the mines. Turbid and dark, unfit for use during the six working days, on the Sabbath its pure and invigorating current, fresh from the mountain snows, flows bright and silvery. The thousands of laborers above have suspended their toil and are enjoying a season of rest on God’s holy day; like the Iron City standing proudly at the head of the noble Ohio, six days and nights belching forth its flames, and with its dark columns of smoke enveloping the whole city and enshrouding its laborious inhabitants in gloom at midday, but on the dawn of the Lord’s day all these clouds swept away, and the sun shining brightly on the day of Sabbath rest; thus, as I have said to them, giving them one reason to love and cherish this institution of God above their fellow-men elsewhere.

Whatever may be said of other aspects of the case, the Church has a great work to do here. That point is settled. “A great door and effectual is opened”—“and there are” *few* “adversaries”—suddenly, mysteriously opened, and it were faithlessness to Christ’s cause to neglect it. Thousands

are here. Thousands more are coming, whether we advise it or not. They all have souls, all are the purchase of Christ's blood, all traveling to the bar of God. Many of them are our brethren, Christians, Methodists; some are humble seekers of religion, as we have cause to know; some are, even there, struggling to break away from habits of dissipation and rise to a better life. They are accessible as other men, nay, in some respects more so, from the peculiar circumstances thrown around them, if rightly approached. They want the Word of Life. They must have it. Let none stand at a distance, coldly calculate the cost, and, like the miner standing on his claim, ask, "Will it pay?" "That's none of your business," said Wellington to a young divine who asked his opinion as to the probable success of the British missions in India; "your business is to obey orders, and your orders are to 'go into all the world and preach the Gospel.'" But it *will pay*, it is now paying, feeble as is the beginning, in the spiritual edification, improvement, and perseverance of our people here, in saving youth, the children of the Church, from destruction, in leavening this rising community with a healthful moral and religious influence. And it *will pay* eventually, should success attend, in remunerative contributions to the fund that has aided them in the hour of their struggle, for miners are proverbially liberal. More men, too, will be wanted for the work. Let none dread the distance nor the privations; there are some truly, but what of that, even though mountains of difficulty were in the way of the salvation of souls? I find, however, upon a near approach, that, the journey once over, the actual privations are fewer, and outward comforts and privileges greater than I have found in any one of my previous fields of frontier labor when first entered upon. Get ready, then, for an appointment, and let your name be recorded on the journal of the first session of "Rocky Mountain Annual Conference."

From Buckeye Diggings another stretch along a narrow defile, overhanging precipices above, deep gulch of the

stream beneath, and we leave the diggings and ascend a high rocky summit; am almost *un-muled* in the ascent; back off, try it again and succeed. Up and down again, now once more apparently almost in reach of the "eternal snows;" the clouds to which we are wont to look up are seen resting beneath the mountain brow; then descending into a deep, dark ravine, we at length enter a pleasant valley, the only one worth the name that I have seen in the mountains. Another reach, and the noble Platte with its embryo cities heaves in view. Down, down, down, and still down, down, further, steeper, more sidelong, fragments of wrecks by luckless teamsters, yet again down, down, we are in Platte Valley. A pleasant ride of a few miles brings us into camp, weary and jaded, *minus* some mule flesh and some needful articles of personal equipage, *plus* some lessons in mountain traveling. But other duties press; unfinished as the "Trip to the Mountains" is, the pen must be laid aside, perchance not again to be resumed on this theme.



## LETTER X.

### AGAIN AT CHERRY CREEK—PASSING INCIDENTS—THE CONVENTION—THE ROUTE.

A MOMENTARY leisure, in the midst of many engagements, enables me to sketch another letter while seated in the room of the Convention now in session, for the purpose of forming a Constitution for the "State of Jefferson." I necessarily pass by incidental details; removal to the Platte, several Sabbaths' labors, organization of one more quarterly meeting conference, and several societies, arrangements for receiving lots in both the towns of Denver and Auraria, on which, it is hoped, temporary houses of worship will yet be erected before Winter; also some matters of a different character; severe disease for a time prevailing at Gregory Diggings, with considerable mortality; the death of one man by the sudden falling in of an earthen roof; several cases of accidental shooting, one within the last hour, of designed, from a revolver in the hands of a prominent and talented bloat, though taking effect upon an unintended person—some abatement from the moral picture of society I have before drawn—quite a sudden run of mule-stealing; the safe preservation, thus far, *of our own*, by an armed protection every night; with all that succession of stirring incidents which keep up a perpetual frontier excitement.

This is the sixth day of the session of the Convention. Soon after assembling, it was found that about one-half of the members were opposed to the effort for a State Government at present. As a compromise, it was proposed and agreed to go on and form a State Constitution, which should be submitted to a vote of the people on the first Monday in September, and at the same time should be submitted a

memorial to Congress for admission as a Territory, leaving the sovereign people to adopt the one or the other, and Congress, of course, to reject both if they choose. The effort for a State I think premature, and there are, in my judgment, insuperable barriers to its present success, independent of the smallness of their population; a Territory, I think, they ought to have at once, the wants of the people, the numbers here, and the growing importance of the community fully justify the measure. The opposition to Territorial organization, by the "State-men," arises in a great degree from the large number of broken-down politicians and disappointed office-hunters already here, who, they fear, with good cause, may be forced upon them in the shape of Territorial officers.

The Convention is composed of men who, in point of talents and moral worth, will compare not unfavorably with deliberative bodies in the States. There was some "noise and confusion" in the organization, but not more, not so much as is often witnessed in older bodies—not more than might have been expected from a body of men assembled for the first time, recently brought together from different sections, most of whom had in fact never seen each other before. There has been no shooting, stabbing, fist-fighting, nor serious broil, though revolvers and dirks are a part of the usual equipage of the country, needlessly so. The proposed organization embraces portions of Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, and Utah. About one hundred and twenty delegates are in attendance, representing parts of all these Territories, except the last named. The Convention will probably close its labors to-day. I am their Chaplain.

The mining interest continues unabated. New discoveries are still said to be made, and numbers are called away from the occupied diggings to fields of yet richer promise. Large reports have recently reached us from the waters of the Colorado, in the South Park, say about one hundred miles from this place. The interest is increased by the statement that a company of prospectors, Mexicans and

others, had recently been driven out by the Utah Indians, using no violence, but simply forbidding mining operations in what they claim as their country. This has only led to higher expectations, and five hundred are said to be already in the South Park. This unsettled state of things, this running to and fro, will probably continue till time shall have developed the real seats as well as the extent of the golden deposits.

About two weeks have now passed since our second encampment upon the bank of the South Platte, now upon the west side, a few miles below Denver. My days are spent mostly in the town and my nights in camp. An opportunity is afforded of tasting the garden vegetables raised here. We have green peas, beans, radishes, etc., and I have seen a fair prospect of melons at the foot of the mountains. A supply of the short-lived Summer vegetables may be raised in fertile spots on the river and at the mountain base, but the latter at least will require irrigation.

A word with regard to the route to the mines. Mr. Greeley, in his published report, gives a most gloomy account of his route, and he seems to regard it as the only one, as he speaks of no other. He says in substance: "Nearly every pound of provisions has to be hauled from Missouri River, some seven hundred miles distant, over roads which are mere trails, crossing countless unbridged water-courses, always steep banked and often miry, at times so swollen as to be utterly impassable by teams. Part of this distance is a desert, yielding grass, wood, and water only at intervals of several miles, and then very scantily." This is discouraging enough, but the misfortune is, Mr. G. got on the wrong road, simply because the Express Company took him there, and they were making a vain effort to establish a new route to serve local interests. Even they soon had to abandon it and betake themselves to the Platte route. If, in his next trip, Mr. G., instead of stopping at Leavenworth, will come up to Plattsmouth or Oreapolis, or, if he prefer it, to Omaha or Nebraska City, we pledge ourselves

to "show him a nearer way," inside of six hundred miles from Missouri River—my figures make it five hundred and fifty-eight from Plattsmouth—with plenty of wood and water from Platte River, not one troublesome stream to cross, and as fine a natural road as perhaps the world can furnish of the same length, with sufficient grass, and fuel enough, at least by prudent foresight, to avoid that most odious and disgusting resort, the use of "buffalo chips," in preparing food. We went through without using a chip, and could do it again and again.

There is a third route from Kansas City and Independence, by the Santa Fe road to the crossing of Arkansas River, and thence up that stream, affording, I doubt not, to persons starting from Lower Kansas, and places in that region, a pleasant and good passage. But for those who come up the Missouri River, and for those who pass overland from the States further east, I have no hesitancy in saying, the Platte route is *the route*. The choice of starting-points may be had among the towns above named. We crossed at Plattsmouth, and should do so again.

CONVENTION ROOMS, AURARIA, K. T., AUGUST 6, 1859.

## RESULTS OF EXPLORATION.

PIKE'S PEAK AND CHERRY CREEK MISSION—  
SECOND QUARTERLY REPORT, 1859-60.

REV. J. P. DURBIN, D. D., CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

DEAR BROTHER,—Having now spent some time within the bounds of our present field of labor, visited all the prominent points, and made myself acquainted with the state of things here, I think it best to send you a second quarterly report, anticipating somewhat the regular order of time.

My last informed you of my appointment, preparations, and being on the Plains on our way out. By the blessing of God we arrived in due season. The first portion of our time after arrival was spent upon the South Platte and Cherry Creek, in Denver City, Auraria, and the country around. Thence we removed our camp to the base of the mountains, and spent some weeks in the mining places up the mountains, and in the towns, and among the scattered population at their base. Eight days since we again returned to the region of the Platte, where we now remain. The present population of the mining district is variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty-five thousand. I incline to the larger number. This population is mainly embraced within an area of fifty miles square, two-thirds of whom are in the mountains. We found an inviting field and an eager demand for ministerial supply. The work being beyond the capacity of one man, I have, under the authority intrusted me by the Bishop, divided it, organizing two separate mission fields :

1. DENVER CITY AND AURARIA MISSION—Embracing the two places indicated in the name, with the country along the South Platte on both sides, the country up Cherry

Creek, the towns at the base of the mountains, and the Boulder Diggings in the mountains. We have organized in this field a quarterly meeting conference, consisting of the preacher in charge, three stewards, and one leader. The membership, so far as ascertained and enrolled, is twenty-two. The mission is under the charge of Rev. J. Adriance, of our Conference, who accompanied me out by appointment from Bishop Scott. His post-office address is Denver City, Kansas Territory.

2. ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSION—Embracing all the mining region in the mountains except Boulder Diggings. Here we have organized a quarterly meeting conference, consisting of two local preachers, an exhorter, and three stewards; we have also formed one society of fifty-seven members, including probationers just received. I have employed Rev. G. W. Fisher to take charge of this mission. Address, the same as above.

We have traveled, preached, administered the sacrament, held social religious exercises, and, at intervals, have privately sought out our membership as largely as practicable. Our organization of societies and classes is necessarily partial and imperfect. But a small portion of our actual membership in the country is, as yet, enrolled. These are to be completed, and others made at the several preaching-places. There is present need of the labors of at least two more preachers, but they are not at hand; and by the time they could reach here from the States, the mining season would be almost past, and with it the most favorable season for labor. The question, however, of further immediate supply will be submitted to the Bishops at the meeting of the General Mission Committee. Meanwhile the brethren named will, with local aid, supply the work.

I have nothing to say here about the mining operations in this district. One thing is certain, the enterprise will not be abandoned till pushed to its furthest practical test. This may require a term of years. Should the mines prove permanently remunerative, and should other discoveries be

made, a large mining community will be located here, and probably a State Government formed at no remote period. Should the mines ultimately fail, still there will have been for years a heavy population here demanding the bread of life, and among them many of our own Church members. So that, in any event, a large field of missionary enterprise is here opened up, calling for the watch-care and guardianship of the Church; and a field which, in the event of success, will be highly remunerative. The larger portion of our membership is now in the mines, but this will in the nature of things be fluctuating. We expect the principal seat of our permanent labors to be in Denver and Auraria, and in the towns and settlements at the base of the mountains.

Liberal offers are made by the several town companies of lots for church buildings and aid in their erection. We are taking measures to secure them.

WM. H. GOODE.

CAMP, NEAR DENVER CITY, K. T., AUGUST 3, 1859.

## CONCLUSION.

A RESIDENCE of some length upon the frontier, employed as it has been, has afforded some facilities for observing the actual effect of missionary labors upon the inhabitants of different colors, castes, and condition. Extensive changes in condition and character have been witnessed, and the influence exerted by missionary effort upon these several transitions has been carefully noted. I now sum up the result of all my personal observation in one single thought: the deepened and increased conviction that "the missionary cause is the cause of God;" a conviction resting not solely in promises, but in proofs; in results actually worked out and sufficient to fix the seal of Divine approbation upon the missionary enterprise. A few closing suggestions upon the condition of our frontier population, and the missionary work among them, may not be out of place.

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

The work of Indian missions is a great and glorious work. Actual results establish this, despite all the hindrances that have intervened.

I know full well that the aboriginals of our country are poetically represented as "a doomed race—fading away before the breath of the white man," as though there were something pestilential in the very approach of our race to their borders. Not so. There is a pestilence; but it is a moral one. They are "fading away" before the white man; but it is before his oppression, his cruelty, his contaminating vices. It is vain to plead Anglo-Saxon destiny;



it is impious, thus incidentally, to claim Divine sanction to violence and wrong.

#### REMOVAL POLICY.

The policy adopted by our Government in transferring the Indian tribes east of the Mississippi to the west, however desirable to the whites who envied them in the possession of their lands, was extremely severe upon the Indians themselves. Great numbers perished, as already seen, in the removal or soon after. A fearful decrease in numbers followed, especially in the large tribes. But all experience shows, that when left for any number of years unmolested, under the fostering care of the Government and the aid of missionary labors, the tendency is reversed and an actual increase is seen.

But scarcely are they settled in their new homes, till the avarice and cupidity of our people are directed to the new lands assigned them. The treaties have conveyed the right to the soil in perpetuity. Terms have been used to express to their minds, in the strongest manner possible, the completeness of their title, and the assurance that they should never again be disturbed. They are told that in their new home they shall have "all the land, and all the trees, and all the stone, and all the buffaloes, and all the elks, and all the deer, as long as the sun shines, and leaves grow on the trees, and water runs down hill." But in a little time they are forced or persuaded into new treaties, and another removal, and subjected anew to the same hardships and exposure.

#### GOVERNMENT GUARDIANSHIP.

The guardianship of the Government is necessarily extended over the Indian tribes; but this has been exerted in a manner that has prevented, rather than encouraged vigorous efforts for improvement. The common occupancy of their lands, with no individual rights to the soil, has discouraged labor; while the system of annuity payments has led to a

feeling of dependence, and to habits of idleness and profligacy. Their hardy manhood has not been developed, and they have been taught no lessons of self-reliance.

Add to this the extremely-pernicious influences to which they have always been subjected in the example of the most abandoned whites, and not unfrequently of United States agents and officers stationed among them ; men who seek there an unlimited range of licentiousness and crime, which could not be tolerated in white society. Combine these, and some idea may be formed of the debasing influences to which Indian virtue and progress have been subjected ; a test, perhaps, quite trying enough for the constancy of those claiming to be civilized.

It is not denied that the policy of our Government toward the Indian tribes has been well-intended, and in many respects liberal. Expenditures have been freely made. But then, these efforts have been ill-directed and subject to a thousand caprices. Instead of good and tried men in the agencies, there have been constant changes, only filling the places of one set of novices and blood-suckers with another of the same character. Every new incumbent must show his competence by striking out some new theory, which at once ignores all the lessons of former experience. The funds, appropriated for their benefit, are either fraudulently pocketed or frittered away in idle experiments ; so that little actual advancement is made through Government efforts.

#### INFLUENCE OF MISSIONARIES.

To meet and to resist all this tide of corruption and debasement, the only available influence brought into exercise has been that of missionary instruction and labor. True, these have not always produced the desired results, baffled and thwarted as they have been by intervening obstacles ; but enough has been done to establish the missionaries and their work in the confidence of the Indian tribes. They look upon the missionary as their friend and protector. No better evidence of this is needed than the

inveterate hatred always found existing toward the missionaries among the class of whites just referred to, who find their fiend-like purposes of lucre or of lust interfered with by the kind, protecting care of the missionary. Enough has been done to demonstrate to the Government, and to the world, the salutary effects of these labors. What Indian tribes have made most progress in agriculture, education, and morals? What tribes have made the nearest approach to civilized life, and are now advancing most rapidly? Invariably those that have been favored with steady, faithful, persevering missionary labor. No valuable advancement has been made without this.

## NUMBERS SAVED.

Still, the most interesting and important aspect of Christian missions among the Indian tribes remains; that which most thrills the Christian heart. It is the positive religious benefit conferred; the number of immortal souls purchased by the blood of the Redeemer, that have been converted and saved through Christian instrumentality; the thousands upon thousands that have already landed safely, and the thousands more that are on the way. It is too late to doubt the reality and permanency of the work of grace upon the Indian's heart, or the adaptedness of the Gospel to Indian character. Just as well may the question be raised in reference to our own people or any other in Christendom.

## A PLEA FOR THE INDIAN.

And suppose we yield the ground assumed, unwarrantably, I think, that the Indians are "a doomed race," soon to be extinguished, is there not a still stronger motive presented to Christian philanthropy, to seize as many as possible of the devoted remnant as they pass and plant them as jewels in the crown of the Redeemer? The appeal to the sympathies and efforts of the Christian world is strengthened, not impaired, by the reflection.

Let not, then, the case of our aboriginal inhabitants be

abandoned as hopeless. Let them not be given up. While other and inviting fields even among our antipodes are eliciting our interest and effort, still let the pleading voice of our predecessors upon this free soil be heard upon our borders; though it be but the last wail of a people passing away into deep, long oblivion. I would fain plead earnestly. Let the Indian still have our prayers and our labors.

#### A POLICY SUGGESTED.

A suggestive word here, in reference to the Indian policy of our Government, may not be out of place from one who has not been wholly an inattentive observer. That changes might be made, of a beneficial character to the Indians themselves, and, at the same time, lessening the immense burden borne by the Indian Department, can not, I think, be doubted.

A short time previous to my second removal to the frontier, I had a traveling interview with the late lamented Hon. Samuel W. Parker, then a member in Congress from Indiana. The conversation turned largely upon the policy of our Government toward our Indian tribes. I expressed some views on the subject, founded upon personal observation and experience. Colonel P. desired me to write out and publish them in some one of the secular papers. I did so in some detail in a series of numbers. The policy proposed was, in its leading features, the same as that since adopted in the late treaty with the Wyandotts, and is equally applicable to all other tribes in a like stage of advancement. A few prominent features I here repeat, limiting their application, however, to those tribes whose present condition is such as to admit of the proposed changes:

1. Let the lands now held in common be equitably divided among all the members of each tribe, and henceforward held in severalty; with such temporary guards and restrictions on the power of alienation as may be necessary to protect the young and incompetent from fraud or imposition. And let these rights be confirmed irrevocably.

2. Let the system of annuity payments be discontinued, and the entire amount of the funds of each tribe be, with their own consent, applied to useful public objects within the tribes; a large proportion being permanently invested for the maintenance of an educational system under the direction of the Missionary Societies of the different Churches now actually laboring among the Indians, with a strict accountability for the proper expenditure of all funds intrusted to them.

3. Let the laws now in existence be strictly enforced to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits; and when they are defective let others be enacted.

4. Let no man be appointed to office in the Indian country whose character is such as to disqualify him for white society. Let the places be filled by honest, capable, exemplary men; and, when found to be such, let them be continued in office, that the benefit of experience and confidence of the tribes be not forfeited.

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5. So soon as a sufficient number of tribes is prepared for the measure, let them be formed into a separate, independent State, and admitted to the Confederacy, with all the rights, privileges, and liabilities of other States.

Without these, or some similar regulations, no fair test can be made of the practicability of improving Indian character and condition, or of the extent of their capabilities. My firm judgment is, that the privileges of citizenship might now safely be granted to some four or five of the leading South-Western tribes, say, the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Creeks, amounting to near one hundred thousand, and a State at once organized. If memory is right, there is a clause in the early treaties with some of these tribes, guaranteeing this whenever the tribe shall be prepared for it. Should objections be made on the ground of present unfitness, and tendency to amalgamation, I have only to point the objector to the hybrid races that are now being admitted to citizenship in the Territories of the South-West, less loyal, less qualified, less virtuous, and

with whom amalgamation would be far more revolting than with our better class of Indians.

#### MISSIONS TO FRONTIER WHITES.

Not inferior in its claims upon the continued attention and fostering care of the Church is the mission-field presented by our white settlements in newly-formed Territories on the frontier.

#### PERIOD OF STRUGGLE.

In every newly-formed Territory there is a period of struggle. Lands are unpaid for; houses are unbuilt; farms are not made; no income is realized, and the little pecuniary means brought into the country is daily becoming exhausted in obtaining from a distance indispensable supplies. Exposure produces sickness, and often the man and his family are prostrated the first year. Crops, on new soil, are always precarious. Unanticipated hardships and privations are encountered, which, had they been foreseen, would have effectually prevented a removal. Often has my heart wept with them, as I saw the indications of "better days" gone by.

But they are there now. Poverty disables some from returning to their former homes; pride, or manliness, forbids it in others. They resolve to stay and weather the storm through; but could their former friends just look in upon them in their changed condition; the rude, comfortless dwelling; the coarse, scanty fare; the tattered wardrobe; the unclad, unschooled children; their very inmost sympathies would be stirred.

#### A TRUE PICTURE.

This is no overdrawn picture. This stage is actually passed through in every new settlement. This is the way that States are made and Conferences are formed in our country. I have been familiar with such scenes all my life. In one such, now a garden spot of the Union, more than half a

century ago, I took my earthly existence. In another, a little west, I witnessed a repetition; and now, well-nigh a thousand miles still west of that spot, I am surrounded by the same scenes. Thus rapidly is our border transferred.

But how comforting, under such circumstances, is the approach of the minister of the Cross! How precious the means of grace and ordinances of God's house! What so well calculated to produce contentment, and cheerfulness, and courage? Oft have I exclaimed, when surrounded by such scenes, and yet enjoying the privilege of a wilderness sanctuary,

“There's mercy in every place;  
And mercy, encouraging thought,  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.”

The actual results of labor in this field have already been sufficiently presented as illustrated in the Territories that have occupied our attention. The same results are found elsewhere. Only let it continue and spread; let it widen and deepen. Let the now struggling brethren of the frontier be sustained; and let every new Territory formed be the object of immediate care and effort, till able to sustain the work among themselves and to aid in rolling the evangelical tide still further onward.

#### SEND THE GOSPEL.

The mighty chasm is about to be filled; the hitherto disjointed portions of our Republic upon the shores of the two oceans are about to be united by a chain of living beings; the mountain recesses are to teem with humanity, and the desert vales between are to swarm with active, moving myriads. O, if amid the busy din of worldly excitement a pleading voice can be heard, let it be raised in their behalf! Let them have “your Gospel.” Let the standard of the Cross be planted in every vale, and upon every mountain summit, till a “chain of living voices” from sea to

sea shall unite in the loud acclaim, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

#### A WORD PERSONAL.

And, now, a closing word with the reader. Near ten years of itinerant life, embracing a portion of my best days, has been spent in the work of frontier missions, a work unsought, undesired by me, till the providence of God, through the constituted authorities of the Church, indicated the path; suspended for a time, when secession wrested my field from its lawful and proper connection; resumed again, at the same bidding, when a new and necessitous field was opened up, and continued to the present hour.

#### "PATIENT CONTINUANCE."

Some hardships have been undergone, some privations encountered, some bereavements endured; but of these I will not speak. Once in my missionary life, I learned a lesson from a brother that has never been forgotten. While seated at table at one of the Presbyterian missions in the Indian country, one present referred to a remark lately made in a speech before the American Board: "Privations and difficulties," said the speaker, "talk of these being endured *by us!* We never lost a single dinner by our labors in the cause of Christ." It was added that this remark would not literally apply to the company present. "Better men have suffered more," was the calm reply of a brother missionary whose life had been spent in the work. "I looked upon it and received instruction."

#### REVIEW.

The fields of labor embraced in my several successive appointments, and, to a great extent, actually traveled over and occupied, have covered a large area, including all the region between Texas on the south and the extreme Territorial settlement in Nebraska on the north, and reaching from the State lines on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west.



The country up Red River has been traversed to a point seven hundred miles from its mouth. The region upon the Arkansas has been explored eight hundred miles up; that upon the Missouri one thousand, while the tributaries, Kansas and Great Platte, have been followed, the one to the junction where it takes its name, and the other to its mountain sources.

Nearly every military post has been visited, and almost all the mission stations of every denomination. The lands of every tribe of Indians on the western frontier, and many of the tribes beyond, have borne the impress of my feet, and more or less intercourse has been had with them all. The white settlements have been explored in their infancy and watched in their progress; and an acquaintance has been formed with all the phases and circumstances of frontier life.

In the course of these labors, the valley of the Mississippi, from the States east, near or remote, to the Territories west, has been crossed twenty-three times, by different routes and modes of travel, besides the amount of traveling in the Territories themselves. The number of miles traveled over in the time is probably not less than sixty thousand, in about five thousand of which my family have participated in their necessary removals.

The Gospel, meanwhile, has been proclaimed to devout worshipers in the churches; to statesmen in legislative halls; to delegates in Territorial conventions; to promiscuous crowds in court-rooms and hotels; to soldiers in barracks, and to camps of armed men; to the thoughtless and dissipated in saloons; to emigrants in *coralle*, and to miners upon the mountain sides; to savages around their council-fires, and to slaves upon the cotton plantations of the South.

#### CHANGES WITNESSED.

Great and unanticipated changes have taken place within this period. New communities have been organized, and

lands which, when first I passed over them, would not, I supposed, for half a century, if ever, be the abodes of white men, are now teeming with population. The border has been transferred a thousand miles westward. An empire has sprung up, and more than a hundred thousand white inhabitants are found where, less than a score of years ago, I preached to Indians only, save the few whites officially tolerated among them.

Three entire Conferences west of the State lines have sprung up, and contingent provision is made for a fourth, in the formation of each of which it has been my privilege to bear a part.

I have witnessed much of the outbreakings of sin, and have seen some violence and bloodshed. Many of the contacts of life have been rugged. The scene has often been stormy, and the skies sometimes deeply overcast.

I have seen and marked the workings of Christianity in its personal effects upon the great and small, the statesman, the military officer, the common soldier, the white settler and his family, the miner, the Indian, the African slave, and the prisoner awaiting his doom under the law. I have seen its power exhibited in living and dying examples.

Shall I forbear to add—I have, I humbly trust, realized its supporting power under all life's changes, and often experienced that

“God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste, as in the city full,  
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.”

Nor have its Divine consolations been wanting, when, to human appearance, it has seemed that there might be but a “step between me and death.”

#### R E S U L T.

The result of all is strengthened conviction of the power and divinity of our holy religion, increased love for that system of religion that is provided for all, adapted to all, offered to all, with a growing and burning desire, if the

Lord will, to penetrate yet further into the "regions beyond," and still to plant the standard of the Cross upon some new soil.

Itinerancy! with all thy toils, "I love thee still."

Life thus far may have been spent unprofitably; it has not been spent idly or inactively. "Chief of sinners"—"least of saints"—"not meet to be called" a minister of the Lord Jesus—sums up the experience of the past and the present. "Patient continuance in well-doing" is the purpose for the future.

Happy! should I fall at home, surrounded by loved ones, or on some vale, or in some mountain gulch, alone, unseen, unwept. Happy! if I may but fulfill my mission and meet the "well-done" of the Judge. Happy! yea, thrice happy,

"If, with my latest breath,  
I may but gasp his name,  
Preach him to all, and cry in death  
'Behold! behold the Lamb!'"

#### TRIBUTE TO FELLOW-LABORERS.

Neither personal feelings nor sense of duty will allow me to close without a brief tribute to the moral and religious worth of the three young men who successively have, by appointment of the Bishops, accompanied me upon my different fields of labor—Revs. Henry C. Benson, James S. Griffing, and Jacob Adriance. More fortunate selections could not have been made. In the very intimate relations necessarily sustained by us, our intercourse has been confidential and our co-operation cordial. We have consulted, labored, prayed, wept, and rejoiced together. Cheerfully have they borne their part, and often have they lightened, by participation, my own burdens. Never have I witnessed in any of them the slightest deviation from strict moral integrity or entire devotion to his calling.

They are still in the active field. The first, after nearly a score of years of active service, is now traveling a district in California as presiding elder; the second is still toiling

on the plains of Kansas, and the third is yet laboring with the miners of the Rocky Mountains.

It can hardly be that we all shall meet again on earth. They may "increase"—"I must decrease." May the God of all grace preserve them; and, in the great day of final reckoning, may they each return "with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him!"

THE END.



